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CURIOSITIES

OF

LITERATURE.

109296

SIXTH EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

C'est par l'Etude que nous sommes Contemporains de tous les hommes, et Citoyens de tous les lieux. DE LA MOTHE.

1m-h-9

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1817.

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TO

FRANCIS DOUCE, ESQ.

THESE VOLUMES

OF SOME LITERARY RESEARCHES

ARE INSCRIBED;

AS A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

TO

A LOVER OF LITERATURE,

BY HIS FRIEND

I. D'ISRAELI.

PREFACE.

THIS miscellany was first formed, many years ago, when two of my friends were occupied in those anecdotical labours, which have proved so entertaining to themselves, and their readers*. I conceived that a collection of a different complexion, though much less amusing, might prove somewhat more instructive; and that literary history afforded an almost unexplored source of interesting facts. The work itself has been well enough received by the public to justify its design.

Every class of readers, requires a book adapted to itself; and that book which interests, and perhaps brings much new information to a multitude of readers, is not to be contemned, even by the learned. More might be alledged in favour of works like the present, than can be urged against them. They are of a class which was well known to the Ancients. The Greeks were not without them, and the Romans loved them under the title of *Varia*

* The late William Seward, Esq. and James Pettit Andrews, Esq.

Eruditio: and the Orientalists more than either, were passionately fond of these agreeable collections. The fanciful titles, with which they decorated their variegated miscellanies, sufficiently express their delight.

The design of these arrangements, is to stimulate the literary curiosity of those, who, with a taste for its tranquil pursuits, are impeded in their acquirement. The characters, the events, and the singularities of modern literature, are not always familiar, even to those who excel in classical studies. But a more numerous part of mankind, by their occupations, or their indolence, both unfavourable causes to literary improvement, require to obtain the materials for thinking, by the easiest and readiest means. This work has proved useful; it has been reprinted abroad, and it has been translated; and the honour which some writers at home have conferred on it, by referring to it, has exhilarated the zealous labour which six Editions have necessarily exacted.

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CURIOSITIES

OF

Literature.

LIBRARIES.

A Passion for forming vast collections of books has doubtless existed in all periods of human curiosity. This subject, like many others, has been investigated with that prodigal, yet frivolous, erudition, which the finer taste, and the good sense of our present writers have for ever banished.

Of Libraries, the following anecdotes seem most interesting, as they mark either the affection, or the veneration, which civilized men have ever felt for these perennial repositories of their minds. The first national Library founded in Egypt seemed, as it were, to be placed under the protection of the Divinities, for their Statues magnificently adorned this Temple, dedicated at once to Religion and Literature. It was still further embellished by a well-known Inscription of perpetual beauty, and which may for ever be gratefully echoed, to the ear and heart of the Votary of Literature. On the front was

engraven *Animi pabulum*, the nourishment of the Soul! or, according to Diodorus, *Animi medicina*, the medicine of the Mind!

The Egyptian Ptolemies founded the vast library of Alexandria; it was afterwards the emulative labour of rival monarchs, and its founder put a soul into the vast body he was creating, in the librarian Demetrius Phalereus, whose industrious knowledge amassed from all nations their choicest productions. Without such a librarian, a national library would be little more than a literary chaos. It is known, how one of the Ptolemies refused supplying the famished Athenians with wheat, till they presented him with the original works of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. He returned them copies of the originals, and allowed them to retain the fifteen talents which he had pledged with them as a princely security.

Whenever Tyrants, or Usurpers, possessed sense as well as courage, they have proved the most ardent patrons of Literature; they know it is their interest to turn aside the public mind from political speculations, and to afford their subjects, or their slaves, the inexhaustible occupations of Curiosity, and the consoling pleasures of the Imagination. It was thus that Pisistratus is said to have been among the earliest of the Greeks, who projected an im-

mense collection of the works of the Learned, and is believed to have been the collector of the scattered works of Homer.

The Romans, after six centuries of gradual empire, must have possessed the vast and diversified collections of books of the nations they conquered; among the most valued spoils of their Victories, we know that books were considered as more precious than vases of gold. Paulus Emilius, after the defeat of Perseus, King of Macedon, brought to Rome a great number of MSS., which he had amassed in Greece, and distributed among his sons, or presented to the Roman people. Sylla followed his example: after the siege of Athens, he discovered an entire library in the temple of Apollo, which having carried to Rome, he seems to have been the founder of the first Roman public library. After the taking of Carthage, the Roman senate rewarded the family of Regulus with the books found in that city. A library was a national gift, and the most honourable they could bestow. From the intercourse of the Romans with the Greeks, the passion for forming libraries rapidly increased, and individuals began to pride themselves on their private collections.

Of many illustrious Romans, their magnificent taste in their *Libraries* has been recorded.

Asinius Pollio, Crassus, Cæsar, and Cicero, have among others, been celebrated for their literary splendors. Lucullus, whose incredible opulence exhausted itself on more than imperial luxuries, more honourably distinguished himself by his vast collections of Books, and the happy use he made of them by the liberal access he allowed the learned. It was a Library, says Plutarch, whose walks, galleries, and cabinets, were open to all visitors; and the ingenious Greeks, when at leisure, resorted to this abode of the Muses to hold literary conversations, in which Lucullus himself loved to join. It was this Library which afterwards was still farther enlarged by Sylla and others; Julius Cæsar once proposed to give it entirely to the [illegible], having chosen the erudite Varro as the Librarian; but the daggers of Brutus, and his party, prevented all his great projects. In this museum, Cicero frequently pursued his studies, during the time his friend Faustus had the charge of it; which he describes to Atticus in his 4th Book, Epist. 9. Amidst his public occupations and his private studies, either of them sufficient to have immortalized one man, we are astonished at the minute attention Cicero paid to the formation of his Libraries, and his cabinets of Antiquities.

The Emperors were ambitious at length to give *their names* to the *Libraries* they founded; they did not consider the purple as their chief ornament. Augustus was himself an author, and in one of those sumptuous buildings called *Thermes*, ornamented with porticos, galleries, and statues, with shady walks, and refreshing baths, testified his love of literature by adding a magnificent Library. One of these Libraries he fondly called by the name of his beloved sister Octavia; and the other, the temple of Apollo, became the haunt of the poets, as Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, have commemorated. The successors of Augustus imitated his example, and even Tiberius had an imperial Library chiefly consisting of works concerning the Empire, and the acts of its Sovereigns. These were still further augmented by Trajan, by the Ulpian Library, so denominated from the family name of this prince. In a word, we have accounts of the rich ornaments the ancients bestowed on their libraries; of their floors paved with marble, their walls covered with glass and ivory, their shelves and desks of ebony and cedar.

The first *publick library* in Italy (says Tiraboschi) was founded by a person of no considerable fortune: his credit, his frugality, and fortitude, were indeed equal to a treasury. This

extraordinary man was Nicholas Niccoli, the son of a merchant, and in his youth himself a merchant; but after the death of his father he relinquished the beaten roads of gain, and devoted his soul to study, and his fortune to assist students. At his death he left his Library to the publick, but his debts were greater than his effects! the princely generosity of Cosmo de Medici, however, realised the intention of its former possessor, and afterwards enriched it, by the addition of an apartment, in which he placed the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, and Indian Mss. The intrepid resolution of Nicholas V. laid the foundations of the Vatican; the affection of Cardinal Bessarion for his country first gave Venice the rudiments of a public library. To Sir Thomas Bodley we owe the invaluable public library at Oxford. Sir Robert Cotton, Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Birch, Mr. Cracherode, and others of this class of amiable literary men, have all contributed to form these literary treasures, which our nation owe entirely to the enthusiasm of individuals, who have exhausted their fortunes and their lives, for this great public object.

Literature, like Virtue, is its own reward, and the enthusiasm some experience in the incalculable and the permanent enjoyments of a vast library, have far outweighed the neglect

or the calumny of the world, which some of its votaries have received. From the time of Cicero, in his well-known oration for the poet Archias, innumerable are the testimonies of Men of Letters of the pleasurable delirium of such researches; that delicious beverage which they have swallowed, so thirstily, from the Circæan cup of literature. Richard de Bury Bishop of Durham, chancellor and high treasurer of England so early as 1341, was so enamoured of his large collection of books, that he has expressly composed a treatise on his love of books, under the title of *Philobiblion*, a great effort for the times, and an honourable tribute paid to Literature, in an age not literary.

To pass much of our time amid such vast resources, that phlegmatic man must indeed be not more animated than a leaden Mercury, who does not aspire to make some small addition to his library, were it only by a Critical Catalogue! He must be as indolent as that animal called the Sloth, who perishes on the tree he climbs, after he has eaten all its leaves!

Henry Rantzau, a Danish gentleman, who founded the great Library at Copenhagen, whose days were dissolved in the pleasures of reading, discovers his taste and ardour in the following elegant effusion:

Salvete aureoli mei libelli,
Meæ deliciæ, mei lepores!
Quam vos sæpe oculis juvat videre,
Et tritos manibus tenere nostris!
Tot vos eximii, tot eruditi,
Prisci lumina sæculi et recentis,
Confecere viri, suasque vobis
Ausi credere lucubrationes:
Et sperare decus perenne scriptis;
Neque hæc irrita spes fefellit illos.

IMITATED.

Golden Volumes! richest treasures!
Objects of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You, my hands in rapture seize!
Brilliant Wits and musing Sages,
(Lights who beam'd through ma[illegible])
Left to your conscious leaves th[illegible]
And dared to trust you with th[illegible]
Their hope of honour'd Fam[illegible]
Dear Volumes! you have n[illegible]

This passion for the acquisition [illegible] joyment of *books*, has been [illegible] of their lovers embellishing their outsides with costly ornaments; a rage which vanity may have abused; but when these volumes belong to the real man of letters, the most fanciful bindings, are only the emblems of his taste and feeling. The great Thuanus was eager to purchase the finest copies of books for his library, of which many now exist in this metropolis. One of the

most celebrated amateurs was Grollier, whose library was opulent in these luxuries; the Muses themselves could not more ingeniously have ornamented their favourite works; he embellished their outside, says Marville, with taste and ingenuity. They were gilded with peculiar neatness, the compartments on the binding were drawn, and painted, with different inventions of subjects, analogous to the works themselves; and they were further adorned by this amiable inscription, *Jo. Grollierii et amicorum!* purporting that these literary treasures were collected for him and for his friends!

The family of the Fuggers had long felt an hereditary passion for the accumulation of literary treasures: and Wolfius, who daily haunted their celebrated Library, has poured out his gratitude in some Greek verses. He describes this Bibliotheque as a literary heaven, furnished with as many books as there were stars in the firmament, or as a literary garden, in which he passed entire days in gathering fruit and flowers, delighting and instructing himself by perpetual occupation.

Mr. Necker reckons the French King's Library at 225,000 printed books; 70,000 MSS.: 15,000 collections of prints; and 7,000 genealogies.

The pleasures of study are classed by Burton among those exercises or recreations of the mind which pass *within doors*. He has indeed described with the warmest enthusiasm this noble passion. Looking about this "world of books," he exclaims, "I could even live and die with such meditations, and take more delight and true content of mind in them, than in all thy wealth and sport! There is a sweetness, which, as Circe's cup, bewitcheth a student, he cannot leave off, as well may witness those many laborious hours, days and nights, spent in their voluminous treatises. So sweet is the delight of study, The last day is *prioris discipulus*." He then gives an extract from a letter of Heinsius, the Librarian of the University of Leyden.—"Heinsius was glewed up in that Library all the year long, and that which to my thinking should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. Custom (saith he) come into the Library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose Nurse is Idleness, the Mother of Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of Eternity, amongst so many divine Souls, I take my seat with so lofty a Spirit, and sweet Content, that I pity all our great ones, and rich Men, that know not this happiness." This animated passage is the sweet in-

cense of a votary, who scatters it on the altar, less for the ceremony, than from the sincerity of his devotion.

We must however be reminded, that there is an intemperance in Study, incompatible often with our social duties. The illustrious Grotius exposed himself to the reproaches of some of his Contemporaries for having too warmly pursued his passion for study, to the great detriment of his public station. It was the boast of Cicero, that his philosophical studies had never interfered with the services he owed the Republic, and that he had only dedicated to them the hours which others give to their walks, their repasts, and their pleasures. When we look on his voluminous labours, we are surprised at this observation: how honourable is it to him, that his various philosophical works bear the titles of the different Villas he possessed; which shews that they were composed in their respective retirements. Cicero must have been an early riser; and practised the magic art of so employing his time, that he found in every day, more than twenty-four hours.

THE BIBLIOMANIA.

The preceding Article is honourable to Literature, yet impartial truth must shew that even

a passion for Collecting Books is not always a passion for Letters.

The BIBLIOMANIA, or the collecting an enormous heap of Books, without intelligent curiosity, has, since Libraries have existed, been the rage with some, who would fain pass themselves on us as men of vast erudition. Their motley Libraries have been called the *Mad-houses of the human Mind;* and again, the *Tomb of Books* when the possessor will not communicate them, and coffins them up in the cases of his Library—and as it was facetiously observed, these collections are not without a *Lock on the human Understanding**.

The BIBLIOMANIA has never raged more violently than in the present day. It is fortunate that Literature is in no ways injured by the follies of Collectors, since though they preserve the worthless, they necessarily defend the good.

Some collectors place all their fame on the *view* of a splendid Library, where volumes arrayed in all the pomp of lettering, silk linings, triple gold bands and tinted leather, are locked up in wire cases, and secured from the vulgar

* An allusion and pun which occasioned the French translator of the present work an unlucky blunder: puzzled no doubt by my *facetiously*, he translates "mettant comme on l'a *tres-judicieusement* fait observer, l'entendement humain sous la Clef." The book, and the author alluded to, quite escaped him.

hands of the *mere Reader*, dazzling our eyes like Eastern beauties peering through their jealousies!

BRUYERE has touched on this mania with humour: Of such a collector, says he, as soon as I enter his house, I am ready to faint on the staircase, from a strong smell of Morocco leather: in vain he shows me fine Editions, gold leaves, Etruscan bindings, &c. naming them one after another, as if he were shewing a gallery of pictures! a gallery by the bye which he seldom traverses when *alone*, for he rarely reads, but me he offers to conduct through it! I thank him for his politeness, and, as little as himself, care to visit the Tan-house, which he calls his Library.

LUCIAN has composed a biting invective against an ignorant possessor of a vast Library. Like him, who in the present day opens his eyes at an old book, and after turning over the pages, chiefly admires the *dates*. LUCIAN compares him to a pilot, who was never taught the science of navigation; to a rider who cannot keep his seat on a spirited horse; to a man who not having the use of his feet, wishes to conceal the defect by wearing embroidered shoes; but, alas! he cannot stand in them! He ludicrously compares him to, Thersites wearing the armour of Achilles, tottering at every step;

leering with his little eyes under his enormous helmet, and his hunch-back raising the cuirass above his shoulders. Why do you buy so many books? he says:—you have no hair, and you purchase a comb; you are blind, and you will have a grand mirror; you are deaf, and you will have fine musical instruments! Your costly bindings are only a source of vexation to you, and you are continually discharging your librarians for not preserving them from the silent invasion of the worms, and the nibbling triumphs of the rats!

Such *Collectors* will contemptuously smile at the *collection* of the amiable Melancthon. He possessed in his library only four Authors, Plato, Pliny, Plutarch, and Ptolomy the geographer.

See Bayle's article on Ancillon, for some interesting advice on *Books*. Ancillon was a great collector of curious books, and dexterously defended himself when accused of the *Bibliomania*. He gave a good reason for buying the most elegant editions; which he did not consider merely as a literary luxury. He said the less the eyes are fatigued in reading a work, the more liberty the mind feels to judge of it: as we perceive more clearly the excellencies and defects of a printed book than when in MS.; so we see them more plainly in good paper and clear type than when the impression and paper

are both bad. He always purchased *first editions*, and never waited for second ones; though it is the opinion of some that a first edition is generally the least valuable, and only to be considered as an imperfect Essay, which the Author proposes to finish after he has tried the sentiments of the literary world. Bayle approves of Ancillon's plan. Those who wait calmly for a book, says he, till it is reprinted, show plainly that they are resigned to their ignorance, and prefer the saving of a pistole, to the acquisition of useful knowledge. With one of these persons, who waited for a second edition, which never appeared, a literary man argued, that it was much better to have two editions of a book than to deprive himself of the advantage which the reading of the first might procure him; and it was a bad economy to prefer a few crowns to that advantage. It has frequently happened, besides, that in second editions, the author omits, as well as adds, or makes alterations from prudential reasons; the displeasing truths he *corrects* (as he might call them) are so many losses incurred by Truth itself. There is an advantage in comparing the first with subsequent editions; for among other things, we feel great satisfaction in tracing the variations of a work, when a man of genius has revised it. There are also other

secrets, well known to the intelligent curio s, who are versed in affairs relating to book . Many first editions are not to be purchased r the triple value of later ones. Let no lover (books be too hastily censured for his passi which, if he knows to indulge with judgment is useful. The collector we have noticed frequently said, as is related of Virgil, "I collect gold from Ennius's dung." I find, added he, in some neglected authors, particular things, not elsewhere to be found. He read them, indeed, not with equal attention, but many, as the Latin proverb expresses it, "*Sicut Canis ad Nilum bibens et fugiens*," like a dog drinking at the Nile as he runs.

Fortunate are those who only consider a book for its intrinsic merit, and for the utility and pleasure they may derive from its possession. Those students, who, though they know much, wish still to know more, may require this vast sea of books; yet there are many shipwrecks of reason and judgment, which these students suffer in that sea. Those who are satisfied to read for their daily instruction and amusement, or as it is useful to their profession, will not require this vast multiplicity of authors. A few shelves, and a hundred authors, may make their possessor a man of sound learning, of clear judgment, and of the purest taste!

LITERARY JOURNALS.

When writers were not numerous, and readers rare, the unsuccessful author fell insensibly into oblivion; he dissolved away in his own weakness; if he committed the private folly of printing what no one would purchase, he was not arraigned at the public tribunal—and the awful terrors of his day of judgment, consisted only in the retributions of his publisher's final accounts. At length, a taste for literature spread through the body of the people, Vanity induced the inexperienced and the ignorant to aspire to literary honours. To oppose these forcible entries into the haunts of the Muses, Periodical Criticism brandished its formidable weapon; and the fall of many, taught some of our greatest geniuses to rise. Multifarious writings produced multifarious strictures, and public criticism reached to such perfection that taste was generally diffused, enlightening those whose occupations had otherwise never permitted them to judge of literary compositions.

The invention of Reviews, in the form which they have at length gradually assumed, could not have existed but in the most polished ages of Literature; for without a constant supply of Authors and a refined spirit of Criticism, they

could not excite a perpetual interest among the lovers of Literature. These publications are the chronicles of Taste and Science, and present the existing state of the public mind, while they form a ready resource for those idle hours, which men of letters do not chuse to pass idly.

Their multiplicity has undoubtedly produced much evil; the lowest minds, and the venal drudges of Literature, manufacture Reviews; hence that shameful discordance of opinion, which is the scorn and scandal of Criticism. Passions hostile to the peaceful truths of Literature have likewise made tremendous inroads in the Republic, and every literary virtue has been lost! In "Calamities of Authors" I have given the history of a Literary Conspiracy, conducted by a solitary critic Gilbert Stuart, against the historian Henry.

These works may disgust by vapid panegyric, or gross invective; weary by uniform dulness, or tantalize by superficial knowledge. Sometimes merely written to catch the public attention, a malignity is indulged against authors, without even personal motives to season the caustic leaves. A Reviewer has admired those works in private, which he has condemned in his official capacity! But good sense, good temper, and good taste, will ever form an estimable Journalist, whose candour will inspire confi-

dence, and whose judgment will give stability to his decisions.

To the lovers of Literature these volumes when they have outlived their year, are not unimportant. They constitute a great portion of literary history, and are indeed the annals of the republic.

To our own Reviews, we must add the old foreign journals, which are perhaps even more valuable to the Man of Letters. Of these the variety is considerable; and many of their writers are now known. They delight our curiosity by opening new views, and light up in observing minds many projects of works, wanted in our own literature. GIBBON feasted on them; and while he turned them over with constant pleasure, derived accurate notions of Works, which no Student can himself have verified: of many works a notion is sufficient, but this notion is necessary.

The origin of so many Literary Journals, was the happy project of DENIS de SALLO, a Counsellor in the Parliament of Paris. In 1665 appeared his *Journal des Sçavans.* He published his Essay in the name of the Sieur de Hedouville, his footman! Was this a mere stroke of humour, or designed to insinuate that the freedom of his criticism could only be allowed to a footman? The work, however, met with so

favourable a reception, that SALLO had the satisfaction of seeing it, the following year, imitated throughout Europe, and his journal, at the same time, translated into various languages. But as most authors lay themselves open to an acute critic, the animadversions of SALLO were given with such asperity of criticism, and such malignity of wit, that this new Journal excited loud murmurs, and the most heart-moving complaints. The learned had their plagiarisms detected, and the Wit, had his claims disputed. Sarasin called the gazettes of this new Aristarchus, Hebdomadary Flams! *Billevezées hebdomadaries!* and Menage, having published a law-book, which Sallo had treated with severe raillery, he entered into a long argument to prove, according to Justinian, that a lawyer is not allowed to defame another lawyer, &c. *Senatori maledicere non licet, remaledicere jus fasque est.* Others loudly declaimed against this new species of imperial tyranny, and this attempt to regulate the public opinion by that of an individual. Sallo, after having published only his third volume, felt the irritated wasps of literature thronging so thick about him, that he very gladly abdicated the throne of criticism.

Intimidated by the fate of SALLO, his successor, Abbé GALLOIS, flourished in a milder reign. He contented himself with giving the titles of

books, accompanied with extracts; and he was more useful than interesting. The public, who had been so much amused by the raillery and severity of the founder of this dynasty of new critics, now murmured at the want of that salt and acidity by which they had relished the fugitive collation. They were not satisfied in having the most beautiful, or the most curious parts of a new work brought together; they wished for the unreasonable entertainment of railing and raillery. At length another objection was conjured up against the Review; mathematicians complained they were neglected to make room for experiments in natural philosophy; the historian sickened over works of natural history; the antiquaries would have none but discoveries of MSS. or any fragments of antiquity. Medical works were called for by one party and reprobated by another. In a word, every reader only wished to have accounts of books which were interesting to his profession or his taste. But a review is a work presented to the publick at large, and written for more than one country. In spite of all these difficulties, this work was carried to a vast extent. A curious *index* has been formed occupying several volumes in quarto, and may be considered as a very useful instrument to obtain the science and literature of the century.

The next celebrated Reviewer is BAYLE, who undertook, in 1684, his *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres.* He possessed the art, acquired by habit, of reading a book by his fingers, as it has been happily expressed; and of comprising, in concise extracts, a just notion of a book, without the addition of irrelevant matter. He had for his day sufficient playfulness to wreathe the rod of criticism with roses: and, for the first time, the ladies and all the *beau-monde* took an interest in the labours of criticism. Yet even BAYLE, who declared himself to be a reporter and not a judge, BAYLE the discreet sceptic, could not long satisfy his readers. His panegyric was thought somewhat prodigal; his fluency of style somewhat too familiar; and others affected not to relish his gaiety. In his latter volumes, to still the clamour, he assumed the cold sobriety of an historian: and has bequeathed no mean legacy to the literary world, in thirty-six small volumes of criticism, closed in 1687. These were continued by Bernard, with inferior skill: and by Basnage more successfully in his *Histoire des ouvrages des Scavans.*

The cotemporary and the antagonist of BAYLE was LE CLERC. His firm industry has produced three *Bibliotheques—Universelle et Historique —Choisie*—and *Ancienne et Moderne.* Inferior

to BAYLE in the more pleasing talents, he is perhaps superior in erudition; and shews great skill in analysis: but his hand drops no flowers! His volumes are still consulted; GIBBON resorted to them at his leisure, "as an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction."

BEAUSOBRE and L'ENFANT, two learned Protestants, completed a valuable *Bibliotheque Germanique*, in 50 volumes. An interesting work, is the *Journal Brittanique*, in 18 volumes, by the father of the late MATY. He was a foreign physician, residing in London; this Journal procured him reputation, and exhibits a pleasing view of the state of English literature from 1750 to 1755. GIBBON bestows a high character on this Journalist, who sometimes "aspires to the character of a poet and a philosopher; one of the last disciples of the school of Fontenelle."

MATY's son produced a Review known to the curious; his style and decisions sometimes discover haste and heat, with some striking things: alluding to his father, Maty's motto has great felicity; he applies Virgil's description of the young Ascanius following his father Æneas, "Sequitur *patrem* non passibus æquis." He says he only holds a *Monthly conversation* with the public; but criticism demands more maturity and more terseness. In his stubborn resolution of carrying on this Review without an

associate, he has shewn its folly and its danger; for a fatal illness produced a cessation, at once, of his periodical labours and his life.

Other Reviews, are the *Memoires de Trevoux*, written by the Jesuits; *Journal Litteraire*, printed at the Hague, and chiefly composed by Prosper Marchand, Sallengre, and other young writers of ability. This list may be augmented by other journals, which merit to be rescued from the obscurity of the stalls, to be enshrined in the library of those who feel any curiosity in modern Literature.

Our early English Journals are abortive attempts; they only notice a few publications, not with great acumen. Of these, the "Memoirs of Literature," and the "Present State of the Republic of Letters," are the best. The Monthly Review, the venerable mother of our Journals, commenced in 1749.

It is impossible to form a Literary Journal in a manner such as might be wished; it must be the work of many of different tempers and talents. An individual, however versatile and extensive his genius, would soon be exhausted. Such a regular labour occasioned Bayle a dangerous illness, and Maty fell a victim to his Review. The extensive prospect, the continued novelty of the matter, the pride of considering one's self as the arbiter of literature, animate a

journalist at the commencement of his career; but the literary Hercules is fatigued; and to supply his craving pages he gives copious extracts, and the journal becomes tedious, or fails in variety. Abbé Gallois was frequently diverted from continuing his journal, and Fontenelle remarks, that this occupation was too restrictive for a mind so extensive as his; the Abbé could not resist the charms of revelling in a new work, and gratifying any sudden curiosity which seized him; and that regularity which the public expects from a journalist was frequently violated.

To describe the character of a perfect journalist, would be only an ideal portrait! There are however some acquirements which are indispensable. He must be tolerably acquainted with the subjects he treats on; and this is by no means a *common* acquirement! He must possess the *literary history of his own times;* a science which Fontenelle observes, is almost distinct from any other. This is the result of an active curiosity, which leads us to take a lively interest in the tastes and pursuits of the age, while it saves the journalist from some ridiculous blunders. We often see the mind of a Reviewer half a century remote from the work reviewed. A fine feeling of the various manners of writers is necessary; a luminous conception,

that he may be impressively intelligible; and a style, adapted to fix the attention of the indolent, and to win the untractable; but candour is the brighest gem of criticism! He ought not to throw every thing into the crucible, nor should he suffer the whole to pass as if he trembled to touch it. Lampoons, and satires, in time will lose their effect, as well as insipid panegyrics. He must learn to resist the seductions of his own pen; the affectation of composing a treatise on the subject, rather than on the book he criticises, proud of insinuating that he gives in a dozen pages, what the author himself has not been able to perform in his volumes. Should he gain confidence by a popular delusion and by unworthy conduct, sometimes the case, his labours will be prejudicial to genius and to humanity.

RECOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS.

Our ancient classics had a very narrow escape from total annihilation. Many, we know, have perished: many we possess are but fragments; and chance, blind arbiter of the works of genius, has given us some, not of the highest value; which, however have proved very useful, serving as a test to shew the pedantry of those

who adore antiquity not from feeling, but from prejudice.

One reason (writes the learned compiler of *L'Esprit des Croisades*, a work frequently quoted by Gibbon,) why we have lost a great number of ancient authors, was the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens, which deprived Europe of the use of the *Papyrus*. The ignorance of that age could find no substitute; they knew no other expedient but writing on parchment, which became every day more scarce and costly. Ignorance and barbarism unfortunately seized on Roman manuscripts, and industriously defaced pages once imagined to have been immortal! The most elegant compositions of classic Rome, were converted into the psalms of a breviary, or the prayers of a missal. Livy and Tacitus "hide their diminished heads" for the legend of a saint, and immortal truths were converted into clumsy fictions. It happened that the most voluminous authors were the greatest sufferers; these were preferred, because their volume being the greatest, it most profitably repaid their destroying industry, and furnished ampler scope for future transcription. A Livy or a Diodorus was preferred to the smaller works of Cicero or Horace; and it is to this circumstance that Juvenal, Persius, and Martial have come down to us entire, rather probably than to these pious

personages preferring their obscenities, as some have accused them. Not long ago at Rome, a part of a book of Livy was found, between the lines of a parchment but half effaced, on which, they had substituted a book of the Bible.

That, however, the Monks had not in high veneration the *profane* authors, will appear by a facetious anecdote, of which I cannot recollect my authority. To read the classics was considered as a very idle recreation, and some held them in great horror. To distinguish them from other books, they invented a disgraceful sign; when a monk asked for a pagan author, after making the general sign, which they used in their manual and silent language when they wanted a book, he added a particular one, which consisted in scratching under his ear, as a dog, when he feels an itching, scratches himself in that place with his paw—because, (said they,) not without reason, an unbeliever is compared to a dog! In this manner they expressed an *itching* for those *dogs*, Virgil or Horace!

There have been ages when, for the possession of a manuscript, some would transfer an estate; or leave in pawn for its loan hundreds of golden crowns; and when even the sale or loan of a manuscript was considered of such importance as to have been solemnly registered in public acts. Absolute as was Louis XI. he

could not obtain the MS. of Rasis, an Arabian writer, to make a copy, from the library of the Faculty of Paris, without pledging a hundred golden crowns; and the president of his treasury, charged with this commission, sold part of his plate to make the deposit. For the loan of a volume of Avicenna, a Baron offered a pledge of ten marks of silver, which was refused: because it was not considered equal to the risk incurred of losing a volume of Avicenna! These events occurred 1471. One cannot but smile at an anterior period, when a Countess of Anjou bought a favourite book of Homilies, for two hundred sheep, some skins of martins, and bushels of wheat and rye.

In these times, Manuscripts were important articles of commerce; they were excessively scarce, and preserved with the utmost care. Usurers themselves considered them as precious objects for pawn: a student of Pavia, who was reduced by his debaucheries, raised a new fortune by leaving in pawn a Manuscript of a body of law; and a grammarian, who was ruined by a fire, rebuilt his house with two small volumes of Cicero.

At the restoration of letters, the researches of literary men were chiefly directed to this point; every part of Europe and Greece was ransacked, and the end considered, there was

something sublime in this humble industry. This occupation was carried on to enthusiasm, and a kind of mania possessed many who exhausted their fortunes in distant voyages, and profuse prices. In reading the correspondence of the learned Italians of these times, much of which has descended to us, their adventures of manuscript-hunting are very amusing, and their raptures, their congratulations, or at times their condolence, and even their censures, are all immoderate and excessive. The acquisition of a province would not have given so much satisfaction as the discovery of an author little known, or not known at all. "Oh, great gain! Oh unexpected felicity!" exclaims Aretino to Poggius, in a letter overflowing with enthusiasm, on his discovery of a copy of Quintilian. Some of the half-witted, who joined in this great hunt, were often thrown out, and some paid high for Manuscripts not authentic; the knave played on the bungling amateur of manuscripts, whose credulity was greater than even his purse. But even among the learned, much ill blood was inflamed; he who had been most successful in acquiring Manuscripts was envied by the less fortunate, and the glory of possessing a Manuscript of Cicero, seemed to approximate to that of being its author! It is curious to observe that in these vast importations into Italy

of Manuscripts from Asia, John Aurispa, who brought many hundreds of Greek Manuscripts, in one of his letters laments that he had brought more profane than sacred writers, because the Greeks would not so easily part from ecclesiastical works, but they did not highly value profane writers!

These Manuscripts were discovered in the obscurest recesses of monasteries; they were not always imprisoned in libraries, but rotting in oblivion; in dark unfrequented corners with rubbish. It required no less ingenuity to find out places where to examine, than to understand the value of the acquisition, when obtained.

Among those whose lives were devoted to this purpose, Poggius, the Florentine, stands distinguished; he scoured Europe. He found under a heap of rubbish, in a decayed coffer, in a tower belonging to the Monastery of St. Gallo, the work of Quintilian. He is indignant at its forlorn situation; at least, he cries, it should have been preserved in the library of the Monks; but I found it *in teterrimo quodam et obscuro carcere; fundo scilicet unius terris*—and to his great joy drew it out of its grave! The Monks have been complimented as the preservers of Literature, but by facts like the present, their real affection may be doubted.

The most valuable copy of Tacitus, of whom

so much is wanting, was likewise discovered in a monastery of Westphalia. It is a curious circumstance in literary history, that we should owe Tacitus to this single copy; for the Roman Emperor of that name had copies of the works of his illustrious ancestor, placed in all the libraries of the empire, and every year had ten copies transcribed; but the Roman libraries were all destroyed, and the imperial protection availed nothing against the teeth of time.

The original manuscript of Justinian's code was discovered by the Pisans, accidentally, when they took a city in Calabria; that vast code of laws had been in a manner unknown from the time of that Emperor. This curious book was brought to Pisa, and when Pisa was taken by the Florentines, was transferred to Florence, where it is still preserved.

It sometimes happened that Manuscripts were discovered in the last agonies of existence. Papirius Masson found, in the house of a bookbinder of Lyons, the works of Agobart; the mechanic was on the point of using the Manuscripts to line the covers of his books. A page of the second decade of Livy it is said was found by a man of letters in the parchment of his battledore, while he was amusing himself in the country. He hastened to the maker of the battledore—but arrived too late! The man had

finished the last page of Livy—about a week before!

Many works have, therefore, undoubtedly perished in this Manuscript state. By a petition of Dr. Dee to Queen Mary, in the Cotton library, it appears that Cicero's treatise *de Republica* was once extant in this country. Huet observes that Petronius was probably entire in the days of John of Salisbury, who quotes fragments, not now to be found in the remains of the Roman bard. Raimond Soranzo, a lawyer in the papal court, possessed two books of Cicero on Glory, which he presented to Petrarch, who lent them to a poor aged man of letters, formerly his preceptor. Urged by extreme want, the old man pawned them, and returning home, died suddenly, without having revealed where he had left them. They have never been recovered. Petrarch speaks of them with extasy, and tells us that he had studied them perpetually. These two books on Glory must have been important and curious; they were composed by an amateur; for what man felt more than Cicero the delirium of Glory?

But it sometimes happened in this age of Manuscripts, that when a man of letters accidentally obtained an unknown work, he did not make the fairest use, and cautiously con-

cealed it from his contemporaries. Leonard Aretino, a distinguished scholar at the dawn of modern literature, having found a Greek Manuscript of Procopius *de Bello Gothico*, translated it into Latin, and published the work, but concealing the author's name, it passed as his own, till another manuscript of the same work being dug out of its grave, the fraud of Aretino was detected. Barbosa, a bishop of Ugento, in 1649, has printed among his works a treatise, which, it is said, he obtained by having perceived one of his domestics bringing-in a fish rolled in a leaf of written paper, which his curiosity led him to examine. He was sufficiently interested to run out and search the fish market, till he found the Manuscript out of which it had been torn. He purchased and published it under the title *de Officio Episcopi*. Machiavelli acted more adroitly in a similar case. A manuscript of the Apophthegms of the ancients by Plutarch having fallen into his hands, he selected those which pleased him the best, and put them into the mouth of his hero Castrucio Castricani.

In more recent times, we might collect many curious anecdotes concerning Manuscripts. Sir Robert Cotton one day at his tailor's, discovered (what must have been the antiquary's astonishment!) that the man held in his hand,

ready to cut up for measures—the original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signatures. He bought the singular curiosity for a trifle, and recovered in this manner what had long been given over for lost! This anecdote is found in the Colomesiana, page 198; Colomiés long resided, and died in this country. The original Magna Charta is preserved in the Cottonian library; it exhibits marks of dilapidation, but whether from the invisible scythe of time, or the humble scissors of the tailor, I leave to archaiological inquiry.

Cardinal Granvelle carefully preserved all his letters; he left behind him several chests filled with a prodigious quantity, written in different languages, commented, noted, and under-lined by his own hand. These curious Manuscripts, after his death, were left in a garret to the mercy of the rain and the rats. Five or six of these chests the steward sold to the grocers. It was then, a discovery was made of this treasure. Several learned men occupied themselves in collecting as many of these literary relics as they possibly could. What were saved formed eighty thick folios. Amongst these original letters, are found great numbers written by almost all the crowned heads in Europe, instructions for ambassadors, and many other political documents relating to the events of those times.

Montaigne's Journal of his travels into Italy were but recently published. A prebendary of Perigord, in travelling through this province to make researches relative to a history of Perigord, which he had undertaken, arrived at the ancient *chateau* of Montaigne, in possession of a descendant of this great man. He stopped there to examine the archives, if there had been any. He was shewn an old worm-eaten coffer, which had long held papers untouched by the incurious generations of Montaigne. The prebendary, with philosophical intrepidity, stifled himself in clouds of dust, and at length drew out the original manuscript of the Travels of Montaigne; the only one which probably ever existed. He obtained permission to carry these precious remains to Paris, where the connoisseurs unanimously acknowledged their authenticity. Two thirds of the work are in the hand-writing of Montaigne, and the rest is written by a servant, who served Montaigne for secretary, and who always speaks of his master in the third person. But he must have written what Montaigne dictated, as the expressions and the egotisms are all Montaigne's. The bad writing and orthography made it almost unintelligible. It proves also, says the editor, how true is Montaigne's observation, that he was very negligent in the correction of his works.

A considerable portion of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters were found in the hands of an attorney. There are now many valuable Manuscripts in the family papers of the descendants of celebrated persons; but posthumous publications of this kind are usually made from the most sordid motives: discernment, and taste, would only be detrimental to the tremendous views of bulky publishers.

SKETCHES OF CRITICISM.

It may perhaps be some satisfaction to shew the young writer, that the most celebrated ancients have been as rudely subjected to the tyranny of Criticism as the moderns. Envy has ever poured the "waters of bitterness."

It was given out, that Homer had stolen from anterior poets whatever was most remarkable in the Iliad and Odyssey. Naucrates even points out the source in the library at Memphis in a temple of Vulcan, which according to him the blind bard completely pillaged. Undoubtedly there were good poets before Homer; how absurd to conceive that a finished and elaborate poem could be the first! We have indeed accounts of poets, and of an epic before his time; but of the poets who preceded

Homer, nothing except their names have come down to us. Ælian notices Syagrus, who composed a poem on the Siege of Troy; and Suidas the poem of Corinnus, from which it is said Homer greatly borrowed. Why did Plato so severely condemn the great Bard, and imitate him?

Sophocles was brought to trial by his children as a lunatic; and some, who censured the inequalities of this poet, have also condemned the vanity of Pindar; the rough verses of Æschylus; and Euripides, for the conduct of his plots.

Socrates, considered as the wisest and the most moral of men, Cicero has treated as an usurer, and Athenæus as an illiterate person: the latter points out as a Socratic folly, our philosopher disserting on the nature of justice before his judges, who were so many thieves. The malignant buffoonery of Aristophanes, who, as Jortin says, was a great wit, but a great rascal, treats him much worse; but though Cumberland revived this calumny, such witnesses ought rather to have their evidence impeached in the awful court of history.

Plato, who has been called, by Clement of Alexandria, the Moses of Athens; the Philosopher of the Christians, by Arnobius; and the god of philosophers, by Cicero; has

dergone a variety of criticisms. Athenæus accuses him of envy; Theopompus of lying; Suidas, of avarice; Aulus Gellius, of robbery; Porphyry, of incontinence; and Aristophanes, of impiety.

Aristotle, who, it is said, composed more than four hundred volumes, has not been less spared by the critics. Diogenes Laertius, Cicero, and Plutarch, have forgotten nothing that can tend to shew his ignorance, his ambition, and his vanity.

Of these great men it has been said, that Plato was so envious at the celebrity of Democritus, that he proposed burning all his works, but that Amydis and Clinias prevented it, by remonstrating that there were copies of them every where; and Aristotle was agitated by the same passion against all the philosophers his predecessors!

Virgil is destitute of invention, if we are to give credit to Pliny, Carbilius, and Seneca. Caligula has absolutely denied him even mediocrity; Herennus has marked his faults; and Perilius Faustinus has furnished a thick volume with his plagiarisms. Even the author of his apology has confessed, that he has stolen from Homer his greatest beauties; from Apollonius Rhodius, many of his pathetic passages; from Nicander, hints for his Georgics, &c.

Horace censures the coarse humour of Plautus; and Horace, in his turn, has been blamed for the free use he made of the Greek minor poets.

The majority of the critics regard Pliny's Natural History only as a heap of fables; and seem to have quite as little respect for Quintus Curtius, who indeed seems to have composed little more than an elegant romance.

Pliny cannot bear Diodorus and Vopiscus; and in one comprehensive criticism, treats all the historians as narrators of fables.

Livy has been reproached for his aversion to the Gauls; Dion, for his hatred of the republic; Velleius Paterculus, for speaking too kindly of the vices of Tiberius; and Herodotus and Plutarch, for their excessive partiality to their own country; the latter has written an entire treatise on the malignity of Herodotus. And Dionysius of Halicarnassus has made an elaborate attack on Thucydides, for the unskilful choice of his subject and his manner of treating it. Hobbes in his life of Thucydides has indeed ably defended the historian. Dionysius would have nothing written but what tended to the glory of his Country and the pleasure of the reader; as if History were a Song! adds Hobbes. But he also shews there was a personal motive in this attack. The Jewish

historian Josephus is accused of not having designed his history for his own people so much as for the Greeks and Romans, whom he takes the utmost care never to offend. He assumes a Roman name Flavius; and considering his nation as entirely subjugated, he only varies his story to make them appear venerable and dignified to their conquerors, and for this purpose, alters what he calls the *Holy books*. It is well known how widely he differs from the Scriptural accounts. Others have said of Cicero, that there is no connection, and, to adopt their own figures, no *blood* and *nerves*, in what his admirers so warmly extol. Cold in his extemporaneous effusions, artificial in his exordiums, trifling in his strained witticisms, and tiresome in his digressions. This is saying a good deal about Cicero!

Quintilian does not spare Seneca; and Demosthenes, called by Cicero the Prince of Orators, has, according to Hermippus, more of art than of nature. To Demades, his orations appear too much laboured; others have thought him too dry; and, if we may trust Æschines, his language is by no means pure.

The Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius, and the Deipnosophists of Athenæus, while they have been extolled by one party, have been de-

graded by another. They have been considered as botchers of rags and remnants; their diligence has not been accompanied by judgment; and their taste inclined more to the frivolous than to the useful. Compilers, indeed, are liable to a hard fate; and little distinction is made in their ranks: a disagreeable situation, in which honest Burton seems to have been placed; for he says of his work, that some will cry out, "This is a thinge of meere industrie; a *collection* without wit or invention; a very toy! So men are valued! their labours vilified by fellowes of no worth themselves, as things of nought; who could not have done as much. Some understande too little, and some too much."

Should we proceed with this list to our own country, and to our own times, it might be curiously augmented, and shew the world what the Critics are! but, perhaps, enough has been said to soothe irritated genius, and to shame fastidious criticism. "I would beg the critics to remember," the Earl of Roscommon writes, in his Preface to Horace's Art of Poetry, "that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius; that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them; and that in their Golden Age, there was a good under-

standing among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured."

THE PERSECUTED LEARNED.

Those who have laboured most zealously to instruct mankind, have been those who have suffered most from ignorance; and the discoverers of new arts and sciences have hardly ever lived to see them accepted by the world. Filled by a noble perception of his own genius, the illustrious Bacon, in his prophetic will, thus expresses himself. "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages."

It will be sufficient to name that greatest of men, Socrates: his intelligence and his virtue were punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propagate a just notion of the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison. Aristotle, after a long series of persecution, swallowed poison. Heraclitus, tormented by his countrymen, broke off all intercourse with men. The great geometricians and chymists, as Gerbert, Bacon, and others, were abhorred as magicians. Pope Gerbert, as Bishop Otho gravely relates, obtained the pontificate by having given himself up entirely to the devil;

others suspected him too of holding an intercourse with demons; but this was indeed a devilish age.

Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzburg, having asserted that there existed Antipodes, Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz, declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames; and the Abbot Trithemius, who was fond of improving steganography, or the art of secret writing, having published several curious works on this subject, they were condemned, as works full of diabolical mysteries; and Frederick II. Elector Palatine, ordered Trithemius's original work, which was in his library, to be publicly burnt.

Galileo, because he believed in the Copernican System, now universally established, was condemned at Rome publicly to disavow sentiments, the truth of which must have been to him abundantly manifest. "Are these then my judges?" he exclaimed in retiring from the Inquisitors, whose ignorance astonished him. He was imprisoned, and visited by Milton, who tells us he was then *poor* and *old*. The confessor of his widow, taking advantage of her piety, obtained leave to peruse the MSS. of this great philosopher, and destroyed such as in his *judgment* were not fit to be known to the world!

Gabriel Naudé, in his apology for those great men who have been accused of magic, has recorded a melancholy number of the most eminent scholars, who have found, that to have been successful in their studies was a success which harassed them with continued persecution, a prison, or a grave!

Urban Grandier was burnt alive, through the machinations of a rival, who formed a conspiracy against this amiable scholar, by contriving to get the depositions of some nuns to prove the crime of magic. These women must have been guilty of the most horrid perjuries. Peter Abano, a learned man, even Naudé suspects of magic; but when, at the age of eighty-eight, he was tried for it, he was found to be no conjuror!

Cornelius Agrippa was compelled to fly his country, and the enjoyments of a large income, merely for having displayed a few philosophical experiments, which now every school-boy can perform; but more particularly having attacked the then prevailing opinion, that St. Anne had three husbands, he was so violently persecuted, that he was obliged to fly from place to place. The people beheld him as an object of horror; and not unfrequently, when he walked the streets, he found them empty at his approach. He died, of disease and famine, in an hospital.

In these times, it was a common opinion to suspect every great man of an intercourse with some familiar spirit. The favourite black dog of Agrippa was supposed to be a demon. When Urban Grandier was led to the stake, a large fly settled on his head: a Monk, who had heard that Beelzebub signifies in Hebrew, the God of Flies, reported that he saw this spirit come to take possession of him. Mr. De Langear, a French minister, who employed many spies, was frequently accused of diabolical communication. Sixtus the Fifth, Marechal Faber, Roger Bacon, Cæsar Borgia, his son Alexander VI. and others, like Socrates, had their diabolical attendant.

Cardan was believed to be a magician. The fact is, that he was for his time a very able naturalist; and he who happened to know something of the arcana of nature was immediately suspected of magic. Even the learned themselves, who had not applied to natural philosophy, seem to have acted with the same feelings as the most ignorant; for when Albert the Great constructed a curious piece of mechanism, which sent forth distinct vocal sounds, Thomas Aquinas was so much terrified at it, that he struck it with his stick, and to the great mortification of Albert instantly annihilated the curious labour of thirty years!

Petrarch was less desirous of the laurel for the honour, than for the hope of being sheltered by it from the thunder of the priests, by whom both he and his brother poets were continually threatened. They could not imagine a poet, without supposing him to hold an intercourse with some demon. This was, as Abbé Resnel observes, having a most exalted idea of poetry, though a very bad one of poets. A certain Dominican was famous for persecuting all those who dared to make verses; and the power of which he attributed to the effects of *heresy* and *magic*. This persecution of science and genius as magic, lasted till the close of the seventeenth century!

The great Descartes was horridly persecuted in Holland, when he first published his opinions to the world. Voetius, a bigot of great power at Utrecht, accused him of atheism; and had even projected in his mind to have him condemned without allowing him to make his defence, and to have him burnt at Utrecht, in an extraordinary fire, which, kindled on an eminence, might be observed by all the Provinces!

In the present day, the lights of philosophy have dispersed all these accusations of magic; and have shewn a dreadful chain of perjuries and conspiracies! One is willing to imagine, for the

honour of human nature, that so deep a malignity, and so sedate a cruelty, could not have tainted the heart of man; but the simple recital of history forms, too often, the severest satire on human nature.

THE POVERTY OF THE LEARNED.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius: the dunce finds a hundred roads to her palace; there is but one open, and that a very indifferent one, for men of letters. Why should we not erect an asylum for venerable genius, as we do for the brave and the helpless part of our citizens? It might be inscribed a Hospital for Incurables! When even Fame will not protect the man of genius from Famine, Charity ought. Nor should such an act be considered as a debt incurred by the helpless member, but a tribute we pay to genius. Even in these enlightened times, such have lived in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers.

Of the heroes of modern literature the accounts are as copious as they are melancholy.

Xylander sold his Notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner. He tells us, that at the age

eighteen he studied to acquire glory, but at twenty-five he studied to get bread.

Cervantes is supposed to have wanted bread; Camoens, deprived of the necessaries of life, perished in the streets; and Vondel, the Dutch Shakspeare, the only dramatic poet they boast of, after composing a number of popular tragedies, lived in great poverty, and died at ninety years of age, when he had the satisfaction of having his coffin carried by fourteen poets, who without his genius, probably partook of his wretchedness.

The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to subsist through the week. He alludes to his distress in a pretty Sonnet, which he addresses to his Cat, entreating her to assist him, during the night, with the lustre of her eyes—

"*Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi!*"

having no candle to see to write his verses!

Ariosto bitterly complains of poverty in his Satires: the liberality of Alphonso enabled him to build a small house, but it was most miserably furnished! When told that such a building was not fit for one who had raised so many fine palaces in his writings, he answered, that the structure of *words* and that of *stones* was not

the same thing. "*Che porvi le pietre, e porvi le parole, non è il medesimo!*"

The illustrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languished, in his old age, in the most distressful poverty; and having sold his palace to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation.

Le Sage resided in a little cottage on the borders of Paris, and while he supplied the world with their most agreeable novels, never knew what it was to possess any moderate degree of comfort in pecuniary matters.

Du Ryer, a celebrated French poet, was constrained to labour with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obscure village. His bookseller bought his Heroic Verses for one hundred sols the hundred lines, and the smaller [illegible] for fifty sols. What an interesting picture has Marville given of the misery of an ingenious author in a visit he paid to Du Ryer. On a fine summer's day we went to him, at some distance from town. He received us with joy, talked to us of his numerous projects, and shewed us several of his works. But what more interested us was, that dreading to shew us his poverty, he resolved to give us some refreshment. We arranged ourselves under a wide oak, the table-cloth was spread on the grass, his wife [illegible]

us some milk, and he picked some cherries, with fresh water and brown bread. He welcomed us with gaiety, but we could not take leave of this amiable man, now grown old, without tears, to see him so ill treated by fortune, and to have nothing left but literary honour!

Vaugelas, the most polished writer of the French language, who, it is said, devoted thirty years to his translation of Quintus Curtius, (a circumstance which modern translators can have no conception of) possessed nothing valuable but his precious manuscripts. It is recorded of this ingenious scholar, that he left his corpse to the surgeons, for the benefit of his creditors!

Louis the Fourteenth honoured Racine and Boileau with a private monthly audience. One day, the king asked what there was new in the literary world? Racine answered, that he had seen a melancholy spectacle in the house of Corneille, whom he found dying, deprived even of a little broth! The king preserved a profound silence: and sent the dying poet a sum of money.

Dryden, for less than three hundred pounds, sold Tonson ten thousand verses, as may be seen by the agreement which has been published.

Purchas, who, in the reign of our First James,

had spent his life in travels and study to form his *Relation of the World*; when he gave it to the public, for the reward of his labours was thrown into prison, at the suit of his printer. Yet this was the book which, he informs us in his dedication to Charles the First, his father read every night with great profit and satisfaction.

John Stow quitted the occupation of a tailor for that of an antiquary; but his studies placing him in embarrassed circumstances, he acted wisely in resuming the shears. He afterwards was so fortunate as to meet a patron in Archbishop Parker.

The Marquis of Worcester, in a petition to Parliament, in the reign of Charles II. offered to publish the hundred processes and machines, enumerated in his very curious "Centenary of Inventions," on condition that money should be granted to extricate him from the *difficulties in which he had involved himself, by the prosecution of useful discoveries.* The petition does not appear to have been attended to! Many of these admirable inventions were lost. The *Steam Engine* and the *Telegraph* may be traced among them.

It appears by the Harleian MSS. 7524, that Rushworth, the author of "Historical Collections," passed the last years of his life in

where indeed he died. After the Restoration, when he presented to the king several of the privy council's books, which he had preserved from ruin, he received for his only reward, the *thanks of his Majesty.*

Dr. Dee, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, the celebrated mathematician, was a very learned man. After having collected a library of 4000 volumes, and enriched it with mathematical instruments and MSS. and even in possession of a wide reputation, he died in extreme poverty.

Rymer the collector of the Fœdera must have been sadly reduced, by the following letter, addressed by Peter le Neve, Norroy, to the Earl of Oxford, preserved in the British Museum:

"I am desired by Mr. Rymer, historiographer, to lay before your lordship the circumstances of his affairs. He was forced some years back to part with all his choice printed books to subsist himself; and now, he says, he must be forced, for subsistence, to sell all his MSS. Collections to the best bidder, without your lordship will be pleased to buy them for the queen's library. They are fifty volumes, in folio, of public affairs, which he hath collected, but not printed. The price he asks is five hundred pounds."

Simon Ockley, a learned student in Orienta

literature, addresses a letter to the same Earl, in which he paints his distresses in glowing colours. After having devoted his life to Asiatic researches, then very uncommon, he had the satisfaction of dating his preface to his great work from Cambridge Castle, where he was confined for debt; and, with an air of triumph, feels a Martyr's enthusiasm in the cause for which he perishes.

His words are extremely affecting and dignified, and merit to be recorded in these unhappy anecdotes of the Poverty of the Learned. He published his first volume of the History of the Saracens, in 1708; he ardently pursued his Oriental studies, and published his second volume in 1718, but had the mortification to date it from Cambridge Castle, confined there for debt! Alluding to the encouragement necessary to bestow on youth, to remove the obstacles to these studies, he observes, that they will hardly come in on the prospect of finding leisure, in a prison, to transcribe those papers for the press, which they have collected with indefatigable labour, and oftentimes at the expence of their rest, and all the other conveniences of life, for the service of the public. "No, though I were to assure them from my own experience, that *I have enjoyed more true liberty, more happy leisure, and more solid repose, in six Months*

HERE, than in thrice the same number of years before. *Evil is the condition of that historian who undertakes to write the lives of others, before he knows how to live himself.*—Not that I speak thus as if I thought I had any just cause to be angry with the world—I did always in my judgment give the possession of *Wisdom* the preference to that of *Riches!*"

Spenser, the child of Fancy, languished out his life in misery. "The queen," says Dr. Granger, "was far from having a just sense of his merit: and Lord Burleigh, who prevented her giving him a hundred pounds, seems to have thought the lowest clerk in his office a more deserving person. *He died in want of* bread." Mr. Malone attempts to shew that Spenser had a small pension; but the poet's querulous verses must not be forgotten—those which begin thus—

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not try'd
"What Hell it is, in suing long to bide."

To lose good days—to waste long nights—and as he feelingly exclaims,

"To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
"To speed, to give, to want, to be undone!"

Savage, in the pressing hour of distress, sold that eccentric poem, *The Wanderer*, which had occupied him several years, for ten pounds.

Even our great Milton, as every one knows, sold his immortal work for ten pounds to a bookseller, being too poor to undertake the printing on his own account; and Otway, Butler, and Chatterton, it is sufficient to name. Chatterton, while he supplied a variety of monthly Magazines with their chief materials, found "a penny tart a luxury;" and a luxury it was to him who could not always get bread to his water.

Samuel Boyce, whose poem on Creation ranks high in the poetic scale, was absolutely famished to death; and was found dead in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, fastened by a skewer, with a pen in his hand! How affecting is the death of Sydenham, who had devoted his life to a laborious version of Plato. He died in a spunging house, and was often deprived of his daily meal.

Who shall pursue important labours when they read these anecdotes? Dr. Edmund Castle spent a great part of his life in compiling his *Lexicon Heptaglotton*, on which he bestowed incredible pains, and expended on it no less than 12,000*l.* and broke his constitution, and exhausted his fortune. At length it was printed, but the copies remained *unsold* on his hands. All the publishers of Polyglots have been ruined.

On this subject what an admirable observation has Bayle made. After having informed us, that the wife and the daughter of Drusius, an eminent scholar, were left destitute, and hardly subsisted by the casual contributions of a few friends, he exclaims, "What a pity is it, that the only daughter of such an author should have been reduced to this great misery, while the posterity of so many fools display such splendid equipages!"

I wish every man of letters could apply to himself the concluding lines of the epitaph of Le Sage:

Sous ce tombeau git LE SAGE abattu
Par le ciseau de la Parque importune;
S'il ne fut pas ami de la fortune,
Il fut toujours ami de la vertu.

Beneath this tomb LE SAGE has found repose,
Who well the gay and serious powers could blend;
Tho' not of FORTUNE'S FRIENDS, he gave his vows
To other hopes, and still was VIRTUE'S FRIEND.

Many years after this article had been written, I published "Calamities of Authors," and confined myself to those of our own country.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE LEARNED.

IMPRISONMENT seems not much to have disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies.

It was in prison that Boethius composed his excellent book on the Consolations of Philosophy.

Grotius wrote, in his confinement, his Commentary on Saint Matthew, with other works: the detail of his allotment of time to different studies, during his confinement, is very instructive.

Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent Paraphrases of the Psalms of David.

Pelisson, during five years confinement for some state affairs, pursued with ardour his studies in the Greek language, in Philosophy, and particularly in Theology, and produced several good compositions.

Michael Cervantes composed the most agreeable book in the Spanish language during his captivity in Barbary.

Fleta, a well known and very excellent little law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet prison for debt: the name of the *place*, though not that of the *author*, has thus been preserved.

There is another work which derives its title from the Fleet-prison. It is "Fleta Minor, or the Laws of Art and Nature in knowing the Bodies of Metals, &c." It is written by Sir John Pettus, in folio, 1683. He gave it this

title because he translated it from the German during his confinement in this prison.

Louis the Twelfth, when Duke of Orleans, was long confined in the Tower of Bourges; and applying himself to his studies, which he had hitherto neglected, became in consequence an enlightened monarch.

Margaret, queen of Henry the Fourth, king of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the studies of elegant literature, and composed a very skilful Apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles the First, during his cruel confinement at Holmsby, wrote the Eikon Basilike, *The Portrait of a King*, addressed to his son; this work has, however, been attributed by his enemies to Dr. Gawden, who was incapable of writing a single paragraph of it.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote several poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement: and Mary Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many pleasing poetic compositions.

Sir Walter Raleigh produced in his confinement that unfinished History of the World, which leaves posterity to regret his sublime eloquence had not reached to later ages. Of him it is observed, to employ the language of

Hume, "They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprizes, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as his History of the World." The all-accomplished Raleigh had many enemies at Court, and these, with more boldness than prudence, he contemned. Fuller records a saying of his, which gives us his feelings, and is a very elegant periphrasis of a very vulgar phrase. Of his cowardly detractors, he was wont to say, "If any man accuseth me to my *face* I will answer him with my *mouth;* but my *tail* is good enough to return an answer to such who traduce me *behind my back.*"

The plan of the *Henriade* was sketched, and the greater part composed, by Voltaire, during his imprisonment in the Bastile.

Howel, the author of Familiar Letters, &c. wrote the chief part of them, and almost all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet-prison; he employed his fertile pen for subsistence; and in all his books we find much entertainment.

Lydiat, while confined in the King's bench

for debt, wrote his Annotations on the Parian Chronicle, which were first published by Prideaux. This was that learned scholar whom Johnson alludes to, which allusion was not understood by Boswell and others.

The learned Selden, committed to prison for his attacks on the divine right of tithes and the king's prerogative, prepared during his confinement his history of Eadmer, enriched by his notes.

Cardinal Polignac formed the design of refuting the arguments of the sceptics which Bayle had been renewing in his dictionary; but his public occupations hindered him. Two exiles at length fortunately gave him the leisure; and the Anti-Lucretius is the fruit of the court disgraces of its author.

Freret, when imprisoned in the Bastile, was permitted only to have Bayle for his companion. He got his dictionary almost by heart, and likewise his principles. To this circumstance we owe his works, animated by all the powers of scepticism.

Sir William Davenant finished his poem of Gondibert during his confinement by the rebels in Carisbroke Castle.

De Foe, when imprisoned in Newgate for a political pamphlet, began his Review; a periodical paper, which was extended to nine thick

volumes in quarto, and was, says Mr. G. Chalmers, the model of the celebrated papers of Steele. He also composed there the greatest part of his Jure Divino.

Wicquefort's curious work on ambassadors, is dated from his prison, where he had been confined for state affairs. He softened the rigour of those heavy hours by several historical works.

One of the most interesting facts of this kind is the fate of an Italian scholar, of the name of Maggi. Early addicted to the study of the sciences, and particularly to the mathematics and military architecture, he defended Famagusta, besieged by the Turks, by inventing machines which destroyed their works. When that city was taken in 1571, they pillaged his library and carried him away in chains. Become a slave, after his daily labours he passed a great part of his nights in literary compositions. Assisted only by his memory he composed several learned treatises. One, *De Tintinnabulis*, on Bells, is still read with great satisfaction by the curious, and was actually composed by him when a slave in Turkey, without any other resource than the erudition he preserved in his own memory, and the genius that adversity could not deprive him of.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

MEN of letters, for a relaxation from literary fatigue, a fatigue more insufferable than that which proceeds from the labours of the mechanic, for the brain is more exquisite in suffering than the limb—form amusements, sometimes according to their professional character, but more frequently according to their whim.

Seneca, at the close of his treatise on "The Tranquillity of the Soul," observes that the mind must unbend itself by certain amusements; a continuity of labour only deadens the soul. Socrates did not blush to play with children; Cato, in his glass, found an alleviation from the fatigues of government; a circumstance, he says, which honours this defect, rather than dishonours Cato. Scipio, after so many triumphs, did not disdain to move in cadence his warlike limbs, not, he adds, in those soft and effeminate attitudes which are now practised, but in that military dance which our ancient heroes used in festivals, and which would not have disturbed their gravity, and made them ridiculous, even in the sight of the enemies of their country. Some men of letters portioned out their day between repose and labour. Asinius Pollio would not suffer any

business to occupy him beyond a stated hour; after that time he would not allow any letter to be opened during his hours of relaxation, that they might not be interrupted by unforeseen labours. In the senate, after the tenth hour, it was not allowed to make any new motion.

Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, one of the most learned men of his age, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees; Barclay, in his leisure hours, was a florist; Balzac amused himself with his crayons; Peiresc found his amusement amongst his medals and antiquarian curiosities; the Abbé de Maroles with his prints; and Politian in singing airs to his lute.

Conrad ab Uffenbach, a learned German, recreated his mind, after severe studies, with a collection of prints of eminent persons, methodically arranged. The passion of collecting portraits he retained to the time of his death. Such a collection refreshes the memory and the imagination.

Rohault wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labour; and Count Caylus passed his mornings in the work-rooms of artists, and his evenings in writing his numerous works on art.

The great Arnauld read, in his hours of relaxation, any amusing romance that fell into his hands; as did the critical Warburton and Blair, and the late Lord Camden.

Galileo read Ariosto; and Christina, queen of Sweden, Martial and other Latin authors. Not a day passed but she read a portion of Tacitus. This author, difficult to the learned, was familiar to her. She confessed, however, that his works were rather one of her serious readings than her amusing ones.

Others have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudian's death. Pierius has written an eulogium on Beards; and we have had a learned one recently, with due gravity and pleasantry, entitled "Eloge de Perruques."

Holstein has written an eulogium on the North Wind; Heinsius, on the Ass; Menage, the Transmigration of the Parasitical Pedant to a Parrot; and also the Petition of the Dictionaries.

Erasmus composed, to amuse himself when travelling in a post-chaise, his panegyric on *Moria*, or Folly; which, authorized by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

Sallengre, who would amuse himself like Erasmus, wrote, in imitation of his work, a

panegyric on *Ebriety*. He says, that he is willing to be thought as drunken a man as Erasmus was a foolish one. When it was published, he offended many *Germans*.

Synesius composed a Greek panegyric on *Baldness*, which, Warton observes, was brought into great vogue by Erasmus's *Moriæ Encomium*.

It seems, Johnson observes in his life of Sir Thomas Browne, to have been in all ages the pride of Art to shew how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer; the gnat and the bees of Virgil; the butterfly of Spenser; the shadow of Wowerus; and quincunx of Browne.

Montaigne boasts of having found a very agreeable playmate in his cat, but his pen itself seems to have amused him as much as his cat.

Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and, in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the Cardinal surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; and by this means he is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister.

The great Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician has been found leaping over tables and chairs.

What ridiculous amusements passed between Dean Swift and his friends, in Ireland, some of his prodigal editors have revealed to the public. He seems to have outlived the relish of fame, when he could level his mind to such perpetual triflers.

The life of Shenstone was passed in an amusement which was to him an eternal source of disappointment and anguish. His favourite *ferme ornée*, while it displayed all the taste and elegancies of the poet, displayed also his characteristic poverty. His feeling mind was often pained by those invidious comparisons which the vulgar were perpetually making with the stately scenes of Hagley's neighbouring magnificence.

An eminent French lawyer, who was confined by his business to Paris, amused himself with collecting from the Classics all the passages which relate to a country life. This collection was published after his death.

If Dr. Johnson suffered his great mind to descend into trivial amusements, it was like the elephant, who sometimes gives a shock to armies, and sometimes permits himself to be led by a naked infant.

The amusements of the great Daguesseau, Chancellor of France, consisted in the severest studies: in a word, all his relaxations were only changes of labour. In the age of the passions, says Thomas, his only passion was study.

The same writer observes, " The great Leibnitz, historian, lawyer, philosopher, and sublime geometrician, after having met Newton in the paths of Infinity, came sometimes among the Muses to reanimate his genius, and unbend its springs."

The great Descartes passed his afternoons in the conversation of a few friends, and in the cultivation of his little garden: in the morning occupied by the System of the World, he relaxed his profound studies by amusing himself in rearing his flowers.

Seneca has made many remarkable observations on the amusements proper for literary men.

He objects to robust exercises, and ridicules the gymnastic ones; it is a folly, an indecency to see a man of letters exult in the strength of his arms, or the breadth of his back! After all you can do, he says, you can never equal an ox. Such amusements, he justly observes, diminish the activity of the mind. Too much fatigue exhausts the animal spirits, too much food blunts the finer faculties; but elsewhere

he allows his philosopher a fit of inebriation; he must not be dead-drunk, but a slight attack is agreeable. Among corporeal amusements, he advises his man of letters to practise *dancing*, like the Salian priests, alternately on one foot and the other. He notices the use of balancing heavy weights in the hands, such as our dumb bells. He recommends his man of letters to be carried about in a litter, a recreation which allows reading, dictating, conversation, and listening. He adds also, the use of the voice, in declamation; but in his refined manner observes, it must not be allowed to be shrill and uncadenced as a rustic, but musical and measured as the voice of a sage; for in this, we ought less to exercise ourvoice, than to exercise ourselves by our voice.

Whatever, says Seneca, be the amusements you chuse, return not slowly from the body to the mind; exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate; neither cold nor heat, nor age itself can interrupt the exercise of the mind; give therefore all your cares to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age!

PORTRAITS OF AUTHORS.

With the ancients, it was undoubtedly a custom to place the portraits of Authors before their works. Martial's 186th Epigram of his fourteenth Book, is a mere play on words, concerning a little volume which contained the works of Virgil, and which had his portrait prefixed to it. The volume and the characters must have been very diminutive.

> "*Quam brevis immensum cepit membrana Maronem,*
> "*Illius Vultus prima tabella gerit.*"

Martial is not the only writer who takes notice of the ancients prefixing their portraits to their works. Seneca, in his ninth chapter on the Tranquillity of the Soul, complains of many of the luxurious great, who, like so many of our own collectors, possessed libraries as they did their estates and equipages. "It is melancholy to observe," he continues, "how the portraits of men of genius, and the works of their divine intelligence, are used only as the luxury and the ornaments of their walls."

Pliny has nearly the same observation, *Lib.* xxxv. *cap.* 2. He remarks, that the custom was rather modern in his time; and attributes to Asinius Pollio the honour of having introduced

it into Rome. "In consecrating," he says, "a library with the portraits of our illustrious authors, he has formed, if I may so express myself, a republic of the intellectual powers of men."

A taste for collecting portraits, or busts, was warmly pursued in the happier periods of Rome, for the celebrated Atticus, in a work he published of illustrious Romans, made it more delightful, by ornamenting it with the portraits of those great men; and the learned Varro, in his biography of Seven Hundred celebrated Men, by giving the world their true features and their physiognomy, *in some manner, aliquo modo imaginibus,* is Pliny's expression, he shewed that even their persons should not entirely be annihilated; they indeed, adds Pliny, form a spectacle which the Gods themselves might contemplate; for if the Gods sent those heroes to the earth, it is Varro who secured their immortality, and has so multiplied and distributed them in all places, that we may carry them about us, place them where-ever we chuse, and fix our eyes on them with perpetual admiration! A spectacle that every day becomes more varied and interesting, as new heroes appear, and as such works are spread abroad.

But as printing was unknown to the ancients

(though *stamping an impression* was daily practised, and, in fact, they possessed the art of printing without being aware of it) how were these portraits of Varro so easily propagated? If copied with a pen, their correctness was in some danger, and their diffusion must have been very confined and slow. This passage of Pliny excites curiosity, which it may be difficult to satisfy.

Amongst the various advantages which attend a collection of the portraits of illustrious characters, are these: Oldys observes they not only serve as matters of entertainment and curiosity, and preserve the different modes or habits of the fashions of the time, but become of infinite importance, by settling our floating ideas upon the true features of famous persons; they fix the chronological particulars of their birth, age, death, &c. and the short characters of them, besides the names of painter, designer, and engraver. It is thus a single print, by the hand of a skilful artist, may become a varied banquet. To this Granger adds, that in a collection of engraved portraits, the contents of many galleries are reduced into the narrow compass of a few volumes; and the portraits of eminent persons, who distinguished themselves for a long succession of ages, may be turned over in a few hours.

"Another advantage," Granger continues,

" attending such an assemblage is, that the methodical arrangement has a surprizing effect upon the memory. We see the celebrated contemporaries of every age almost at one view; and the mind is insensibly led to the history of that period. I may add to these, an important circumstance, which is, the power that such a collection will have in *awakening genius.* A skilful preceptor will presently perceive the true bent of the temper of his pupil, by his being struck with a Blake or a Boyle, a Hyde or a Milton."

Middleton in his life of Cicero confirms this observation by a curious fact. He tells us that Atticus had a gallery adorned with the images or portraits of the great men of Rome, under each of which, as Cornelius Nepos writes, he had severally described their principal acts and honours in a few concise verses of his own composition. It was by the contemplation of two of these portraits (Old Brutus and a venerable relative in one picture) that Cicero seems to have incited Brutus by the example of these his great ancestors, to dissolve the tyranny of Cæsar. Fairfax made a collection of engraved portraits of warriors. A pretty story may be worth noticing here of an Athenian courtezan, who, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally casting her eye on the *portrait* of a

philosopher that hung opposite to her seat, the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted the room, and retired for ever from the scene of debauchery.—The Orientalists have felt the same charm in their pictured Memorials; for "the imperial Akber," says Mr. Forbes, in his Oriental Memoirs, "employed artists to make portraits of all the principal Omrahs and officers in his court; they were bound together in a thick volume, wherein, as the Ayeen Akbery or the Institutes of Akber expresses it, "The PAST are kept in lively remembrance; and the PRESENT are insured immortality."

Leonard Aretin, when young and in prison, found a portrait of Petrarch, on which his eyes were perpetually fixed; and this sort of contemplation inflamed the desire of imitating this great man.

On this subject, how sublimely Tacitus expresses himself at the close of his admired biography of Agricola. "I do not mean," says he, "to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble, the shape and stature of eminent men; but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soul is formed of finer elements, its inward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with uncon-

scious matter; our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All of Agricola that gained our love and raised our admiration, still subsists, and ever will subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages, and the records of fame."

Marville, in his entertaining Miscellanies, has spoken very warmly in favour of such a collection. Nothing is more agreeable to the curiosity of the mind and the eye, than the portraits of great characters. An old philosopher whom he invited to see a collection of landscapes by a celebrated artist, replied, "landscapes I prefer seeing in the country itself, but I am fond of contemplating the pictures of illustrious men." This opinion has some truth; Lord Orford preferred an interesting portrait, to either landscape or historical painting. A landscape, said he, however excellent in its distribution of wood, and water, and buildings, leaves not one trace in the memory; historical painting is perpetually false in a variety of ways, in the costume, the grouping, the portraits, &c. and is nothing more than fabulous painting; but a real portrait is truth itself; and calls up so many collateral ideas as to fill an intelligent mind more than any other species.

Marville justly reprehends the fastidious feelings of those ingenious men who have resisted

the solicitations of the artist, to sit for their portraits. A species of pride often, in them, as much as there may be vanity in those who are less difficult in this respect. Of Gray, Shenstone, Fielding, and Churchill, we have no finished heads; which must ever be regretted by their admirers, and by physiognomists.

To an arranged collection of PORTRAITS, we owe several interesting works, valuable either for their biographical research, or their eloquent philosophy of man. It it sufficient to mention Granger's justly esteemed volumes, which originated in such a collection. Perrault's *Eloges* of "the illustrious men of the seventeenth century," were drawn up to accompany the engraved portraits of the most illustrious characters of the age, and which a fervent lover of the fine arts and literature had had engraved as an elegant tribute to the fame of those great men. They are confined to his nation, as Granger's to our's. The parent of this race of books may perhaps be the Eulogiums of Paulus Jovius, who has consecrated seven books to the memory of the celebrated men of the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. Having formed an extensive collection of the portraits of great men, the daily view of them animated his mind to compose these Eulogiums. He collected such portraits, as others form a collection of natural history; and he pur-

sued in their characters, what others do in their experiments.

The description of his house and cabinet, forms a delicious morsel.

Paulus Jovius had a country house, in an insular situation of a most romantic aspect. It was built on the ruins of the villa of Pliny; and in his time the foundations were still to be traced. When the surrounding lake was calm, in its lucid bosom were still viewed sculptured marbles, the trunks of columns, and the fragments of those pyramids which had once adorned the residence of the friend of Trajan. Jovius was an enthusiast of literary leisure; an historian, with the imagination of a poet; a bishop nourished on the sweet fictions of pagan mythology. His pen colours like a pencil. He paints rapturously, his gardens bathed by the waters of the lake, the shade and freshness of his woods, his green hills, his sparkling fountains, the deep silence, and the calm of solitude. He describes a statue raised in his gardens to NATURE; in his hall an Apollo presided with his lyre, and the Muses with their attributes; his library was guarded by Mercury, and an apartment devoted to the three Graces was embellished by Doric columns, and paintings of the most pleasing kind. Such was the interior! Without, the pure and transparent lake spread its broad mirror, rolled its voluminous

windings, while the banks were richly covered with olives and laurels, and in the distance, towns, promontories, hills rising in an amphitheatre, blushing with vines, and the first elevations of the Alps covered with woods and pasturage, and sprinkled with herds and flocks.

In the centre of this enchanting habitation, stood a CABINET, where Paulus Jovius had collected, at great cost, the portraits of celebrated men, and to illustrate these portraits he composed his Eulogiums, which are still considered as curious both for the facts they preserve, and the happy conciseness with which Jovius delineates a character.

One caution in collecting PORTRAITS it may be necessary to repeat—it respects their authenticity. We have too many supposititious, or ideal heads. Too many of Houbraken's heads are fictitious; as that of Ben Jonson; Sir Edward Coke, &c. Conrad ab Uffenbach, one of the earliest collectors, and who first seems to have projected a methodical arrangement of them, considered those portraits which were not genuine, as fit only for the amusement of children. The painter does not always give a correct likeness, but I am fearful the engraver too frequently proves an unlucky copyist. Goldsmith was a short thick man, with wan features and a vulgar appearance, but looks tall and fashionable,

in a bag wig, &c. Bayle's portrait does not resemble him, as one of his friends writes; Rousseau's, in his montero cap, is not like him. Shakspeare's portrait is doubtful. Winkelman's portrait is said not to have preserved the striking physiognomy of the man, and in the last edition a new one is substituted. When we compare different portraits of the same person, we are vexed at the dissimilarity, and it disturbs the pleasing visions and good faith we indulge in our collection. These are defects to which *busts* are not so liable.

DESTRUCTION OF BOOKS.

The literary treasures of antiquity have suffered from the malice of men, as well as that of time. It is remarkable that conquerors, in the moment of victory, or in the unsparing devastation of their rage, have not been satisfied with destroying *men*, but have even carried their vengeance to *books*.

Ancient history records how the Persians, because they hated the religion of the Phœnicians and the Egyptians, destroyed their books, of which Eusebius notices they possessed a great number. A remarkable anecdote is recorded of the Grecian libraries; one at Gnidus, was burnt

by the sect of Hippocrates, because the Gnidians refused to follow the doctrines of their master. If the followers of Hippocrates formed the majority, was it not very unorthodox in the Gnidians to prefer taking physic their own way? The anecdote may be suspicious, but faction has often annihilated books.

The Romans burnt the books of the Jews, of the Christians, and the Philosophers; the Jews burnt the books of the Christians, and the Pagans; and the Christians burnt the books of the Pagans and the Jews. The greater part of the books of Origen and other heretics were continually burnt by the orthodox party. Gibbon pathetically describes the empty library of Alexandria, after the Christians had destroyed it. "The valuable library of Alexandria was pillaged or destroyed; and near twenty years afterwards the appearance of the *empty shelves* excited the regret and indignation of every spectator, whose mind was not totally darkened by religious prejudice. The compositions of ancient genius, so many of which have irretrievably perished, might surely have been excepted from the wreck of idolatry, for the amusement and instruction of succeeding ages; and either the zeal or avarice of the archbishop might have been satiated with the richest spoils which were the rewards of his victory."

Conquerors destroy at first with the rashest zeal the national records of the conquered people; hence it is that the Irish deplore the irreparable losses of their most ancient national memorials, which their invaders have been too successful in annihilating. The same event occurred in the conquest of Mexico; and the interesting history of the New World, must ever remain imperfect, in consequence of the unfortunate success of the first missionaries, who too late became sensible of their error. Clavigero, the most authentic historian of Mexico, continually laments this affecting loss: Every thing in that Country had been painted, and painters abounded there, as the scribes in Europe. The first missionaries, suspicious that superstition was mixed with all their paintings, attacked the chief school of these artists, and collecting, in the market-place, a little mountain of these precious records, they set fire to it, and buried in the ashes the memory of many most interesting and curious events. Afterwards, sensible of their error, they tried to collect information from the mouths of the Indians; but the Indians were indignantly silent: when they attempted to collect the remains of these painted histories, the patriotic Mexican usually buried in concealment the remaining records of his country.

The story of the Caliph Omar proclaiming throughout the kingdom, at the taking of Alexandria, that the Koran contained every thing which was useful to believe and to know, and therefore he ordered all the books in the Alexandrian library to be distributed to the masters of the Baths, amounting to 4000, to be used in heating their stoves during a period of six months, modern paradox would attempt to deny. But the tale would not be singular even were it true: it perfectly suits the character of a bigot, a barbarian, and a blockhead. A similar event happened in Persia. Captain Kirkpatrick, in his introduction to the History of the Persian Poets, notices that when Abdoolah (who in the third century of the Mohammedan æra governed Khorasan) was presented at Nishapoor with a MS. which was shewn him as a literary curiosity, he asked the title of it, and was told it was the tale of Wamick and Oozra, composed by the great poet Noshirwan. On this Abdoolah observed, that those of his country and faith had nothing to do with any other book than the Koran; and that the composition of an idolater must be detestable! Not only he declined accepting it, but ordered it to be burnt in his presence; and not satisfied with this demonstration of barbarous zeal, he issued a proclamation commanding all

Persian MSS. which should be found within the circle of his government to be burned! From this circumstance much of the most ancient poetry of the Persians perished by this fanatical edict.

Cardinal Ximenes seems to have retaliated a little on the Saracens; for at the taking of Granada he condemned to the flames five thousand Korans.

The Christians ever regarded the Jewish Talmud with an evil eye, and the reading has been forbidden by various edicts; by the Emperor Justinian, many of the French and Spanish kings, and numbers of Popes. All the copies were ordered to be burnt, and it is only owing to the intrepid perseverance of the Jews themselves that that work has not been annihilated. In 1569 twelve thousand copies were condemned to the flames at Cremona. It was John Reuchlin who interfered to stop this universal destruction of Talmuds; for which he became hated by the Monks, and condemned by the Elector of Mentz, but appealing to Rome, prosecution was stopped; and the traditions of the Jews were considered as not necessary to be destroyed.

The following anecdote respecting a Spanish missal, called St. Isidore's, is not incurious; hard fighting saved it from destruction. In

the Moorish wars, all these missals had been destroyed excepting those in the city of Toledo. There in six churches, the Christians were allowed the free exercise of their religion. When the Moors were expelled several centuries afterwards from Toledo, Alphonsus the sixth ordered the Roman missal to be used in those churches; but the people of Toledo insisted on having their own preferred, as being drawn up by the most ancient bishops, and revised by St. Isidore. It had been used by a great number of Saints, and having been preserved pure during Moorish times, it seemed to them that Alphonsus was more tyrannical than the Turks. The contest between the Roman and the Toletan missals came to that height, that at length it was determined to decide their fate by single combat; the champion of the Toletan missal felled by one blow the knight of the Roman missal. Alphonsus still considered this battle as merely the effect of the stronger arm of the doughty Toletan, and ordered a fast to be proclaimed, and a great fire to be prepared, into which, after his majesty and the people had joined in prayer for heavenly assistance in this affair, both the rivals (not the men, but the missals) were thrown into the flames—again St. Isidore's missal triumphed, and this iron book was then allowed to be orthodox by Al-

phonsus, and the good people of Toledo were allowed to say their prayers as they had long been used to do. However, the copies of this missal at length became very scarce; for now, when no one opposed the reading of St. Isidore's missal, none cared to use it. Cardinal Ximenes found it so difficult to obtain a copy, that he printed a large impression, and built a chapel, consecrated to St. Isidore, that this service might be daily chanted, as it had been by the ancient Christians.

The works of the ancient Pagans were frequently destroyed at the instigation of the Monks. They were indefatigable in erasing the best works of the most eminent Greek and Latin authors, in order to transcribe their ridiculous lives of Saints, on the obliterated vellum. One of the books of Livy is in the Vatican most painfully defaced by some pious father. But, inflamed with the blindest zeal against every thing Pagan, Pope Gregory VII. ordered that the library of the Palatine Apollo, a treasury of literature formed by successive Emperors, should be committed to the flames! He issued this order under the notion of confining the attention of the clergy to the holy scriptures. From that time all ancient learning which was not sanctioned by the authority of the church, has been emphatically distinguished

as *profane*—in opposition to *sacred*. This Pope is said to have burnt the works of Varro, the learned Roman, that Saint Austin should escape from the charge of plagiarism, being deeply indebted to Varro for much of his great work, "the City of God."

The destruction of libraries in the reign of Henry VIII. at the dissolution of the monasteries is wept over by John Bale; those who purchased the religious houses took the libraries as part of the booty, with which they scoured their furniture, or sold the books as waste paper, or sent them abroad in ship-loads to foreign book-binders.

The Puritans burnt every thing they found which bore the vestige of Popish origin. We have on record many curious accounts of their pious depredations, of their maiming images and erasing pictures. The heroic expeditions of one Dowsing, journalised by himself, a fanatical Quixote, have been printed; and many of our noseless Saints sculptured on our cathedrals, owe their misfortunes to the terrible intrepidity of his arm.

The following are some details from the diary of this redoubtable Goth, during his rage for reformation—amusing to some readers, though terrific to the antiquaries! His entries are expressed with a laconic conciseness, and it would

seem with a little dry humour. "At *Sunbury*, we brake down ten mighty great angels in glass. At *Barham*, brake down the twelve apostles in the chancel, and six superstitious pictures more there; and eight in the church, one a lamb with a cross (+) on the back; and digged down the steps and took up four superstitious inscriptions in brass," &c. "*Lady Bruce's house*, the chapel, a picture of God the Father, of the Trinity, of Christ, the Holy Ghost, and the cloven tongues, which we gave orders to take down, and the lady promised to do it." At another place they "brake six hundred superstitious pictures, eight Holy Ghosts, and three of the Son." And in this manner he and his deputies scoured one hundred and fifty parishes! It has been humourously conjectured, that from this ruthless devastator originated the phrase to *give a Dowsing*.

In the various civil wars in our country, numerous libraries have suffered both in MSS. and printed books. Fuller writes, "I dare maintain that the wars betwixt York and Lancaster, which lasted sixty years, were not so destructive as our modern wars in six years." He alludes to the parliamentary feuds in the reign of Charles I. "For during the former their differences agreed in the *same religion*, impressing them with reverence to all sacred muniments;

whilst our *civil wars,* founded in *faction* and *variety* of pretended *religions,* exposed all naked church records a prey to armed violence; a sad vacuum which will be sensible in our *English historie.*"

Even the civilization of the eighteenth century could not preserve from the savage and destructive fury of a disorderly mob, in the most polished city of Europe, the valuable MSS. of the great Earl Mansfield, which were madly consigned to the flames during the riots of 1780.

In the year 1599, Warton writes, the hall of the stationers underwent as great a purgation as was carried on in Don Quixote's library. He gives a list of the best writers who were ordered for immediate conflagration by the prelates Whitgift and Bancroft, urged by the puritanic and calvinistic factions. Like thieves and outlaws, they were ordered *to be taken wheresoever they may be found.*—" It was also decreed that no satires or epigrams should be printed for the future. No plays were to be printed without the inspection and permission of the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London; nor any *Englishe historyes,* I suppose novels and romances, without the sanction of the privy-council. Any pieces of this nature, unlicensed, or now at large and wandering abroad, were to be diligently sought, re-

called and delivered over to the ecclesiastical arm at London-house."

To descend now to the losses incurred by individuals, whose name ought to have served as an amulet to charm away the malignant demons of literary destruction. One of the most ancient and interesting is the fate of Aristotle's library; he who by a Greek term was first saluted as a collector of books! His works have come down to us accidentally, but not without irreparable injuries, and with no slight suspicion respecting their authenticity. The story is told by Strabo in his thirteenth book. The books of Aristotle came from his scholar Theophrastus to Neleus, whose posterity, an illiterate race, kept them locked up without any use of them, and concealed in the earth! One Apellion, a curious collector, purchased them, but finding the MSS. injured by age and moisture, conjecturally supplied their deficiencies. It is impossible to know how far Apellion has corrupted and obscured his text. But the evil did not end here; when Sylla at the taking of Athens brought them to Rome, he consigned them to the care of one Tyrannio, a grammarian, who employed scribes to copy them; he suffered them to pass through his hands without corrections, and took great freedoms with them; the words of Strabo are strong. "Ibi-

que Tyrannionem grammaticum iis vsum atque (ut fama est) *intercidisse*, aut *invertisse*." He gives it indeed as a report; but the fact seems confirmed by the state in which we find these works; Averroes declared that he read Aristotle forty times over before he succeeded in perfectly understanding him; he pretends he did at the one and fortieth time! And to prove this has published five folios of commentary.

We have doubtless lost much valuable literature by the illiterate or malignant descendants of learned and ingenious persons. Many of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters have been destroyed, I am informed, by her mother, who did not approve that she should disgrace her family by adding to it the humble honour of an author's pen; and her best letters recently published, were found cautiously buried in an old family chest. They form but a few saved from the Vulcanian ardours of her ladyship's mother, who, had she been living, would have been mortified to hear that her daughter was the Sevigné of Britain.

At the death of the learned Peiresc, a chamber in his house filled with letters from the most eminent scholars of the age, was discovered; a most precious treasure, for every man of learning in Europe addressed Peiresc in their difficulties, who was hence called "the

Avocat general" of the republic of letters. Such was the disposition of this neice who inherited his fortune, that although repeatedly entreated to permit them to be published, she preferred employing them to far other purposes; one of these peculiar pleasures, was, to regale herself occasionally with burning these learned epistles to save the expence of fire-wood!

Menage justly observes on a friend having had his library destroyed by fire, in which several valuable MSS. had perished, that such a loss is one of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man of letters. This gentleman afterwards consoled himself with composing a little treatise, *De Bibliothecæ incendio.* It must have been sufficiently curious. Even in the present day men of letters are subject to similar misfortunes; for though the fire-offices will insure books, they will not allow *authors to value their own manuscripts.*

A fire once in the Cottonian library, shrivelled and destroyed many Saxon MSS. a loss now irreparable. And the antiquary is now doomed to spell hard and hardly at the baked fragments that crumble in his hand.

Meninsky's famous Persian dictionary met with a sad fate. Its excessive rarity is owing to the siege of Vienna by the Turks; a bomb

fell on the author's house and consumed the principal part of his indefatigable labours. There are few sets of this high-priced work which do not bear evident proofs of the bomb; while many parts are stained with the water sent to quench the flames.

The sufferings of an author for the loss of his manuscripts is no where more strongly described than in the case of Anthony Urceus, one of the most unfortunate scholars of the fifteenth century. The loss of his papers seems immediately to have been followed by madness. At Forli, he had an apartment in the palace, and had prepared an important work for publication. His room was so dark, that he generally wrote by lamp light. Having gone out, he left the lamp burning; the papers were soon kindled, and his library reduced to ashes. As soon as he heard the news, he ran furiously to the palace, and knocking his head violently against the door, uttered this blasphemous language: "Jesus Christ, what great crime have I done! who of those who believed in you have I ever treated so cruelly? Hear what I am saying, for I am in earnest, and am resolved. If by chance I should be so weak as to address myself to you at the point of death, don't hear me, for I will not be with you, but prefer hell and its eternity of torments." To which, by the bye,

he gave little credit. Those who heard these ravings, tried to console him, but they could not. He quitted the town, and lived frantickly, wandering about the woods!

Castelvetro, the Italian Commentator on Aristotle, having heard that his house was on fire, ran through the streets exclaiming to the people, *alla Poetica! alla Poetica! To the Poetic! to the Poetic!* He was then writing his commentary on the Poetic of Aristotle.

Several men of letters have been known to have risen from their death-bed, to destroy their MSS. So solicitous have they been not to venture their posthumous reputation in the hands of undiscerning friends. Marmontel relates a pleasing anecdote of Colardeau, a charming versifier, who obtained considerable reputation by his version of Pope's epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, and other poems.

This writer had not yet destroyed what he had written of a translation of Tasso. At the approach of death, he recollected this unfinished labour; he knew that his friends would not have the courage to annihilate one of his works; this was reserved for him. Dying, he raised himself, and as if animated, says Marmontel, by an honourable action, he dragged himself along, and with trembling hands seized his papers, and consumed them in one sacrifice.—I

recollect another instance of a man of letters, of our own country, who acted the same part. He had passed his life in constant study, and it was observed that he had written several folio volumes, which his modest fears would not permit him to expose to the eye even of his critical friends. He promised to leave his labours to posterity; and he seemed sometimes, with a glow on his countenance, to exult that they would not be unworthy of their acceptance. At his death his sensibility took the alarm; he had the folios brought to his bed; no one could open them, for they were closely locked. At the sight of his favourite and mysterious labours, he paused; he seemed disturbed in his mind, while he felt at every moment his strength decaying; suddenly he raised his feeble hands by an effort of uncommon resolution, burnt his papers, and smiled as the greedy Vulcan licked up every page. The task exhausted his remaining strength, and he soon afterwards expired. These are instances of what may be called the heroism of authors.

The republic of letters has suffered irreparable losses by shipwrecks. Guarino Veronese, one of those learned Italians who travelled through Greece for the recovery of MSS. had his perseverance repaid by the acquisition of many valuable works. On his return to Italy

he was shipwrecked, and unfortunately for himself and the world, says Mr. Roscoe, he lost his treasures! So pungent was his grief on this occasion that, according to the relation of one of his countrymen, his hair became suddenly white.

About the year 1700, Hudde, an opulent burgomaster of Middleburgh, animated solely by literary curiosity, devoted himself and his fortune. He went to China to instruct himself in the language, and whatever was remarkable in this singular people. He acquired the skill of a mandarine in that difficult language; nor did the form of his Dutch face undeceive the physiognomists of China. He succeeded to the dignity of a mandarine; he travelled through the provinces under this character, and returned to Europe with a collection of observations, the cherished labour of thirty years. They however were sunk in the bottomless sea! It was one of the greatest losses, says Voltaire, the republic of letters ever suffered!

The great Pinellian library after the death of its illustrious possessor, filled three vessels to be conveyed to Naples. Pursued by corsairs, one of the vessels was taken; but the pirates finding nothing on board but books, they threw them all into the sea; and thus perished a great portion of this famous library.

SOME NOTICES OF LOST WORKS.

ALTHOUGH it is the opinion of some critics that our literary losses do not amount to the extent which others imagine, they are however much greater than they allow. Our severest losses are felt in the historical province, and particularly in the earliest records, which might not have been the least interesting to philosophical curiosity.

The history of Phœnicia by Sanchoniathon, supposed to be a contemporary with Solomon, is only known to us by a few valuable fragments preserved by Eusebius. The same ill fortune attends Manetho's history of Egypt, and Berosus's history of Chaldea. The researches of the philosopher are therefore limited: and it cannot be doubted that the histories of these most ancient nations, however veiled in fables, or clouded by remoteness, would have presented to the philosopher singular objects of contemplation.

Of the history of Polybius, which once contained forty books, we have now only five; of the historical library of Diodorus Siculus fifteen books only remain out of forty; and half of the Roman antiquities of Dionysius Halicarnassensis has perished. Of the eighty books of

the history of Dion Cassius, twenty-five only remain to us. The present opening book of Ammianus Marcellinus is entitled the fourteenth. Livy's history consisted of one hundred and forty books, and we only possess thirty-five of that pleasing historian. What a treasure has been lost in the thirty books of Tacitus! little more than four remain. Murphy elegantly observes that "the reign of Titus, the delight of human kind, is totally lost, and Domitian has escaped the vengeance of the historian's pen." Yet Tacitus in fragments is still the colossal Torso of history. It is curious to observe that Velleius Paterculus, of whom a fragment only has reached us, we owe to a single copy: no other having ever been discovered, and which makes the text of this historian incurably corrupt. Taste and criticism have certainly incurred an irreparable loss in that *Treatise on the causes of the Corruption of Eloquence*, by Quintilian; which he has himself noticed with so much satisfaction in his "Institutes."

These are only some of the most known losses which have occurred in the republic of letters; but in reading contemporary writers we are perpetually discovering new and important ones. We have lost two precious works in ancient biography: Varro wrote the lives of seven hundred

illustrious Romans, and Atticus, the friend of Cicero, composed another on the actions of the great men among the Romans; these works were enriched with portraits. When we consider that the writers lived familiarly with the finest geniuses of their times, and were opulent, hospitable, and lovers of the fine arts, their biography and their portraits cannot but be felt as an irreparable loss of the friends to literature. I suspect likewise we have had great losses of which we are not always aware; for in that curious letter in which the younger Pliny describes in so interesting a manner the sublime industry, for it seems sublime by its greatness, of his uncle (Book III. Letter V. of Melmoth's translation) it appears that his Natural History, that vast register of the wisdom and folly of the ancients, was not his most extraordinary labour. Among his other works we find a history in twenty books, which has entirely perished. We discover also the works of writers, which, by the accounts of them, appear to have equalled in genius those which have descended to us. I refer the curious reader to such a poet whom Pliny, in Book I. Letter XVI. has feelingly described. He tells us that "his works are never out of my hands; and whether I sit down to write any thing myself, or to revise what I have already

wrote, or am in a disposition to amuse myself, I constantly take up this agreeable author; and as often as I do so, he is still new." He had already compared this poet to Catullus; and in a critic of so fine a taste as Pliny, to have cherished so constant an intercourse with the writings of this author, indicates high powers. Instances of this kind too frequently occur.

I shall not add here the losses the poetical world has sustained, sufficiently known by those who are conversant with the few invaluable fragments of Menander, who would have interested us much more than Homer: he was evidently the domestic poet, and the lyre he touched was formed of the strings of the human heart. He was the painter of manners, and the historian of our passions! The opinion of Quintilian is confirmed by the golden fragments left to us, elegantly preserved for the English reader in the versions of Cumberland. Even of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who each wrote about one hundred dramas, seven only have been preserved, and nineteen of Euripides. Of the one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, twenty imperfect ones only have come down to us.

I believe that a philosopher would consent to lose any poet to regain an historian; nor is this unjust, for some future poet may arise to supply the vacant place of a lost poet, but it is not so

with the historian. *Truth* once lost in the annals of mankind leaves a chasm never to be filled!

QUODLIBETS, OR SCHOLASTIC DISQUISITIONS.

MENAGE observes that the scholastic questions were called *Questiones Quodlibeticæ;* and they were generally so ridiculous that we have retained the word *Quodlibet* in our vernacular language, to express any thing ridiculously subtile; something which comes at length to be distinguished into nothingness,

"With all the rash dexterity of wit."

The history of the scholastic philosophy might furnish a philosophical writer with an instructive theme; it would enter into the history of the human mind, and fill a niche in our literary annals; the works of the scholastics, with the controversies of these *Quodlibetarians*, would at once testify all the greatness and the littleness of the human intellect; for though they often degenerated into incredible absurdities, those who have examined the works of Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus, have confessed their admiration of that Herculean texture of brain which they exhausted in demolishing their aërial fabrics.

The following is a slight sketch of the school divinity.

The christian doctrines in the primitive ages of the gospel were adapted to the simple comprehension of the multitude; metaphysical subtilties were not even employed by the Fathers, of whom several are eloquent. Even the Homilies explained by an obvious interpretation some scriptural point, or inferred by artless illustration some moral doctrine. When the Arabians became the only learned people, and their empire extended over the greatest part of the known world, they impressed their own genius on those nations with whom they were allied as friends, or reverenced as masters. The Arabian genius was fond of abstruse studies; it was highly metaphysical and mathematical, for the fine arts their religion did not admit them to cultivate; and it appears that the first knowledge which modern Europe obtained of Euclid and Aristotle was through the medium of Latin translations after Arabic versions. The Christians in the west received their first lessons from the Arabians in the east; and Aristotle, with his Arabic commentaries, was enthroned in the schools of Christendom.

Then burst into birth from the dark cave of metaphysics a numerous and ugly spawn of monstrous Sects. Unnatural children of the same foul mother, who never met but to destroy each other. Religion became what is called the

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study of divinity; and they all attempted to reduce the worship of God into a system! the creed into a thesis! and every point relating to religion was debated through an endless chain of infinite questions, incomprehensible distinctions, with differences mediate and immediate, the concrete and the abstract, a perpetual civil war carried on against common sense in all the Aristotelian severity. There existed a rage for Aristotle, and Melanchton complains that in sacred assemblies the ethics of Aristotle were read to the people instead of the gospel. Aristotle was placed a-head of St. Paul; and St. Thomas Aquinas in his works distinguishes him by the title of "The Philosopher;" inferring doubtless that no other man could possibly be a philosopher but Aristotle. Of the blind rites paid to Aristotle, the anecdotes of the Nominalists and Realists are noticed in the article "Literary controversy" in the second volume of this work.

Had their subtile questions and perpetual wranglings only been addressed to the metaphysician in his closet, and had nothing but strokes of the pen occurred, the scholastic divinity would only have formed an episode in the calm narrative of literary history; but it has claims to be registered in political annals, from the numerous persecutions and tragical events with which they too long puzzled their

followers, and disturbed the repose of Europe. The Thomists, and the Scotists, the Occamites, and many others, soared into the regions of mysticism.

Peter Lombard had laboriously compiled after the celebrated Abelard's "Introduction to Divinity," his four books of "Sentences," from the writings of the Fathers; and for this he is called "The Master of Sentences." These Sentences, on which we have so many commentaries, are a collection of passages from the Fathers, the real or apparent contradictions of whom he endeavours to reconcile. But his successors were not satisfied to be mere commentators on these "Sentences," which they now only made use of as a row of pegs to hang on their fine-spun metaphysical cobwebs. They at length collected all these quodlibetical questions into enormous volumes, under the terrifying form, for those who have seen them, of *Summaries of Divinity*. They contrived by their chimerical speculations, says their modern adversary Grimaldi, to question the plainest truths, to wrest the simple meaning of the Holy Scriptures, and give some appearance of truth to the most ridiculous and monstrous opinions.

One of the subtile questions which agitated the world in the tenth century, relating to dialectics, was concerning *universals* (as for exam-

ple, man, horse, dog, &c.) signifying not *this* or *that* in particular, but *all* in general. They distinguished *universals*, or what we call abstract terms, by the *genera* and *species rerum;* and they never could decide whether these were realities or *substances*—or mere *names!* That is whether the abstract idea we form of a horse was not really a *being* as much as the horse we ride! All this and some congenial points respecting the origin of our ideas, and what ideas were, and whether we really had an idea of a thing before we discovered the thing itself—in a word, what they called universals, and the essence of universals; of all this nonsense on which they at length proceeded to accusations of heresy, and for which many learned men were excommunicated, stoned, and what not, the whole was derived from the reveries of Plato, Aristotle, and Zeno, about the nature of ideas; than which subject to the present day no discussion ever degenerated into such insanity. A modern metaphysician infers that we have no ideas at all!

Of these scholastic divines, the most illustrious was Saint Thomas Aquinas, styled the Angelical Doctor. Seventeen folio volumes not only testify his industry, but even his genius. He was a great man busied all his life with making the charades of metaphysics.

My learned friend Mr. Sharon Turner, has favoured me with a notice of his greatest work —his "Sum of all Theology," *Summa totius Theologiæ*, Paris 1615. It is a metaphysico-logical treatise, or the most abstruse metaphysics of theology. It occupies above 1250 folio pages, of very small close print in double columns. It may be worth noticing that to this work are appended 19 folio pages of double columns of errata, and about 200 of additional index!

The whole is thrown into an Aristotelian form; the difficulties or questions are proposed first, and the answers are then appended. There are 168 articles on Love—358 on Angels—200 on the Soul—85 on Demons—151 on the Intellect—134 on Law—3 on the Catamenia—237 on Sins —17 on Virginity, and others on a variety of topics.

The scholastic tree is covered with prodigal foliage, but is barren of fruit; and when the scholastics employed themselves in solving the deepest mysteries, their philosophy became nothing more than an instrument in the hands of the Roman Pontiff. Aquinas has composed 358 articles on angels, of which a few of the heads have been culled for the reader.

He treats of angels, their substance, orders, offices, natures, habits, &c.—as if he himself had been an old experienced angel!

Angels were not before the world!

Angels might have been before the world!

Angels were created by God—They were created immediately by him—They were created in the Empyrean sky—They were created in grace—They were created in imperfect beatitude. After a severe chain of reasoning he shews that angels are incorporeal compared to us, but corporeal compared to God.

An angel is composed of action and potentiality; the more superior he is, he has the less potentiality. They have not matter properly. Every angel differs from another angel in species. An angel is of the same species as a soul. Angels have not naturally a body united to them. They may assume bodies; but they do not want to assume bodies for themselves, but for us.

The bodies assumed by angels are of thick air.

The bodies they assume have not the natural virtues which they shew, nor the operations of life, but those which are common to inanimate things.

An angel may be the same with a body.

In the same body there are, the soul formally giving being, and operating natural operations; and the angel operating supernatural operations.

Angels administer and govern every corporeal creature.

God, an angel, and the soul, are not contained in space, but contain it.

Many angels cannot be in the same space.

The motion of an angel in space is nothing else than different contacts of different successive places.

The motion of an angel is a succession of his different operations.

His motion may be continuous and discontinuous as he will.

The continuous motion of an angel is necessary through every medium, but may be discontinuous without a medium.

The velocity of the motion of an angel is not according to the quantity of his strength, but according to his will.

The motion of the illumination of an angel is threefold, or circular, straight, and oblique.

In this account of the motion of an angel we are reminded of the beautiful description of Milton, who marks it by a continuous motion,

"Smooth-sliding without step."

The reader desirous of being *merry* with Aquinas's angels may find them in Martinus Scriblerus, in Ch. VII. who inquires if angels pass from one extreme to another without going

through the *middle?* And if angels know things more clearly in a morning? How many angels can dance on the point of a very fine needle, without jostling one another?

All the questions are answered with a subtilty and nicety of distinction more difficult to comprehend and remember than many problems in Euclid; and perhaps a few of the best might still be selected for youth as curious exercises of the understanding. However a great part of these peculiar productions are loaded with the most trifling, irreverend, and even scandalous discussions. Even Aquinas could gravely debate, Whether Christ was not an Hermaphrodite? Whether there are excrements in Paradise? Whether the pious at the resurrection will rise with their bowels? Others again debated—Whether the angel Gabriel appeared to the Virgin Mary in the shape of a serpent, of a dove, of a man, or of a woman? Did he seem to be young or old? In what dress was he? Was his garment white or of two colours? Was his linen clean or foul? Did he appear in the morning, noon, or evening? What was the colour of the Virgin Mary's hair? Was she acquainted with the mechanic and liberal arts? Had she a thorough knowledge of the Book of Sentences, and all it contains? that is, Peter Lombard's compilation

from the works of the Fathers, written 1200 years after her death.—But these are only trifling matters; they also agitated, Whether when during her conception the Virgin was seated, Christ too was seated, and whether when she lay down, Christ also lay down? The following question was a favourite topic for discussion, and thousands of the acutest logicians, through more than one century, never resolved it: "When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which is held at the other end by a man, whether is the *hog* carried to market by the *rope* or the *man*?"

In the tenth century (says Jortin in his Remarks on Ecclesiastical History, Vol. V. p. 17.) after long and ineffectual controversy about the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament, they at length universally agreed to strike a peace! Yet it must not be imagined that this mutual moderation and forbearance should be ascribed to the prudence and virtue of those times. It was mere ignorance and incapacity of reasoning which kept the peace, and deterred them from entering into debates to which they were unequal!

Lord Lyttelton in his Life of Henry II. laments the unhappy effects of the scholastic philosophy on the progress of the human mind.

The minds of men were turned from classical studies to the subtleties of school divinity, which Rome encouraged as more profitable for the maintenance of her doctrines. It was a great misfortune to religion and to learning, that men of such acute understanding as Abelard and Lombard, who might have done much to reform the errors of the Church, and to restore science in Europe, should have depraved both, by applying their admirable parts to weave these cobwebs of sophistry, and to confound the clear simplicity of evangelical truths by a false philosophy and a captious logic.

FAME CONTEMNED.

All men are fond of glory, and even the philosophers who write against that noble passion, prefix, however, their *names* to their own works! It is worthy of observation that the authors of two *religious books*, universally received, have concealed their names from the world. The "Imitation of Christ" is attributed, without any authority, to Thomas A'Kempis; and the author of the "Whole Duty of Man," still remains undiscovered.

To have revealed their *names*, would have given them as much worldly fame as any mo-

ralist has obtained—but they contemned it! Their religion was the purest, and raised above all worldly passions! Some profane writers indeed have also concealed their names to great works, but their *motives* were of a very different cast.

THE SIX FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.

NOTHING is so capable of disordering the intellects as an intense application to one of these six things: the Quadrature of the Circle; the Multiplication of the Cube; the Perpetual Motion; the Philosophical Stone; Magic; and Judicial Astrology. While we are young, we may exercise our imagination on these curious topics, merely to convince us of their impossibility; but it shews a great defect in judgment to be occupied on them in an advanced age. "It is proper, however," Fontenelle remarks, "to apply one's self to these inquiries; because we find, as we proceed, many valuable discoveries of which we were before ignorant." The same thought Cowley has applied, in an address to his mistress, thus—

"Altho' I think thou never wilt be found,
Yet I'm resolved to search for thee:
The search itself rewards the pains

So, tho' the chymist his great secret miss,
(For neither it in art or nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains;
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unsought experiments by the way."

The same thought is in Donne. Perhaps Cowley did not suspect, that he was an imitator. Fontenelle could not have read either; he struck out the thought by his own reflection; it is very just. Glauber searched long and deeply for the philosopher's stone, which though he did not find, yet in his researches he discovered a very useful purging salt, which bears his name.

Maupertuis, in a little volume of Letters written by him, observes on the *Philosophical Stone*, that we cannot prove it is impossible to be attained, but we can easily see the folly of those who employ their time and money in seeking for it. For its price is too great to counterbalance the little probability of succeeding in it. However it is still a bantling of modern chemistry, who has nodded very affectionately on it!—Of the *Perpetual Motion*, he shews the impossibility, at least in the sense in which it is generally received. On the *Quadrature of the Circle*, he says he cannot decide if this problem is resolvable or not: but he observes, that it is very useless to search for it

any more; since we have arrived by approximation to such a point of accuracy, that on a large circle, such as the orbit which the earth describes round the sun, the geometrician will not mistake by the thickness of a hair! The quadrature of the circle is still, however, a favourite game of some visionaries.

IMITATORS.

THERE are some writers, usually pedants, who imagine they can supply by the labours of industry the deficiencies of nature. It is recorded of Paulus Manutius, that he frequently spent a month in writing a single letter. He affected to imitate Cicero. But although he has painfully attained to something of the elegance of his style, he is still destitute of the native graces of unaffected composition. He was one of those whom Erasmus bantered in his *Ciceronianus*, so slavishly devoted to Cicero's style, that they ridiculously employed the utmost precautions when they were seized by a Ciceronian fit. The *Nosoponus* of Erasmus tells us of his devotion to Cicero; of his three indexes to all his words, and his never writing but in the dead of night; employing months upon a few lines, and his religious veneration

for *words*, with his total indifference about the *sense*.

Le Brun, a Jesuit, was a singular instance of such unhappy imitation. He was a Latin poet, and his themes were religious. He formed the extravagant project of substituting a religious *Virgil* and *Ovid* merely by adapting his, to the titles of their works. His *Christian Virgil* consists, like the Pagan Virgil, of *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and of an *Epic* of twelve books, with this difference, that devotional subjects are substituted for fabulous ones. His Epic is the *Ignaciad*, or the pilgrimage of Saint Ignatius. His *Christian Ovid* is in the same taste; every thing wears a new face. The *Epistles* are pious ones; the *Fasti* are the six days of the Creation; the *Elegies* are the Lamentations of Jeremiah; a poem on *the Love of God* is substituted for the *Art of Love;* and the history of some *Conversions* supplies the place of the *Metamorphoses!* This is much in the style of those who have projected the substitution of *a family Shakespeare!*

A poet of far different character, the elegant Sannazarius, has done much the same thing in his poem *De partu Virginis*. The same servile imitation of ancient taste appears. It professes to celebrate the birth of *Christ*, yet his name is not once mentioned in it! The *Virgin* her-

self is styled *spes deorum!* The hope of the Gods! The *Incarnation* is predicted by *Proteus*—The Virgin, instead of consulting the *sacred writings*, reads the *Sybilline oracles!* Her attendants are *Dryads*, *Nereids*, &c. This monstrous mixture of polytheism with the mysteries of Christianity, appeared in every thing he had about him. In a Chapel at one of his country seats he had two statues placed at his tomb, *Apollo* and *Minerva*; Catholic piety found no difficulty in the present case, as well as in innumerable others of the same kind, to inscribe the statue of *Apollo* with the name of *David*, and that of *Minerva* with the female one of *Judith!*

Seneca, in his 114th Epistle, gives a curious literary anecdote of that sort of imitation by which an inferior mind becomes the monkey of an original writer. At Rome, when Sallust was the fashionable writer, short sentences, uncommon words, and an obscure brevity, were affected as so many elegancies. Arruntius, who wrote the history of the Punic Wars, painfully laboured to imitate Sallust. Expressions which are rare in Sallust, are frequent in Arruntius, and, of course, without the motive that induced Sallust to adopt them. What rose naturally under the pen of the great historian, the minor one must have run after with a ridi-

culous anxiety. Seneca adds several instances of the servile affectation of Arruntius, which seem much like those we once had of Johnson, by the undiscerning herd of his monkeys.

One cannot but smile at these imitators; we have abounded with them. In the days of Churchill, every month produced an effusion which tolerably imitated his rough and slovenly versification, his coarse invective, and his careless mediocrity—but the genius remained with the English Juvenal. Sterne had his countless multitude, and in Fielding's time, Tom Jones produced more bastards in wit than the author could ever suspect. To such literary echoes, the reply of Philip of Macedon to one who prided himself on imitating the notes of the nightingale, may be applied; "I prefer the nightingale herself!" Even the most successful of this imitating tribe must be doomed to share the fate of Silius Italicus in his cold imitation of Virgil, and Cawthorne in his empty harmony of Pope.

To all these imitators I cannot help applying an Arabian anecdote. Ebn Saad, one of Mahomet's amanuenses, when writing what the prophet dictated, cried out by way of admiration—Blessed be God the best Creator! Mahomet approved of the expression, and desired him to write those words down also as part of

the inspired passage.—The consequence was, that Ebn Saad began to think himself as great a prophet as his master, and took upon himself to imitate the Koran according to his fancy; but the imitator got himself into trouble, and only escaped with life by falling on his knees, and solemnly swearing he would never again imitate the Koran, for which he was sensible God had never created him.

CICERO.

"I should," says Menage, "have received great pleasure to have conversed with Cicero, had I lived in his time. He must have been a man very agreeable in conversation, since even Cæsar carefully collected his *Bon Mots*. Cicero has boasted of the great actions he has done for his country, because there is no vanity in exulting in the performance of our duties; but he has not boasted that he was the most eloquent orator of his age, though he certainly was; because nothing is more disgustful than to exult in our intellectual powers."

The witticisms of Cicero were in general but meagre puns. He said to a Senator, who was the son of a tailor, "*Rem acu tetig'sti.*" To the son of a cook, "*Ego quoque tibi jure*

favebo." The ancients pronounced *coce* and *quoque* like *co-ke*, which alludes to the Latin *cocus*, cook, besides the ambiguity of *jure*, which applies to *broth* or *law—jus*.

There is something original in Montaigne's censure of this great man. Cotton, his translator, has not ill expressed the peculiarities of his author.

"As to *Cicero*, I am of the common opinion, that, learning excepted, he had no great natural parts. He was a good citizen, of an affable nature, as all fat, heavy men, such as he was, usually are; but given to ease, and had a mighty share of vanity and ambition. Neither do I know how to excuse him for thinking his poetry fit to be published. 'Tis no great imperfection to make ill verses; but it is an imperfection not to be able to judge how unworthy his verses were of the glory of his name. For what concerns his eloquence, that is totally out of comparison, and I believe it will never be equalled."

PREFACES.

A PREFACE being the porch, or the entrance to a book, should be beautiful. The elegance of a porch announces the splendor of an edi-

fice. I have observed, that ordinary readers skip over these little elaborate compositions. Our fair ladies consider them as so many pages lost, which might better be employed in the addition of a picturesque scene, or a tender letter to their novels. For my part, I always gather amusement from a preface, be it awkwardly or skilfully written; for dulness, or impertinence, may raise a laugh for a page or two, though they become insufferable throughout a whole volume. A preface is frequently a superior composition to the work itself; for, long before the days of Johnson, it had been a custom with many authors to solicit for this department of their work the ornamental contribution of a man of genius. A good preface is as essential to put the reader into good humour, as a good prologue is to a play, to soothe the auditors into candour, and even into partiality. The Italians call the preface *La salsa del libro*, the sauce of the book. Marville says, that if well seasoned it creates an appetite in the reader to devour the book itself. A preface badly composed, frequently revolts the reader's taste, and prejudices him against the work itself. Good authors are not equally fortunate in these little introductions; some can write books but not prefaces, and others prefaces but not books.

On a very elegant preface prefixed to an ill-written book, it was observed that they ought never to have *come together*; a sarcastic wit remarked that he considered such *marriages* were allowable, for they were *not of kin.*

In PREFACES an affected haughtiness or an affected humility are alike despicable. There is a deficiency in the spirit of Robertson's; but the haughtiness is now to our purpose. It is called by the French "*La Morgue litteraire,*" the surly pomposity of literature. It is sometimes used by writers who have succeeded in their first work, while the failure of their subsequent productions appears to have given them a literary hypochondriasm. Dr. Armstrong, after his classical poem, never shook hands cordially with the public for not relishing his barren labours. In the *preface* to his lively "Sketches" he tells us, "he could give them much bolder strokes as well as more delicate touches, but that he *dreads the danger of writing too well,* and feels the value of his own labour too sensibly to bestow it upon the *mobility.*" This is pure milk compared to the gall in the *preface* to his poems. There he tells us, "that at last he has taken the *trouble to collect them!* What he has destroyed, would, probably enough, have been better received by the *great majority of readers.* But he has always

most heartily despised their opinion." These prefaces remind one of the *prologi galeati*, prefaces with a helmet! as St. Jerome entitles the one to his Version of the Scriptures. These *armed prefaces* were formerly very common in the age of literary controversy; for half the business of an author consisted then, either in replying, or anticipating a reply, to the attacks of his opponent.

Prefaces ought to be dated, as these become after a series of editions leading and useful circumstances in literary history.

Fuller with quaint humour observes on INDEXES—"AN INDEX is a necessary implement, and no impediment of a book, except in the same sense wherein the carriages of an army are termed *Impedimenta*. Without this, a large author is but a labyrinth without a clue to direct the reader therein. I confess there is a lazy kind of learning which is *only Indical*. When scholars (like adders which only bite the horse's heels) nibble but at the tables, which are *calces librorum*, neglecting the body of the book. But though the idle deserve no crutches, (let not a staff be used by them, but on them) pity it is the weary should be denied the benefit thereof, and industrious scholars prohibited the accommodation of an index, most used by those who most pretend to contemn it."

THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

FREQUENT and violent disputes have arisen on the subject of the preference to be given to the Ancients, or the Moderns. The controversy of Perrault and Boileau makes a considerable figure in French literature; the last of whom said that the Ancients had been Moderns, but that it was by no means clear the Moderns would become Ancients. The dispute extended to England; Sir William Temple raised even his gentle indolence against the bold attacks of the rough Wotton. The literary world was pestered and tired with this dispute, which at length got into the hands of insolence and ignorance. Swift's "Battle of the books," by his irresistible vein of keen satire, seems to have laid this "perturbed spirit." Yet, surely, it had been better if these acrid and absurd controversies had never disgraced the Republic of Letters. The advice of Sidonius Apollinaris is excellent; he says, that we should read the Ancients with *respect*, and the Moderns without *envy*.

SOME FINE THOUGHTS.

APULEIUS calls those neck-kerchiefs so glassy fine, (may I so express myself?) which, in veil-

ing, discover the beautiful bosom of a woman, *ventum textilem;* which may be translated, *woven air.* It is an expression beautifully fanciful.

A Greek poet wrote this inscription for a statue of Niobe—

> The Gods, from living, turned me to stone;
> Praxiteles, from stone, restored me to life.

P. Commire, a pleasing writer of Latin verse, has many elegant descriptions interspersed in his fables. He says of the flight of a butterfly,

> *Florem putares nare per liquidum æthera.*
> It FLIES, and swims a *flower* in liquid air!

Voiture, in addressing Cardinal Richelieu, says, —How much more affecting is it to hear one's praises from the mouth of the *People,* than from that of the *Poets.*

Cervantes, with an elevation of sentiment, observes that one of the greatest advantages which princes possess above other men, is that of being attended by servants as great as themselves.

> ——— Lususque salesque,
> Sed lectos pelago, quo Venus orta, sales.

This is written by a modern Latin poet; but is to be found in Plutarch, in his comparison of Aristophanes and Menander; "In

the comedies of Menander there is a natural and divine salt, as if it proceeded from that sea where Venus took her birth." This beautiful thought, observes Monnoye, has been employed by seven or eight modern writers.

Seneca, amongst many tortured sentiments, and trivial points, has frequently a happy thought. As this on *anger*: "I wish," he says, "that the ferocity of this passion could be spent at it's first appearance, so that it might injure but *once*: as in the case of the Bees, whose sting is destroyed for ever at the first puncture it occasions."

Aristænetus says of a Beauty, that she seemed *most* beautiful when *dressed*; yet not *less* beautiful when *undressed*. Of *two* Beauties he says, "they yielded to the *Graces* only in *number*."

Menage has these two terse and pointed lines on the portrait of a lady—

"Ce portrait ressemble à la Belle,
Il est insensible comme elle!"

"In this portrait, my Fair, thy resemblance I see;
An insensible charmer it is—just like thee!"

A French poet has admirably expressed the instantaneous sympathy of two lovers. A princess is relating to her *confidante* the birth of her passion; and says—

"Et comme un jeune cœur est bientot enflammé,
Il me vit, il m'aima, je le vis, je l'aimai."

Soon is the youthful heart by passion mov'd:
He saw, and lov'd me—him I saw, and lov'd.

Calderon is more extravagant still; he says on a similar occasion—

"I saw and I loved her so nearly together, that I do not know if I saw her before I loved her, or loved her before I saw her."

The following thought is from an old French poet (Pichou) in his imitation of La Filis de Scire. A Nymph is discovered by her lover, fainting under an umbrageous oak—the conflict of beauty and horror is described by a pretty conceit.

"Si l'amour se mouroit, on diroit, le voici!
Et si la mort aimoit, on la peindroit ainsi."

If Love were dying, we should think him here!
If Death could love, he would be pictured thus!

The same lover consents at length that his mistress shall love his rival, and not inelegantly expresses his feelings in the perplexed situation.

"Je veux bien que ton ame un double amour s'assemble
Tu peux aimer sans crime Aminte et Nise ensemble.
Et lors que le trepas finira mes douleurs
Avoir pour l'un des feux, et pour l'autre des pleurs."

Yes with a double love thy soul may burn.
Oh 'tis no crime to love Aminte and Nise!
And when in my last hour my grief shall close,
Give one your fires, and give the other tears!

It was said of Petronius, that he was *pura impuritas;* purely impure. *Pura,* because of his style; *impuritas,* because of his obscenities.

Quam multa! quam paucis! is a fine expression, which was employed to characterise a concise style pregnant with meaning.

How tenderly does Tasso, in one verse, describe his Olindo! So much love and so much modesty!

"Brama assai, poco spera, nulla chiede."

An exquisite verse, which Hoole entirely passes over in his version, but which Fairfax's finer feeling preserves:

——"He, full of bashfulness and truth,
Loved much, hoped little, and desired nought."

It was said of an exquisite portrait, that to judge by the eye it did not want speech; for this only could be detected by the ear.

Manca il parlar; di vivo altro non chiedi:
Ne manca questo ancor, S'agli occhi credi.

Perrault has very poetically informed us, that the ancients were ignorant of the circulation of the blood—

"——Ignoroit jusqu'aux routes certaines
Du jeune andre vivant qui coule dans les veines."
Unknown to them what devious course maintains
The live meander flowing in their veins.

An Italian poet makes a lover, who has survived his mistress, thus sweetly express himself—

"Piango la sua morte, e la mia vita."
Much I deplore her death, and much my life.

It has been usual for poets to say, that rivers flow to convey their tributary streams to the sea. This figure, being a mark of subjection, proved offensive to the patriotic Tasso; and he has ingeniously said of the river *Po*, because of it's rapidity—

"Pare
Che porti guerra, e non tributo al mare."
See rapid *Po* to Ocean's empire bring
A *war*, and not a *tribute*, from his spring!

EARLY PRINTING.

THERE is some probability that this art originated in China, where it was practised long before it was known in Europe. Some European traveller might have imported the hint. That the Romans did not practise the art of printing cannot but excite our astonishment, since they really possessed the art, and may be said to have enjoyed it, unconscious of their rich possession. I have seen Roman Stereotypes, or printing immoveable types with which they stamped their pottery. How in daily

practising the art, though confined to this object, it did not occur to so ingenious a people to print their literary works, is not easily to be accounted for. Did that wise and grave people dread those inconveniencies which attend its indiscriminate use? Or perhaps they did not care to deprive so large a body as their scribes, of their business. Not a hint of the art itself, however, appears in their writings.

When first the art of printing was discovered they only made use of one side of a leaf; they had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. Specimens of these early printed books are in his Majesty's and Lord Spencer's libraries. Afterwards they thought of pasting the blank sides, which made them appear like one leaf. Their blocks were made of soft woods, and their letters were carved; but frequently breaking, the expence and trouble of carving and gluing new letters suggested our moveable types, which have produced such almost miraculous celerity in this art. Our modern Stereotype consists of entire pages in solid blocks of metal, and, not being liable to break like the soft wood at first used, is profitably employed for works which require to be perpetually reprinted. Printing in carved blocks of wood must have greatly retarded the progress of universal knowledge; for one set of types

could only have produced one work, whereas it now serves for hundreds.

When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated, to the fancy of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them painted.

The initial carved letter, which is generally a fine wood-cut, among our printed books, is evidently a remains or imitation of these ornaments. Among the very earliest books printed, which were religious, the Poor Man's Bible has wooden cuts in a coarse style, without the least shadowing or crossing of strokes, and these they inelegantly daubed over with colours, which they termed illuminating, and sold at a cheap rate to those who could not afford to purchase costly missals, elegantly written and painted on vellum. Specimens of these rude efforts of illuminated prints may be seen in Strutt's dictionary of engravers. The Bodleian library possesses the originals.

In the productions of early printing may be distinguished the various splendid editions they made of *Primers*, or *Prayer-books*. They were embellished with cuts finished in a most ele-

gant taste: many of them were *ludicrous*, and several were *obscene*. In one of them an angel is represented crowning the Virgin Mary, and God the Father himself assisting at the ceremony. Sometimes St. Michael is seen overcoming Satan; and sometimes St. Anthony appears attacked by various devils of most hideous forms—the grotesque family of Callot!

Printing was gradually practised throughout Europe from the year 1440 to 1500. Caxton and his successor Wynkyn De Worde, were our own earliest printers. Caxton was a wealthy merchant, who in 1464, being sent by Edward IV. to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, returned to his country with this invaluable art. Notwithstanding his mercantile habits he possessed a literary taste, and his first work was a translation from a French historical miscellany.

The tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus was derived from the odd circumstance in which the Bibles of the first printer, Fust, appeared to the world. When he had discovered this new art, and printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in MS., he undertook the sale of them at Paris. It was his interest to conceal this discovery, and to pass off his printed copies for MSS. But as he

to sell his bibles at sixty crowns, while the other scribes demanded five hundred, this created universal astonishment; and still more when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price; this made a great sensation at Paris. The uniformity of the copies, increased the wonder. Informations were given in to the magistrates against him as a magician; his lodgings were searched; and a great number of copies being found, they were seized. The red ink, and Fust's red ink is peculiarly brilliant, which embellished his copies, was said to be his blood; and it was solemnly adjudged that he was in league with the devil. Fust was at length obliged, to save himself from a bonfire, to discover his art to the Parliament of Paris, who discharged him from all prosecution in consideration of his useful invention.

When the art of Printing was first established, it was the glory of the Learned to be correctors of the press to the eminent printers. Physicians, lawyers, and bishops themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press; and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

The *prices* of books in these times were considered as an object worthy of the animadversions of the highest powers. This anxiety in favour of the studious, appears from a privilege of Pope Leo X. to Aldus Manutius for printing Varro, dated 1553, signed Cardinal Bembo. He here exhorts Aldus to put a moderate price on the work, lest he should withdraw the privilege and accord it to others.

Robert Stephens, one of the early printers, surpassed in correctness those who exercised the same profession. It is said that to render his editions immaculate, he hung up the proofs in public places, and generously recompensed those who were so fortunate as to detect any typographical errors.

Plantin, though a learned man, is more famous as a printer. His printing-office claims our admiration: it was one of the wonders of Europe. This grand building was the chief ornament of the city of Antwerp. Magnificent in its structure, it presented to the spectator a countless number of presses, characters of all figures and all sizes, matrixes to cast letters, and all other printing materials; which Baillet assures us amounted to immense sums.

In Italy, the three Manutii were more solicitous of correctness and illustrations than of the beauty of their printing. It was the ch[illegible]

racter of the scholar, not of the printer, of which they were ambitious.

It is much to be regretted that our publishers are not literary men. Among the learned printers formerly a book was valued because it came from the presses of an Aldus or a Stephens; and even in our time the names of Bowyer and Dodsley give sanction to a work. Pelisson in his history of the French academy tells us that Camusat was selected as their bookseller, from his reputation for publishing only valuable works. "He was a man," says Pelisson, "of some literature and good sense, and rarely printed an indifferent work; when we were young I recollect that we always made it a rule to purchase his publications. His name was a test of the goodness of the work." A publisher of this character would be of the greatest utility to the literary world; at home he would induce a number of ingenious men to become authors, for it would be honourable to be inscribed in his catalogue; and abroad it would be a good direction for the Continental reader.

So valuable an union of learning and printing did not, unfortunately, last. The printers of the seventeenth century became less charmed with glory than with gain. Their correctors and their letters, evinced as little delicacy of choice.

The invention of what is now called the *Italic* letter in printing was made by the great Aldus Manutius, to whom learning owes much. He observed the many inconveniences consequent from the vast number of *abbreviations*, which were so frequent among the printers then, that a book was difficult to understand; a treatise was actually written on the art of reading a printed book! and this addressed to the Learned! He contrived an expedient, by which these abbreviations might be entirely got rid of, and yet books suffer little increase in bulk. This he effected by introducing what is now called the *Italic* letter, though it formerly was distinguished by the name of the inventor, hence called the *Aldine*.

ERRATA.

Besides the ordinary *errata*, which happen in printing a work, others have been purposely committed that the *errata* may contain what is not permitted to appear in the body of the work. Thus, for instance, wherever the Inquisition has any power, particularly at Rome, observes Menage, it is not allowed to employ the word *fatum*, or *fata*, in any book. An author, desirous of using the latter word, adroitly invented

this scheme: he had printed in his book *facta*, and, in the *errata*, he put, for *facta*, read *fata*.

Scarron has done nearly the same thing, but on another occasion. He had composed some verses, at the head of which he placed this dedication—*A Guilleme te, Chienne de ma Sœur;* but having a quarrel with his sister he maliciously put into the *errata*, instead of *Chienne de ma Sœur*, read *ma Chienne de Sœur*.

Lully at the close of a bad prologue said, the word *fin du prologue* was an *erratum;* it should have been *fi du prologue*.

In a book, there was printed *le docte Morel*. A wag put into the *errata*, for *le docte Morel*, read *le docteur Morel*. This *Morel* was not the first *docteur*, not *docte*.

When a fanatic published a mystical work full of unintelligible raptures, and which he entitled *Les Delices de L'Esprit*, it was proposed to print in his errata, for *Delices*, read *Delires*.

When the author of an idle and imperfect book ended with the usual phrase of *cetera desiderantur*, one altered it *non desiderantur sed desunt;* the rest is *wanting*, but not *wanted*.

At the close of a silly book, the author as usual printed the word Finis—A wit put this among the errata, with this pointed couplet;

> Finis! an error, or a lye, my friend!
> In writing foolish books—there is *no End!*

In the year 1561, was printed a work, entitled, the Anatomy of the Mass. It is a thin octavo, of 172 pages, and it is accompanied by an *Errata* of 15 pages! The editor, a pious Monk, informs us that a very serious reason induced him to undertake this task: for it is, says he, to forestal the *artifices of Satan.* He supposes that the Devil, to ruin the fruit of this work, employed two very malicious frauds: the first before it was printed; by drenching the MS. in a kennel, and thus having reduced it to a most pitiable state, rendered it in several parts illegible: the second, in obliging the printers to commit such numerous blunders; never yet equalled in so small a work. To combat this double machination of Satan he was obliged carefully to re-peruse the work, and to form this singular list of the blunders of printers, under the influence of the Devil. All this he relates in an advertisement prefixed to the *Errata.*

A furious controversy raged between two famous scholars from a very laughable but accidental *Erratum;* and threatened serious consequences to one of the parties. Flavigny wrote two letters, criticising rather freely a polyglot Bible, edited by Abraham Ecchellensis. As this learned editor had sometimes censured the labours of a professor who was the friend of Flavigny, this latter applied to him the third

and fifth verses of the seventh chapter of Saint Matthew.

These verses he printed in Latin. Ver. 3. *Quid vides festucam in* OCULO *fratris tui, et trabem in* OCULO *tuo non vides.* Ver. 5. *Ejice primùm trabem de* OCULO *tuo, et tunc videbis ejicere festucam de* OCULO *fratris tui.* Ecchellensis, being compelled to answer, began with accusing Flavigny of an *enormous crime* committed in this passage; not only of attempting to correct the sacred text of the Evangelist, but with daring to reject a word, and to supply its place by one which was not less *impious* than *obscene!* This crime he exaggerates with all the virulence of an angry declaimer, in swelling phrases, closing with a dreadful accusation. His morals are attacked, and Flavigny sees all his reputation overturned by an accusation in which the other seems positive. And yet all this terrible reproach is only founded on an *Erratum.* The whole arose from the printer having negligently suffered the *first letter* of the word *Oculo* to have dropped from the form, when he happened to touch a line with his finger which did not stand straight! He published another letter to do away the imputation of Ecchellensis; but thirty years afterwards his rage against the negligent printer was not extinguished; certain wits were always reminding him of it.

One of the most egregious, shall we add illustrious of all literary blunders, is that of the edition of the Vulgate, by Sixtus V. His holiness carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press; and, to the amazement of the world, the work remained without a rival—it swarmed with errata! A multitude of scraps were printed to paste over the erroneous passages, in order to give the true text. The book makes a whimsical appearance with these pasted corrections; and the heretics exulted in the demonstration of papal infallibility! The copies were called in, and violent attempts made to suppress it; however, a few still remain for the raptures of the biblical collectors; at a late sale the bible of Sixtus V. fetched above sixty guineas—not too much for a mere book of blunders! The world was highly amused at the bull of the Pope and editor prefixed to the first volume, which excommunicates all printers, &c. who in reprinting the work should make any *alteration* in the text!

In a version of the Epistles of St. Paul into the Ethiopic language, which proved to be full of errors, the editors allege a very good-humoured reason—"They who printed the work could not read, and we could not print; they helped us, and we helped them, as the blind helps the blind."

A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her office, one night took an opportunity of going into the office, and made an alteration in the sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve in Genesis, Chap. 3. v. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word HERR, (Lord) and substituted NA in their place, thus altering the sentence from "and he shall be thy LORD," *(Herr)* to "and he shall be thy FOOL," *(Narr)*. It is said her life paid for this folly; and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.

We have an edition of the Bible, known by the name of *The Vinegar Bible;* from the erratum in the title to the 20th Chap. of St. Luke, in which "Parable of the *Vineyard*," is printed "Parable of the *Vinegar*." It was printed in 1717, at the Clarendon press.

We have had another, where "Thou shalt commit Adultery" was printed, omitting the important word *not;* which occasioned the Archbishop to lay one of the heaviest penalties on the Company of Sationers that was ever recorded in the annals of literary history.

It appears by a calculation made by the printer of Steevens's edition of Shakspeare, that every octavo page of that work, text and notes, contains 2680 distinct pieces of metal; which in

a sheet amount to 42,880—the misplacing of any one of which would inevitably cause a blunder!—With this curious fact before us, the accurate state of our printing, in general, is to be admired, and errata ought more freely to be pardoned than the fastidious minuteness of the insect eye of certain critics has allowed.

PATRONS.

Authors have too frequently received ill treatment, even from those to whom they dedicated their works.

Some who felt hurt at the shameless treatment of such mock Mæcenases have observed that no writer should dedicate his works but to his friends; as was practised by the ancients, who usually addressed theirs to those who had solicited their labours, or animated them in their progress.

Theodosius Gaza had no other recompence for having inscribed to Sixtus IV. his Translation of the book of Aristotle on the Nature of Animals, than the price of the binding, which this charitable father of the church munificently bestowed upon him.

Theocritus fills his Idylliums with loud complaints of the neglect of his patrons; and Tasso was as little successful in his Dedications.

Ariosto, in presenting his Orlando Furioso to the Cardinal d'Este, was gratified with the bitter sarcasm of—"*Dove diavolo avete pigliato tante coglionerie?*" Where the devil have you found all this nonsense?

When the French historian Dupleix, whose pen was indeed fertile, presented his book to the Duke d'Epernon, this Mæcenas, turning to the Pope's Nuncio, who was present, very coarsely exclaimed—"Cadedis! ce Monsieur a un flux enragé, il chie un livre toutes les lunes!"

Thomson, the amiable author of the Seasons, having extravagantly praised a person of rank, who, afterwards appeared to be undeserving of any eulogiums, properly employed his pen in a solemn recantation of his error. This is a very different behaviour from that of Dupleix, who always spoke highly of Queen Margaret of France for a little place he held in her household: but after her death, when his place was extinct, spoke of her with all the freedom of satire. Such is too often the character of men of letters, who only dare to reveal the truth when they have no interest to conceal it.

Poor Mickle, to whom we are indebted for so beautiful a version of Camoens' Lusiad, having dedicated this work, the continued labour of five years, to a certain nobleman, had the

mortification to find, by the discovery of a friend, that he had kept it in his possession three weeks before he could collect sufficient intellectual desire to cut open the first pages!

"Every man believes," writes Dr. Johnson, in a letter to Baretti, "that mistresses are unfaithful, and patrons are capricious. But he excepts his own mistress, and his own patron."

Bayle has preserved an anecdote which shews in what manner a Patron is sometimes obtained. Benserade attached himself to Cardinal Mazarine; but his friendship produced nothing but civility. The poet every day indulged his easy and charming vein of amatory and panegyric poetry, while all the world read and admired his verses. One evening the cardinal, in conversation with the king, described his mode of life when at the papal court. He loved the sciences; but his chief occupation there, was the belles lettres, composing little pieces of poetry; and that he was then in the court of Rome what Benserade was now in that of France. Some hours afterwards the friends of the poet related to him the conversation of the cardinal. He heard, and quitted them abruptly. He ran to the apartment of his Eminence, knocking with all his force, that he might be certain of being heard. The cardinal had just gone to bed. In vain they informed him of this cir-

cumstance, while he persisted in demanding rentrance; and as he continued this terrible disturbance, they were compelled to open the door. He ran to his Eminence, fell upon his knees, almost pulled off the sheets of his bed in rapture, implored a thousand pardons for thus disturbing him, but such was his joy in what he had just heard, (which he repeated) that he could not refrain from immediately giving vent to his gratitude and his pride, to have been compared with his Eminence for his poetical talents! Had the door not been immediately opened, he should have expired; he was not rich, it is true, but he should now die contented! The Cardinal was pleased with his *ardour*, and probably never suspected his *flattery*. He assured him of his protection; and six days afterwards rewarded him with a handsome pension!

On Cardinal Richelieu, another of his patrons, he gratefully made this Epitaph.

Cy gist, ouy gist par la mort bleu
Le Cardinal de Richelieu,
Et ce qui cause mon ennuy
Ma PENSION avec lui.

Here lies, egad, 'tis very true!
The illustrious Cardinal Richelieu:
My grief is genuine—void of whim!
Alas! my *pension* lies with him!

POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND ARTISTS, MADE BY ACCIDENT.

ACCIDENT has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. It was at Rome (says Gibbon) on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed Friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the City first started to my mind.

Father Mallebranche having completed his studies in philosophy, and theology, without any other intention than devoting himself to some religious order, little expected to become of such celebrity as his works have made him. Loitering in an idle hour, in the shop of a bookseller, and turning over a parcel of books, *L'Homme de Descartes* fell into his hands. Having dipt into some parts, he was induced to peruse the whole. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which gave birth to so many beautiful compositions in Physics, Metaphysics, and Morality, which have made him pass for the Plato of his age.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young,

Spenser's Fairy Queen; and, by a continual study of Poetry, he became so enchanted of the Muse, that he grew irrecoverably a Poet.

Dr. Johnson informs us, that Sir Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise.

Vaucanson displayed an uncommon genius for Mechanics. His taste was first determined by an accident; when young, he frequently attended his mother to the residence of her confessor; and while she wept with repentance, he wept with weariness! In this state of disagreeable vacation, says Helvetius, he was struck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curiosity was roused; he approached the clock case, and studied its mechanism; what he could not discover, he guessed at. He then projected a similar machine; and gradually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged by this first success, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a fluting automaton.

It was a chance of the same kind which inspired our great Milton to write his Epics. Milton, "*fallen on evil days,*" was happy to be allowed to retire; and it was in the leisure of retreat and disgrace he executed the poem which he had projected in his youth.

"If Shakspeare's imprudence had not obliged him to quit his wool trade, and his town; if he had not engaged with a company of actors, and at length, disgusted with being an indifferent performer, he had not turned author; the prudent woolseller had never been the celebrated poet."

"Accident determined the taste of Moliere for the stage. His grandfather loved the theatre, and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in dissipation: the father observing it, asked in anger, if his son was to be made an actor. "Would to God," replied the grandfather, "he was as good an actor as Montrose." The words struck young Moliere; he took a disgust to his tapestry trade; and it is to this circumstance France owes her greatest comic writer."

"Corneille loved; he made verses for his mistress, became a poet, composed Melite, and afterwards his other celebrated pieces. The discreet Corneille had remained a lawyer."

"Thus it is, that the devotion of a mother, the death of Cromwell, deer-stealing, the exclamation of an old man, and the beauty of a woman, have given five illustrious characters to Europe."

"I should have never done, Helvetius concludes, if I should enumerate all the writers

celebrated for their talents, and who owed those talents to similar accidents."

It is well known, that we owe the labours of the immortal Newton to a very trivial accident. When a student at Cambridge, he had retired during the time of the plague into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell, and struck him a smart blow on the head. When he observed the smallness of the apple, he was surprized at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principles of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philosophy.

Ignatius Loyola was a Spanish gentleman, who was dangerously wounded at the siege of Pampaluna. Having heated his imagination by reading the Golden Legend, or the Lives of the Saints, which were brought to him in his illness, instead of a romance, he conceived a strong ambition to be the founder of a religious order: whence originated the celebrated Society of the Jesuits.

Rousseau found his eccentric powers first awakened by the advertisement of the singular annual subject which the academy of Dijon proposed for that year, in which he wrote his celebrated Declamation against the Arts and Sciences. It was this circumstance which determined his future literary efforts.

La Fontaine, at the age of twenty-two, had not taken any profession, or devoted himself to any pursuit. Having accidentally heard some verses of Malherbe, he felt a sudden impression, which gave an eternal direction to his future life. He immediately bought a Malherbe, and was so exquisitely delighted with this poet, that after passing the nights in treasuring his verses in his memory, he would run in the day-time to the woods, and there concealing himself, would recite his verses to the surrounding Dryads.

Our celebrated Astronomer, Flamsteed, was such by accident. He was taken from school on account of his illness. In the narrative of his life he says, that Sacrobosco's Book de Sphæra having been lent to him, he was so pleased with it, that he immediately began a course of Astronomic studies. Mr. Pennant, in his own Life, tells us, that his first propensity to Natural History, was the pleasure he received from an accidental perusal of Willoughby's work on Birds.

Dr. Franklin attributes the cast of his genius to a similar accident. "I found a work of De Foe's, entitled an 'Essay on Projects,' from which perhaps I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life."

I shall add the incident which occasioned Roger Ascham to write his *Schoolmaster*, one of the most curious and useful treatises among our elder writers.

At a dinner given by Sir William Cecil, during the plague in 1563, at his apartments at Windsor, where the Queen had taken refuge, a number of ingenious men were invited. Secretary Cecil communicated the news of the morning, that several scholars at Eton had run away on account of their master's severity, which he condemned as a great error in the education of youth. Sir William Petre maintained the contrary; severe in his own temper, he pleaded warmly in defence of hard flogging. Dr. Wootton, in softer tones, sided with the Secretary. Sir John Mason, adopting no side, bantered both. Mr. Haddon seconded the hard-hearted Sir William Petre, and adduced, as an evidence, that the best school-master then in England was the hardest flogger. Then was it that Roger Ascham indignantly exclaimed that if such a master had an able scholar it was owing to the boy's genius, and not the preceptor's rod. Secretary Cecil and others were pleased with Ascham's notions. One Sir Richard Sackville was silent, but when Ascham after dinner went to the Queen to read one of the orations of Demosthenes, he took him aside,

and frankly told him that though he had taken no part in the debate, he would not have been absent from that conversation for a great deal; that he knew to his cost the truth Ascham had supported; for it was the perpetual floggings of such a schoolmaster, that had given him an unconquerable aversion to study. And as he wished to remedy this defect in his own children, he earnestly exhorted Ascham to write his observations on so interesting a topic. It was this circumstance which produced the admirable treatise of Roger Ascham.

INEQUALITIES OF GENIUS.

We observe frequently singular Inequalities in the labours of Genius; and particularly in those which admit great enthusiasm, as in poetry, in painting, and in music. But, surely, this is not difficult to be accounted for! Faultless *mediocrity* industry can preserve in one continued degree; but *excellence* is only to be attained, by human faculties, by starts.

Our poets who possess the greatest genius, with, perhaps, the least industry, have at the same time the most splendid and the worst passages of poetry. Shakspeare and Dryden are at once the greatest and the least of our poets.

The imitative powers of Pope, who possessed more industry than genius, though his genius was *nearly* equal to that of the greatest poets, has contrived to render every line faultless; yet it may be said of Pope, that his greatest fault consists in having none.

Carrache sarcastically said of Tintoret—*Ho veduto il Tintoretto hora eguale a Titiano, hora minore del Tintoretto*—"I have seen Tintoret now equal to Titian, and now less than Tintoret."

Trublet very justly observes—The more there are *beauties*, and *great beauties*, in a work, I am the less surprised to find *faults*, and *great faults*. When you say of a work—that it has many faults; that decides nothing: and I do not know by this, whether it is execrable, or excellent. You tell me of another—that it is without any faults; if your account be just, it is certain the work cannot be excellent.

CONCEPTION AND EXPRESSION.

THERE are men who have just thoughts on every subject; but it is not perceived, because their expressions are feeble. They conceive well, but they produce badly.

Erasmus acutely observed—alluding to what then much occupied his mind—that one might

be apt to swear that they had been taught, in the Confessional Cell, all they had learnt; so scrupulous are they of disclosing what they know. Others, again, conceive ill, and produce well; for they express with [illegible] quently, what they do not know.

It was observed of one pleader, that he *knew* more than he *said;* and of another, that he *said* more than he *knew.*

The judicious Quintilian has observed, that we ought to be solicitous at first more about our conceptions than our expressions—and that we may attend to the latter afterwards. While Horace conceives that the expressions will never fail us, provided we have luminous conceptions. Yet they seem to be different things, for a man may have the clearest conceptions, and at the same time be no pleasing writer; while conceptions of no eminent merit may be very agreeably set off by a warm and colouring diction.

Lucian happily describes the works of those who abound with the most luxuriant language, but void of ideas. He calls their unmeaning verbosity anemony-words (anemonæ verborum); for anemonies are flowers, which, however brilliant, can only please the eye, leaving no fragrance. A certain writer of flowing, but nugatory verses, has been compared to the *daisy;* a flower, indeed, but without the fragrance.

BOOKS OF LOVE AND DEVOTION.

[illegible] has this acute observation on the [illegible] of Love and Religion.—"Books of [illegible] and those of Love, are alike bought. [illegible] difference I find is, that there are more who read books of Love, than buy them; and there are more who buy books of Devotion than read them."

GEOGRAPHICAL DICTION.

THERE are many Sciences, says Menage, on which we cannot, indeed, compose in a florid or elegant diction—such as Geography, Music, Algebra, Geometry, &c. When Atticus requested Cicero to write on Geography, the latter excused himself, observing, that its scenes were more adapted to please the eye than susceptible of the rich ornaments of a polished style. However, in these kinds of sciences, we may give an ornament to the simplicity and baldness of our style, by some elegant allusion or remark.

Thus when we notice some inconsiderable place: for instance, *Woodstock*, in adding that it was the residence of *Chaucer*, the parent of

our poetry; this kind of erudition pleases even more than all the flowery ornaments of rhetoric.

The slightest description becomes interesting, and forms a picture to the fancy. Sir William Jones in some village discovered the house of *Milton*; and from its topographical delineation illustrates a passage in one of the poet's refreshing descriptions in the *Allegro*.

The same principle of composition may be carried with the happiest effect into some investigations, though the profound antiquary may not approve of these sports of wit or fancy. Thus Dr. Arbuthnot, in his Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, a topic extremely barren of amusement, takes every opportunity of enlivening the dulness of his task; even in these mathematical calculations he betrays his wit; and observes, that "the polite Augustus, the Emperor of the World, had neither any glass in his windows, nor a shirt to his back!" Those uses of glass and linen were, indeed, unknown in his time.

LEGENDS.

Those gross, wild, and ludicrous fables, or histories, which have been entitled Legends, originated in this circumstance.

Before colleges were established in the monasteries where the schools were held, the professors in rhetoric frequently gave their scholars the life of some saint for a trial of their talent at *amplification*. The students, being constantly at a loss to furnish out their pages, invented these wonderful adventures. Jortin observes, that the Christians used to collect out of Ovid, Livy, and other pagan poets and historians, the miracles and portents to be found there, and accommodated them to their own monks and saints. The good fathers of that age, whose simplicity was not inferior to their devotion, were so delighted with these flowers of rhetoric, that they were induced to make a collection of these miraculous compositions; not imagining that, at some distant period, they would become matters of faith. Yet, when James de Voraginus (so nick-named from a whirlpool, as one who absorbs every thing) Peter Nadal, and Peter Ribadeneira, wrote the Lives of the Saints, they sought for their materials in the libraries of the monasteries; and, awakening from the dust these manuscripts of amplification, imagined they made an invaluable present to the world, by laying before them these voluminous absurdities. The people received these pious fictions with all imaginable simplicity, and as the book is adorned with a number of cuts, these

miracles were perfectly intelligible to their eyes. Tillemont, Fleury, Baillet, Lannoi, and Bollandus, cleared away much of the rubbish; the enviable title of *Golden Legend*, by which Voraginus called his work, has been disputed; iron or lead might more aptly express the character of this folio.

That the lives of the ancient philosophers are composed with more judgment than those of the saints of Christianity, has been painful to all sober persons; and when indeed the world began to be more critical in their reading, the Monks gave another turn to their narratives; and became penurious of their absurdities.

It will, probably, be agreeable to the reader to inspect a specimen of these legends. And that he may not complain of the heavy style of James de Voraginus, or of myself, it is embellished by the diction of Gibbon—

"Among the insipid legends of Ecclesiastical History, I am tempted to distinguish the memorable fable of the *Seven Sleepers;* whose imaginary date corresponds with the reign of the younger Theodosius, and the conquest of Africa by the Vandals. When the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern, on the side of an adjacent mountain; where they were doomed to perish

by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured with a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time the slaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones to supply materials for some rustic edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. After a slumber as they thought of a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger; and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city to purchase bread for the use of his companions. The youth—if we may still employ that appellation—could no longer recognize the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross, triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus, on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed

since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and, it is said, the Emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers; who bestowed their benediction, related their story, and at the same instant peaceably expired.

"This popular tale," Mr. Gibbon adds, "Mahomet learned when he drove his camels to the fairs of Syria; and he has introduced it, as a *divine revelation*, into the Koran."—The same story has been adopted and adorned, by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion.

The too curious reader will perhaps sigh for a few specimens of the more unlucky inventions of this "Golden Legend;" as they characterize a certain description of men, the philosopher does not contemn these grotesque fictions.

Henry Stephens, in his very curious "Apology for Herodotus," and Bishop Lavington in his not less curious "Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared," have furnished our table of literary morsels with some relishing *entre-mets*.

These monks imagined that Holiness was often proportioned to a Saint's filthiness. St. Ignatius, say they, delig[illegible]o appear abroad

with old dirty shoes; he never used a comb, but let his hair clot; and religiously abstained from paring his nails. One Saint attained to such piety as to have near three hundred patches on his breeches; which, after his death, were hung up in public as an *incentive to imitation.* St. Francis discovered by certain experience that the devils were frightened away by such kind of breeches, but were animated by clean clothing to tempt and seduce the wearers; and one of their heroes declares that the purest souls are in the dirtiest bodies. On this they tell a story which may not be very agreeable to fastidious delicacy. "Frater" Juniper was a gentleman perfectly pious on this principle; indeed so great was his merit in this species of mortification that a brother declared he could always nose "Frater" Juniper when within a mile of the monastery, provided the wind was at the due point. Once, when Saint Juniper was a guest, his host, proud of the honour of entertaining so pious a personage, the intimate friend of St. Francis, provided an excellent bed, and the finest sheets. "Frater" Juniper abhorred such luxury. And this too evidently appeared after his sudden departure in the morning, unknown to his kind host. The great Juniper did this, says his biographer, (having told us what he did) not so much from his habitual inclina-

tions for which he was so justly celebrated, as from his excessive piety, and as much as he could to mortify worldly pride; and to shew how a true Saint despised clean sheets.

In the life of Saint Francis we find, among other grotesque miracles, that he preached a sermon in a desert — but he soon collected an immense audience. The birds shrilly warbled to every sentence, and stretched out their necks, opened their beaks, and when he finished, dispersed with a holy rapture into four companies, to report his sermon to all the birds in the universe. A grasshopper remained a week with St. Francis during the absence of the Virgin Mary, and pittered on his head. He grew so companionable with a nightingale, that when a nest of swallows began to babble, he hushed them by desiring them not to tittle-tattle of their sister, the nightingale. Attacked by a wolf, with only the sign manual of the cross, he held a long dialogue with his rabid assailant, till the wolf, meek as a lap-dog, stretched his paws in the hands of the Saint, followed him through towns, and became half a Christian.

This same St. Francis had such a detestation of the good things of this world, that he would never suffer his followers to touch money. A friar having placed in a window some money collected at the altar, he desired him to take it

in his mouth, and throw it on the dung of an ass! But St. Philip Nerius was such a *lover of poverty*, that he frequently prayed that God would bring him to that state as to stand in need of a penny, and find nobody that would give him one!

But Saint Macaire was so shocked at having *killed a louse*, that he endured seven years of penitence among the thorns and briars of a forest. A circumstance which perhaps reached the ear of Moliere, who gives this stroke to the character of his Tartuffe, thus,

> Il s'impute a peché la moindre bagatelle;
> Jusques-là qu'il se vint, l'autre jour accuser
> D'avoir pris une puce, en faisant sa priere,
> Et de l'avoir tué, avec trop de colere!

As a last specimen of their invention, I give a miraculous incident respecting two pious maidens. The night of the Nativity of Christ, after the first mass, they both retired into a solitary spot of their nunnery till the second mass was rung. One asked the other, "Why do you want two cushions, when I have only one?" The other replied, "I would place it between us, for the child Jesus; as the Evangelist says, where there are two or three persons assembled I am in the midst of them."—This being done, they sat down, feeling a most lively pleasure at their fancy; and there they remained from the

Nativity of Christ to that of John the Baptist; but this great interval of time passed with these saintly maidens as two hours would appear to others. The abbess and her nuns were alarmed at their absence, for no one could give any account of them. In the eve of St. John, a cowherd passing by them, beheld a beautiful child seated on a cushion between this pair of runaway nuns. He hastened to the Abbess with news of these stray sheep, who saw this more than lovely child playfully seated between these nymphs, who, with blushing countenances, inquired if the second bell had already rung. Both parties were equally astonished to find our young devotees had been there from the Nativity of Jesus to that of St. John. The abbess asked after the child who sat between them; they solemnly declared they saw no child between them, and persisted in their story.

Such is one of these miracles of the Golden Legend, which a wicked wit might comment on, and without miraculous sagacity might see nothing extraordinary in the whole story. The two nuns might be missing between the Nativities, and be found at the last with a child seated between them.—They might not choose to account either for their absence or their child—the only touch of miracle is, that they asseverated, they *saw no child*—that I confess is a *little (child) too much.*

SEVERE CRITICISM.

An unmerciful Critic observes, that there are few books to which an Author can prefix *his name* without trespassing upon his veracity: for there is not one work which is the labour of a single person!

When a poet was reproached for his *Plagiarisms*, which he probably called *Classical Imitations*, he defended himself in this manner:—That a painter was not less a painter, nor an architect less an architect, because the one purchased his *colours*, and the other his *building materials*. "It is all pouring out of one bottle into another," exclaimed Sterne; who himself was stealing from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. The *original Sterne* is not a little indebted to Gallic authors.

An ingenious writer observed, that the *ancients had stolen all his best thoughts from him.*

Another exclaims—*Pereant, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!* Perish those, who, before us, have said what we say!

All is said, writes La Bruyere, and we come too late; since it is more than five thousand years that so many men have reflected. We only *glean* after the ancients, and the most skilful of the moderns.

D'Ablancourt was an admirable translator; his versions were fine, and masterly. He who reads the copy, has the pleasure of relishing the original. This lively and elegant writer confined himself to translation, though it is supposed he possessed talents of a more original cast. When asked why he, who wrote so well, should prefer to be a translator rather than an Author? he answered—"That the greater part of modern works were only repetitions of the ancients; and that, to be serviceable to his country, it was better to translate good books than to make new ones, which in general convey no new information."

The reason which the learned Bentley gave his daughter for not himself becoming an original writer instead of wasting his talents on the works of authors, is probably the cause of many not attempting original composition. Bentley seemed embarrassed at her honest question, and remained for a considerable time thoughtful—at length he observed—"Child, I am sensible I have not always turned my talents to the proper use for which they were given to me; yet I have done something: but the wit and genius of the old authors beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads was to get upon their shoulders."

I have my doubts whether, after all, this is any thing more than an ingenious consolation —for in spite of these idolised ancients, worshipped with superstitious rites—have we not had since Bentley's time the finest geniuses, rivals at least of these ancients? If Bentley was a great critic for the dead languages, he has shewn he had no genius for the living.

THE PORT-ROYAL SOCIETY.

Every lover of Letters has heard of this learned Society, which, says Gibbon, contributed so much to establish in France a taste for just reasoning, simplicity of style, and philosophical method. Their "Art of thinking," for its lucid, accurate, and diversified matter, is still an admirable work; notwithstanding the writers at that time were induced to emancipate themselves with a cautious boldness from the barbarism of the scholastic logic. This excellent work was the conjoint labour of Arnauld and Nicolle. Europe has benefited by the labours of these learned men: but, perhaps, few have attended to their origin, and to their dissolution.

The Society of the *Port Royal des Champs*, took this name from a valley about six leagues from Paris.

In the year 1637, *Le Maitre*, a celebrated advocate, renounced the bar, and resigned the honour of being *Conseiller d'Etat*, which his uncommon merit had obtained him, though then only twenty-eight years of age. His brother, *De Sericourt*, who had followed the military profession, quitted it at the same time. Consecrating themselves to the service of God, they retired into a small house near *the Port Royal* of Paris. Their brothers De Sacy, De St. Elme, and De Valmont, joined them. Arnauld, one of their most illustrious associates, was induced to enter into the Jansenian controversy, and then it was they encountered the powerful persecution of the Jesuits. Constrained to remove from that spot, they fixed their residence at *Port Royal des Champs*. There again the Court disturbed them, after a residence of little more than two months; but about a year afterwards they returned.

With these illustrious Recluses many persons of distinguished merit now retired; and this community was called *the Society of Port-Royal*.

Here were no rules, no vows, no constitution, and no cells formed. Prayer and study were their only occupations. They applied themselves to the education of youth, and initiated the rising generation into science, and into virtue.

Here *Racine* received his education; and, on his death-bed, desired to be buried in the cemetery of the Port-Royal, at the feet of M. Hamon. An amiable instance of the Poet's sensibility! Arnauld, persecuted, and dying in a foreign country, still cast his lingering looks on this beloved retreat, and left the society his heart, which was there inurned.

Anne de Bourbon, a princess of the blood-royal, erected a house near the Port-Royal, and was, during her life, the powerful patroness of these solitary and religious men: but her death in 1679, was the fatal stroke which dispersed them for ever.

The envy and the fears of the Jesuits, and their rancour against Arnauld, who with such ability had exposed their designs, occasioned the destruction of the Port-Royal Society. *Exinanite, exinanite usque ad fundamentum in ea!*—Annihilate it, annihilate it, to its very foundations! Such are the terms in the Jesuitic decree. Gregoire, in his interesting memoir of "Ruins of Port-Royal," has drawn an affecting picture of that virtuous Society when the Jesuits obtained by their intrigues an order from Government to break it up. They would not even allow the walls to stand, and exhausted their hatred even on the stones. They prophaned even the sanctuary of the dead; the corpses were torn out of

their graves, and dogs were suffered to contend for the rags of their shrouds. When the Port-Royal had no more an existence, the memory of that asylum of Innocence and Learning was still kept alive by those who collected the Engravings representing that place by Mademoiselle Hortemels. The Police, under Jesuitic influence, at length seized on the plates in the cabinet of the fair artist.—How caustic was the retort courteous which Arnauld gave the Jesuits—"I do not fear your *pen*, but its *knife*."

These were men whom the love of retirement united to cultivate literature, in the midst of solitude, of peace and piety. They formed a society of learned men, amongst whom a fine taste for letters and sound philosophy reigned. Alike occupied on sacred, as well as on profane writers, they edified, while they enlightened the world. Their writings fixed the French language. The example of these solitaries shews us how retirement is favourable to penetrate into the sanctuary of the Muses: and that by meditating in silence on the oracles of taste, we imitate, and even equal them.

An interesting anecdote is related of Arnauld on the occasion of the dissolution of this society. The dispersion of these great men, and their young scholars, was lamented by every one but their enemies. Many persons of the

rank participated in their sorrows. The t Arnauld, in that moment, was as pursued as if he had been a felon.

uchess of Longueville, the great patron- of Jansenism, concealed Arnauld in an ob- lging, who assumed the dress of a lay- man, wearing a sword and full-bottomed wig. Arnauld was attacked by a fever, and in the course of conversation with a physician, Arnauld inquired after news. They talk of a new book of the Port-Royal, replied the doctor, "attributed to Arnauld or to Sacy; but I do not believe it to come from Sacy; he does not write so well."—"How, Sir!" exclaimed the philosopher, forgetting his sword and wig; "believe me my nephew writes better than I do."—The physician eyed his patient with amazement—he hastened to the Duchess, and told her, "The malady of the gentleman you sent me to, is not very serious, provided you do not suffer him to see any one, and insist on his holding his tongue." The duchess, alarmed, immediately had Arnauld conveyed to her palace. She gave him an apartment, concealed him in her chamber, and persisted to attend him herself.—"Ask," she said, "what you want of the servant, but it shall be myself who shall bring it to you."

How honourable is it to the female character, that in all similar events their sensibility is not greater than their fortitude!

THE PROGRESS OF OLD AGE IN NEW STUDIES.

Of the pleasures derivable from the cultivation of the arts, sciences, and literature, time will not abate the growing passion; for old men still cherish an affection and feel a youthful enthusiasm in those pursuits, when all others have ceased to interest. Dr. Reid, to his last day, retained a most active curiosity in his various studies, and particularly in the revolutions of modern chemistry. In advanced life we may resume our former studies with a new pleasure, and in old age we may enjoy them with the same relish with which more youthful students commence. Professor Dugald Stewart tells us that Adam Smith observed to him, that "of all the amusements of old age, the most grateful and soothing is a renewal of acquaintance with the favourite studies and favourite authors of youth—a remark, which, in his own case, seemed to be more particularly exemplified while he was re-perusing, with the enthusiasm of a student, the tragic poets of Antient Greece. I

[illegible] him repeat the observation more than [illegible]hile Sophocles and Euripides lay open [illegible]able."

[illegible]tes learnt to play on musical instruments in his old age; Cato, at eighty, thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch, almost as late in life, Latin.

Theophrastus began his admirable work on the Characters of Men at the extreme age of ninety. He only terminated his literary labours by his death.

Peter Ronsard, one of the fathers of French poetry, applied himself late to study. His acute genius, and ardent application, rivalled those poetic models which he admired.

The great Arnauld retained the vigour of his genius, and the command of his pen, to his last day; and at the age of eighty-two was still the great Arnauld.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but cultivated them at fifty years of age, and produced good fruit. His early years were chiefly passed in farming, which greatly diverted him from his studies; but a remarkable disappointment respecting a contested estate, disgusted him with these rustic occupations: resolved to attach himself to regular studies, and literary society, he sold his farms, and became the most learned antiquary and lawyer.

Colbert, the famous French minister, almost at sixty, returned to his Latin and law studies.

Tellier, the Chancellor of France, learnt logic, merely for an amusement, to dispute with his grand-children.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. But on this head the Marquis de Saint Aulaire may be regarded as a prodigy: at the age of seventy he began to court the Muses, and they crowned him with their freshest flowers. His verses are full of fire, delicacy, and sweetness. Voltaire says that Anacreon, less old, produced less charming compositions.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales were the composition of his latest years: they were begun in his fifty-fourth year, and finished in his sixty-first: it is on these works his fame is established, at least they are those which are most adapted to attract all classes of poetical readers.

The celebrated Boccacio was thirty-five years of age when he began his studies in polite literature. He has, however, excelled many whose whole life has been devoted to this branch of letters. Such is the privilege of genius.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the extraordinary age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his time. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who him-

self is one of the most remarkable instances of the Progress of Age in New Studies.

Coornhert began at forty to learn the Latin and Greek languages, of which he became a master; several students, who afterwards distinguished themselves, have commenced as late in life their literary pursuits. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, knew little of Latin or Greek, till he was past fifty; and Franklin's philosophical pursuits began when he had nearly reached his fiftieth year.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of the law so late, answered, that indeed he began it late, but should therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden's complete works form the largest body of poetry from the pen of one writer in the English language; yet he gave no public testimony of poetical abilities till his twenty-seventh year. In his sixty-eighth year he proposed to translate the whole Ilias; his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

Michael Angelo preserved his creative genius even in extreme old age; for he worked almost to his last day, and he reached his ninetieth year. He alludes doubtless to himself in an ingenious device, if it be of his own invention: a venerable old man is represented in a *go-cart*, an hour glass upon it, with the inscription *Ancora Imparo!* YET I AM LEARNING!

We have a treatise, once a favourite with Erasmus and men of letters of that period, *De Ratione Studii*, by Joachim Sterck, otherwise Fortius de Rhingelberg. Mr. Knox in his essays has noticed this literary curiosity, in which the enthusiasm of the writer has carried him frequently to the verge of ridicule. But something must be granted to his peculiar situation and feelings; for Baillet tells us that this method of studying had been formed entirely from his own practical knowledge and hard experience; at a late period of life he commenced his studies, and by the maturity of his judgment imagined he had discovered a more perpendicular mode of ascending the hill of science than by its usual circuitous windings. His work Mr. Knox compares to the sound of a trumpet.

Menage, in his Anti-Baillet, has a very curious apology for writing verses in his old age, by shewing how many poets amused themselves notwithstanding their grey hairs, and wrote sonnets or epigrams at ninety.

La Casa, in one of his letters, humorously said, *Io credo ch'io farò Sonnetto venti cinque anni, o trenta, poi che io sarò morto.* I think I may make sonnets twenty-five, or perhaps thirty years, after I shall be dead! Petau tells us that he wrote verses to solace the evils of old age—

——Petavius æger
Cantabat veteris quærens solatia morbi.

Malherbe declares the honours of genius were his, yet young—

Je les posseday jeune, et les possede encore
A la fin de mes jours!

Maynard moralises on this subject,

En cheveux blancs il me faut donc aller
Comme un enfant tous les jours à l'Ecole;
Que je suis fou d'apprendre a bien parler
Lorsque la Mort vient m'oter la parole.

SPANISH POETRY.

Pere Bouhours observes, that the Spanish poets display an extravagant imagination, which is by no means destitute of *wit*; but which evinces little taste or judgment.

Their verses are much in the style of our Cowley—trivial points, monstrous metaphors, and quaint conceits. It is evident that the Spanish poets imported this taste from the time of Marino in Italy; but the warmth of the Spanish climate appears to have redoubled it; and to have blown the kindled sparks of chimerical fancy to the heat of a Vulcanian forge.

Lopes de Vega, in describing an afflicted Shepherdess, in one of his pastorals, who is represented weeping near the sea-side, says—"That the Sea joyfully advances to gather her

tears; and that, having enclosed them in shells, it converts them into pearls."

" Y el mar como imbidioso
A tierra por las lagrimas salia,
Y alegre de cogerlas
Las guarda en conchas, y convierte en perlas."

Villegas addresses a stream " Thou who runnest over sands of gold, with feet of silver," more elegant than our Shakspeare's " Thy silver skin laced with thy golden blood." Villegas monstrously exclaims, " Touch my breast, if you doubt the power of Lydia's eyes—you will find it turned to ashes." Again—" Thou art so great that thou canst only imitate thyself with thy own greatness;" much like our " None but himself can be his parallel."

Gongora, whom the Spaniards once greatly admired, and distinguished by the epithet of *The wonderful*, is full of these points and conceits.

He imagines that a nightingale, who enchantingly varied her notes, and sang in different manners, had a hundred thousand other nightingales in her breast, which alternately sang through her throat—

" Con diferencia tal, con gracia tanta,
A quel ruysenor llora, que sospecho
Que tiene otros cien mil dentro del pecho,
Que alterna su dolor por su garganta."

Of a young and beautiful lady he says, that she has but a few *years* of life, but many *ages* of beauty.

Muchos siglos de hermosura
En pocos anos de edad.

This thought, as Bouhours observes, is thus false. Many ages of beauty does not present a fine idea: this can only signify a superannuated beauty; one whose charms must be effaced by time. A face of two or three ages old could have but few charms.

In one of his Odes, he gives to the River of Madrid the title of the *Duke of Streams* and the *Viscount of Rivers*—

" Mançanares, Mançanares,
Os que en todo el aguatismo,
Estois *Duque* de Arroyos,
Y *Visconde* de los Rios."

He did not venture to call it a *Spanish Grandee*, for, in fact, it is but a shallow and dirty stream; and as Quevedo informs us—

—" *Mançanares* is reduced, during the summer-season, to the melancholy condition of the wicked Rich Man, who asks for water in the depths of hell."

Concerning this river a pleasant witticism is recorded. Though so small, this stream in the

time of a flood can spread itself over the neighbouring fields; for this reason Philip the Second built a bridge eleven hundred feet long! —A Spaniard passing it one day, when it was perfectly dry, observing this superb bridge, archly remarked—"That it would be proper that the bridge should be sold to purchase water." *Es menester, vender la puente por comprar agua.*

The following elegant translation of a Spanish madrigal of the kind here criticised, I found in a newspaper, but it is evidently by a Master hand.

On the green margin of the land,
Where Guadalhorce winds his way,
My Lady lay:
With golden key Sleep's gentle hand
Had clos'd her eyes so bright—
Her eyes, two suns of light—
And bade his balmy dews
Her rosy cheek suffuse.
The River God in slumber saw her laid,
He rais'd his dripping head,
With weeds o'erspread,
Clad in his wat'ry robes approach'd the Maid,
And with cold kiss, like death,
Drank the rich perfume of the Maiden's breath.
The Maiden felt that icy kiss,
Her suns unclos'd, their flame
Full and unclouded on th intruder came.

Amaz'd th' intruder felt
His frothy body melt,
And heard the radiance on his bosom hiss;
And, forc'd in blind confusion to retire,
Leapt in the water to escape the fire.

SAINT EVREMOND.

The portrait of St. Evremond, delineated by his own hand, will not be unacceptable to many readers.

This writer possessed delicacy and wit, and frequently has written well; but with great inequality. His poetry is insipid, and his prose abounds with points; the Antithesis was his favourite figure, and its prodigality fatigues. The comparisons he forms between some of the illustrious ancients will interest from their ingenuity.

In his day it was a literary fashion for writers to give their own portraits; a fashion that seems to have passed over into our country, for Farquhar has drawn his own character in a letter to a lady. Others of our writers have given these self-miniatures. Such painters are, no doubt, great flatterers, and it is rather their ingenuity, than their truth, which we admire in these cabinet-pictures.

"I am a Philosopher, as far removed from superstition as from impiety; a voluptuary, who has not less abhorrence of debauchery than inclination for pleasure; a man, who has never known want, or abundance. I occupy that station of life which is contemned by those who possess every thing; envied by those who have nothing, and only relished by those who make their felicity consist in the exercise of their reason. Young, I hated dissipation; convinced that a man must possess wealth to provide for the comforts of a long life. Old, I disliked economy; as I believed that we need not greatly dread want, when we have but a short time to be miserable. I am satisfied with what Nature has done for me, nor do I repine at Fortune. I do not seek in men what they have of evil, that I may censure; I only discover what they have ridiculous, that I may be amused. I feel a pleasure in detecting their follies; I should feel a greater in communicating my discoveries, did not my prudence restrain me. Life is too short, according to my ideas, to read all kinds of books, and to load our memory with an endless number of things at the cost of our judgment. I do not attach myself to the observations of scientific men to acquire science; but to the most rational, that I may strengthen my reason. Sometimes, I seek for more delicate

minds, that my taste may imbibe their delicacy; sometimes, for the gayer, that I may enrich my genius with their gaiety: and, although I constantly read, I make it less my occupation than my pleasure. In religion, and in friendship, I have only to paint myself such as I am—in friendship more tender than a philosopher; and in religion, as constant and as sincere as a youth who has more simplicity than experience. My piety is composed more of justice and charity than of penitence. I rest my confidence on God, and hope every thing from his benevolence. In the bosom of Providence I find my repose, and my felicity."

MEN OF GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CONVERSATION.

The Student who may, perhaps, shine a luminary of learning and of genius, in the pages of his volume, is found, not rarely, to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse.

The Volatile Mind reflects little, and speaks fluently. To the vulgar who admire words, and do not always understand ideas, he appears a constellation of abilities. Conversation is an art which requires to be learnt.

If you love the Man of Letters, seek him in

the privacies of his study; or, if he be a man of Virtue, take him to your bosom. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquillity his Genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labours of polished composition.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakspeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the Hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of Genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *speak* correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him, in the cant of vulgar minds, how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile, and say—"*I am not the less Peter Corneille!*" Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas describes his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a Banker who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his

pocket; or as that judicious moralist Nicolle, one of the Port-Royal Society, who said of a scintillant wit—"He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the stair-case." Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute,—"I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city."

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers; but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often, at that moment, he laboured at some future Spectator!

Mediocrity can *talk;* but it is for Genius to *observe.*

Mandeville, so paradoxical in his cynical works, compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to "a silent Parson in a tye-wig." It is no shame for an *Addison* to receive the censures of a *Mandeville:* he has only to blush when he calls down those of a *Pope.*

Virgil, we are told, was very heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen: but when he wrote he was the model of Poetry. All is lightness,

elegance, fine natural sentiments, and delicacy of expression, throughout his works.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer, in speaking concerning La Fontaine, to be a man of wit, or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in publick. He compared himself to the whetstone which will not cut, but enables other things to do this: for his productions served as models to other orators. Vaucanson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made.

Dryden says of himself,—"My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees."

VIDA.

What a consolation for an aged parent to see his child, by the efforts of his own merits,

attain from the humblest obscurity to distinguished eminence! What a transport for the man of sensibility to return to the obscure dwelling of his parent, and to embrace him, adorned with public honours; Poor *Vida* was deprived of this satisfaction; but he is placed higher in our esteem by the present anecdote than even by that classic composition, which rivals the Art of Poetry of his great master.

Jerome Vida, after having long served two Popes, at length attained to the Episcopacy. Arrayed in the robes of his new dignity, he prepared to visit his aged parents, and felicitated himself with the raptures which the old couple would feel in embracing their son as their Bishop. When he arrived at their village, he learnt that it was but a few days since they were no more! His sensibilities were exquisitely pained. The Muse, elegantly querulous, dictated some Elegiac Verse; and in the sweetest pathos deplored the death and the disappointment of his parents.

THE SCUDERIES.

Bien heureux SCUDERY, dont la fertile plume
Peut tous les mois sans peine enfanter un volume.

Boileau has written this couplet on the Scuderies, the brother and sister, both famous in

their day for composing Romances, which they sometimes extended to ten or twelve volumes. It was the favourite literature of that period, as *Novels* are of the present times. Our nobility not infrequently condescended to translate these voluminous compositions.

The diminutive size of our modern novels is undoubtedly an improvement: but, in resembling the size of *Primers*, it were to be wished that their contents had also resembled their inoffensive pages. Our great grandmothers were incommoded with overgrown folios; and, instead of finishing the eventful history of two lovers at one or two sittings, it was sometimes six months, *including Sundays*, before they could get quit of their Clelias, their Cyrus's, and Parthenissas.

Mademoiselle Scudery, Menage informs us, had composed *ninety volumes!* the materials of which were entirely drawn from her own fertile invention. She had even finished another Romance: but which she would not give the public, whose taste, she saw, no more relished these kinds of works.

"What a pleasing description," he elsewhere observes, "has Mademoiselle Scudery made in her Cyrus, of the Little Court at Rambouillet! A thousand things in the Romances of this learned lady render them inestimable. She has

drawn from the ancients their happiest passages, and has even improved upon them; like the prince in the fable, whatever she touches becomes gold. We may read her works with great profit, if we possess a correct taste, and love instruction. Those who censure their *length*, only shew the littleness of their judgment; as if Homer and Virgil were to be despised, because many of their books are filled with episodes and incidents that necessarily retard the conclusion. It does not require much penetration to observe, that *Cyrus* and *Clelia* are a species of the *Epic* poem. The Epic must embrace a number of events to suspend the course of the narrative; which only taking in a part of the life of the hero, would terminate too soon to display the skill of the poet. Without this artifice, the charm of uniting the greater part of the Episodes to the principal subject of the Romance would be lost. Mademoiselle de Scudery has so well treated them, and so aptly introduced a variety of beautiful passages, that nothing in this kind is comparable to her productions. Some expressions, and certain turns, have become somewhat obsolete, all the rest will last for ever, and outlive the criticisms they have undergone."

Menage has here certainly uttered a false prophecy. The curious only look over her Ro-

mances. They contain doubtless many beautiful inventions; the misfortune is, that *time* and *patience* are rare requisites for the enjoyment of these Iliads in prose.

A modern French writer has displayed great ingenuity in his strictures on this lady.

"The misfortune of her having written too abundantly has occasioned an unjust contempt. We confess there are many heavy and tedious passages in her voluminous Romances; but if we consider that in the Clelia and the Artamene are to be found inimitable delicate touches, and many splendid parts which would do honour to some of our living writers, we must acknowledge that the great defects of all her works arise from her not writing in an age when taste had reached the acmé of cultivation. Such is her erudition that the French place her next to the celebrated Madame Dacier. Her works, containing many secret intrigues of the court and city, her readers must have more keenly relished on their early publication than "ourselves."

Her Artamenes, or the Great Cyrus, and principally her Clelia, are representations of what then passed at the Court of France. The *Map* of the *Kingdom of Tenderness*, in Clelia, appeared, at the time, as the happiest invention. This celebrated *map* is an allegory which distin-

guishes the different kinds of Tenderness, which are reduced to Esteem, Gratitude, and Inclination. The map represents three rivers, which have these three names, and on which are situated three towns called Tenderness: Tenderness on *Inclination;* Tenderness on *Esteem;* and Tenderness on *Gratitude. Pleasing Attentions,* or *Petit Soins,* is a *village* very beautifully situated. Mademoiselle de Scudery was extremely proud of this little allegorical map; and had a terrible controversy with another writer about its originality.

Some things similar are invented, I think, by Mrs. Barbauld; and a Scale of Health by Dr. Lettsom. Their ingenuity has given a value to these literary amusements.

George Scudery, her brother, her inferior in genius, had a striking singularity of character: —he was perhaps one of the most complete votaries to the universal divinity of Vanity. With a heated imagination, entirely destitute of judgment, his military character was continually exhibiting itself by that peaceful instrument the pen, so that he exhibits a most amusing contrast of ardent feelings in a cool situation; not liberally endowed with genius, but abounding with its semblance in the fire of eccentric gasconade; no man has pourtrayed his own character with a bolder colouring than himself in

his numerous prefaces and addresses. Fortunate man! he was surrounded by a thousand self-illusions of the most sublime class; every thing that related to himself had an Homeric grandeur of conception.

It may amuse to collect these traits of an uncommon character. In an epistle to the Duke of Montmorency, he says, "I will learn to write with my left hand that my right hand may more nobly be devoted to your service;" and alluding to his pen, *(plume,)* declares "he comes from a family who never used one but to stick it in their hats." When he solicits small favours from the Great, he assures them "that Princes must not think him importunate, and that his writings are merely inspired by his own individual interest; no! he exclaims, I am studious only of your glory, while I am careless of my own fortune." And indeed, to do him but justice, he acted up to these romantic feelings. After he had published his Epic of Alaric, Christina of Sweden proposed to honour him with a chain of gold of the value of five hundred pounds, provided he would expunge from his Epic the eulogiums he bestowed on the Count of Gardie, whom she had disgraced. With magnanimity the epical soul of Scudery scorned the bribe and replied, that "If the chain of gold should be as weighty as that chain

mentioned in the history of the Incas, I will never destroy any altar on which I have sacrificed!"

Proud of his affected nobility and erratic life, he addresses one of his prefaces to the reader thus: "You will pass over lightly any faults in my work, if you reflect that I have employed the greater part of my life in seeing the finest parts of Europe, and that I passed more days in the camp than in the library. I have used more matches to light my arquebuse (a sort of musket) than to light my candles. I know better to arrange columns in the field than those on paper; and to square battalions better than to round periods." In his first publication, he began his literary career perfectly in character, by a challenge to his Critics.

He is the author of sixteen plays, chiefly heroic tragedies; children who all bear the features of their father. He first introduced in his "L'Amour Tyrannique" a strict observance of the four and twenty hours, which he drew from Aristotle; and in a preface by Sarrasin the necessity and advantages of this rule are urged; a regulation which the free spirit of the British muse has not submitted to. In his last tragedy, "Arminius," he extravagantly flings his panegyrics about its fifteen predecessors; but of the present he has the most exalted notion: it is the quint-

essence of Scudery! An ingenious Critic calls it "The downfall of Mediocrity!" It is amusing to listen to this blazing preface—"At length, reader, nothing remains for me but to mention the great Arminius which I now present to you, and by which I have resolved to close my long and laborious course. It is indeed my master-piece! and the most finished work that ever came from my pen; for whether we examine the fable, the manners, the sentiments, or the versification, it is certain that I never performed any thing so just, so great, nor more beautiful; and if my labours could ever deserve a crown, I would claim it for this work!"

All the acts of this singular personage were like these writings: and he gives a very pompous description of a most unimportant government which he obtained. He was raised to a miserable command near Marseilles, but all the grandeur existed only in our author's heated imagination. Bachaumont and De la Chapelle, two wits of those times, in their playful "Voyage" describe it with humour:

Mais il faut vous parler du Fort
Qui sans doute est une Merveille;
C'est notre dame de la garde!
Gouvernement commode et beau,
A qui suffit pour tout garde,

Un Suisse avec sa halebarde
Peint sur la porte de chateau!

A fort very commodiously guarded; only requiring one sentinel, and that sentinel a soldier painted on the door!

In a sonnet on his disgust with the world, he tells us how intimate he has been with Princes: Europe has known him through all her provinces; he ventured every thing in a thousand combats:

L'on me vit obeir, l'on me vit commander,
Et mon poil tout poudreux a blanchi sous les armes;
Il est peu de beaux arts ou je ne sois instruit;
En prose et en vers, mon nom fit quelque bruit;
Et par plus d'un chemin je parvins à la gloire!

IMITATED.

Princes were proud my friendship to proclaim,
And Europe gazed, where'er her Hero came!
I grasp'd the laurels of heroic strife,
The thousand perils of a soldier's life!
Obedient in the ranks each toilful day!
Though Heroes soon command, they first obey.
'Twas not for me, too long a time to yield!
Born for a Chieftain in the tented field!
Around my plumed helm, my silvery hair
Hung like an honour'd wreath, of age and care!
The finer arts have charm'd my studious hours,
Vers'd in their mysteries, skilful in their powers;
In verse and prose my equal genius glow'd,
Pursuing glory, by no single road!

Such was the vain George Scudery! whose heart however was warm; poverty could never degrade him; adversity never broke down his magnanimous spirit!

DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THE maxims of this noble author are in the hands of every one. To those who choose to derive every motive and every action from the solitary principle of *self-love*, they are inestimable. They form one continued satire on human nature; but they are not reconcilable to the feelings of him who trembles with the sensibilities of genius, or passes through life with the firm integrity of virtue. There is at court a Malesherbes and a Clarendon, as well as a Rochefoucault and a Chesterfield.

The Duke de la Rochefoucault (says Segrais) had not studied; but he was endowed with a wonderful degree of discernment, and knew the world perfectly well. This afforded him opportunities of making reflections, and reducing into maxims those discoveries which he had made in the heart of man, of which he displayed an admirable knowledge.

It is perhaps worthy of observation that this celebrated French Duke, according to Olivet in

his History of the French academy, could never summon resolution, at his election, to address the academy. He never entered, in consequence of this timidity. He had not even the courage to face an audience and pronounce a few lines of compliment: he whose courage, whose birth, and whose genius, were alike distinguished.

Chesterfield, our English Rochefoucault, we are also informed, possessed an admirable knowledge of the heart of man; and he too has drawn a similar picture of human nature! These are two *noble authors* whose chief studies seem to have been made in *courts.* May it not be possible, allowing these authors not to have written a sentence of apocrypha, that the fault lies not so much in *human nature* as in the satellites of all men in power?

PRIOR'S HANS CARVEL.

THE story of the ring of Hans Carvel, which Fontaine has so prettily set off, and Prior with such gaiety and freedom related, is of very ancient standing, as most of the tales of this kind are.

Menage says that Poggius, who died in 1459, has the merit of its invention; but I suspect he only related a very popular story.

Rabelais, who has given it in his peculiar manner, changed its original name of Philelphus to that of Hans Carvel.

This tale is likewise in the eleventh of *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* collected in 1461, for the amusement of Louis XI. when Dauphin, and living in solitude.

Ariosto has borrowed it, at the end of his fifth Satire; but, by his pleasant manner of relating it, it is fairly appropriated.

In a collection of Novels at Lyons, in 1555, it is also employed, in the eleventh Novel.

Celio Malespini has it again in page 288 of the second part of his Two Hundred Novels, printed at Venice in 1609.

Fontaine, and an anonymous writer who has composed it in Latin Anacreontic verses, have considered the subject worthy of their pens; and at length our Prior has given it in his best manner. After Ariosto, La Fontaine, and Prior, let us hear it no more; yet this has been done.

Voltaire, in one of his Literary Miscellanies, has a curious essay to shew that most of our best modern stories and plots originally belonged to the Eastern Nations, a fact which has been made more evident by recent researches. The Amphitrion of Moliere was an imitation of Plautus, who borrowed it from the Greeks, and they took it from the Indians! It is given by

Dow in his History of Hindostan. In Captain Scott's Tales and Anecdotes from Arabian writers we are surprised in finding that many of our favourites are very ancient inhabitants of the East. —The Ephesian Matron, versified by La Fontaine, was borrowed from the Italians: it is to be found in Petronius, and Petronius had it from the Greeks. But where (says he) did the Greeks find it? In the Arabian Tales! And from whence did the Arabian fabulists borrow it? From the Chinese. And indeed it is to be found in Du Halde, who collected it from the Versions of the Jesuits.

If we were thus nicely to investigate the *genealogy* of our best modern stories, we should often discover their *illegitimate* birth. My well-read and ingenious friend Mr. Douce has for many years collected copious materials for such a work; but his modesty is always too inimical to stimulate him to receive the gratitude of the Curious in Literature.

THE STUDENT IN THE METROPOLIS.

A MAN of Letters, who is more intent on the acquisitions of literature than on the plots of politics, or the speculations of commerce, will find a deeper solitude in a populous metropolis

than if he had retreated to the seclusion of the country.

The Student, as he does not flatter the malevolent passions of men, will not be much incommoded with their presence. Gibbon paints his own situation in the heart of the fashionable world.—"I had not been endowed by art or nature with those happy gifts of confidence and address which unlock every door and every bosom. While coaches were rattling through Bond Street, I have passed many a solitary evening in my lodging with my books. I withdrew without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure." And even after he had published the first volume of his History, he observes that in London his confinement was solitary and sad; "the many forgot my existence when they saw me no longer at Brookes's, and the few who sometimes had a thought on their friend, were detained by business or pleasure, and I was proud and happy if I could prevail on my bookseller, Elmsly, to enliven the dulness of the evening."

A situation, very elegantly described in the beautifully-polished verses of Mr. Rogers, in his "Epistle to a Friend:"

> When from his classic dreams the student steals
> Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,

To muse unnoticed, while around him press
The meteor-forms of equipage and dress;
Alone in wonder lost, he seems to stand
A very stranger in his native land.

And he then compares him to one of the seven sleepers in the ancient Legend.

A letter of *Descartes* who, incapable as he found his great soul to bend to the servilities of the courtier, was preparing to retire from court — will illustrate these sentiments with great force and vivacity. *Descartes* then resided in the commercial city of Amsterdam; and thus writes to Balzac—

"You wish to retire; and your intention is to seek the solitude of the Chartreux, or, possibly, some of the most beautiful provinces of France and Italy. I would rather advise you, if you wish to observe mankind, and at the same time to lose yourself in the deepest solitude, to join me in Amsterdam. I prefer this situation to that even of your delicious villa, where I spent so great a part of the last year; for however agreeable a country-house may be, a thousand little conveniences are wanted, which can only be found in a city. One is not alone so frequently in the country as one could wish: a number of impertinent visitors are continually besieging you. Here, as all the world, except myself, is occupied in commerce, it depends

merely on myself to live unknown to the world. I walk every day amongst immense ranks of people, with as much tranquillity as you do in your green alleys. The men I meet with make the same impression on my mind as would the trees of your forests, or the flocks of sheep grazing on your common. The busy hum, too, of these merchants does not disturb one more than the purling of your brooks. If sometimes I amuse myself in contemplating their anxious motions, I receive the same pleasure which you do in observing those men who cultivate your land; for I reflect that the end of all their labours is to embellish the city which I inhabit, and to anticipate all my wants. If you contemplate with delight the fruits of your orchards, with all the rich promises of abundance, do you think I feel less in observing so many fleets that convey to me the productions of either India? What spot on earth could you find, which, like this, can so interest your vanity and gratify your taste?

THE TALMUD.

THE JEWS have their TALMUD; the CATHOLICK their LEGENDS of Saints; and the TURKS their SONNAH. The PROTESTANT has nothing

but his BIBLE. The former are three kindred works. Men have imagined that the more there is to be believed, the more are the merits of the believer. Hence all *Traditionists* form the orthodox and the strongest party. The word of God is simple, easy of belief, and dear to humanity. But the vast heaps of additional matter invented by a certain order of men connected with religious duties, were once, and still are, considered as worthy of religious credence. They ought now, however, to be regarded rather as CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE, and the recreations of the Philosopher. I give a sufficiently ample account of the TALMUD and the LEGENDS; but of the SONNAH I only know that it is a collection of the traditional opinions of the Turkish Prophets, directing the observance of petty superstitions not mentioned in the Khoran.

The TALMUD is a collection of Jewish traditions, which have been *orally* preserved. It comprizes the MISHNA, which is the text, and the GEMARA, its commentary. The whole forms a complete system of the Learning, Ceremonies, Civil and Canon Laws of the Jews; treating indeed on all subjects; even Gardening, Manual Arts, &c. The rigid Jews have persuaded themselves that these traditional explications are of divine origin. The Pentateuch,

say they, was written out by their legislator before his death in thirteen copies, distributed among the twelve tribes, and the remaining one deposited in the Ark. The oral law, Moses continually taught, in the Sanhedrim, to the Elders and the rest of the people. The Law was repeated four times, but the interpretation was delivered only by *word of mouth* from generation to generation. In the fortieth year of the flight from Egypt the memory of the people became treacherous, and Moses was constrained to repeat this oral law, which had been conveyed by successive traditionists. Such is the account of honest David Levi: and the creed of every Rabbin.—David believed in every thing, but in Jesus.

This history of the Talmud some may be inclined to suppose apocryphal. The earliest times in which these traditions first appeared, the keenest controversy has never been able to determine. It cannot be denied that there existed traditions among the Jews in the time of Jesus Christ. About the second century they were industriously collected by Rabbi Juda the holy, the prince of the Rabbins; who enjoyed the favour of Antoninus Pius. He has the merit of giving some order to this very multifarious collection.

It appears that the Talmud was compiled by

certain Jewish doctors, who were solicited for this purpose by their nation, that they might have something to oppose to their Christian adversaries.

The learned W. Wotton, in his curious "Discourses" on the traditions of the Scribes and Pharisees, in two volumes, 1718, supplies a very good analysis of this vast collection; he has entirely translated two titles of this code of traditional laws with the original text and the notes.

There are two Talmuds: the Jerusalem and the Babylonian. The last is the most esteemed, because it is the most bulky.

R. Juda, the Prince of the Rabbins, committed to writing all these traditions, and arranged them under six general heads, called Orders or Classes. Every *Order* is formed of *Treatises:* every *Treatise* is divided into *Chapters,* and every *Chapter* into *Mishnas,* or *Aphorisms.* In the *first* part is discussed what relates to *Seeds, Fruits,* and *Trees.* In the *second, Feasts.* In the *third, Women,* their Duties, their *Disorders, Marriages, Divorces, Contracts,* and *Nuptials.* In the *fourth,* are treated the Damages or Losses sustained by Beasts or Men; of *Things found; Deposits; Usuries; Rents; Farms; Partnerships* in Commerce; *Inheritance; Sales* and *Purchases; Oaths; Witnesses; Arrests; Idolatry;* and here are named those

by whom the Oral Law was received and preserved. In the *fifth* part are noticed *Sacrifices* and *holy things:* and the *sixth* treats on *Purifications; Vessels; Furniture; Cloaths; Houses; Leprosy; Baths;* and numerous other articles. All this forms the MISHNA, or *Mixtures,* delivered in aphorisms.

The GEMARA, that is, the *Complement,* or *Perfection,* contains the DISPUTES and the OPINIONS of the RABBINS on the oral traditions. Their last decisions. It must be confessed that absurdities are sometimes elucidated by other absurdities; but there are many admirable things in this vast repository. The Jews have such veneration for this compilation, that they compare the holy writings to *water,* and the Talmud to *wine;* the text of Moses to *pepper,* the Talmud to *aromatics.* They also tell us, that of the twelve hours of which the day is composed, *God* employs nine to study the Talmud, and only three to read the written law!

St. Jerome appears evidently to allude to this work, and notices its "Old Wives Tales," and the filthiness of some of its matters. The truth is, that the Rabbins resembled the Jesuits and Casuists; and Sanchez's work on "*Matrimonio*" is well known to agitate matters with such *scrupulous niceties,* as to become the most offensive thing possible. But as among the School-

men and the Casuists there have been great men, the same happened to these Gemaraists. Maimonides was a pillar of light among their darkness. The antiquity of this work is of itself sufficient to make it very curious.

A specimen of the topics may be shewn from the table and contents of "Mishnic Titles." In the order of Seeds, we find the following heads, which present no uninteresting picture of the pastoral and pious ceremonies of the ancient Jews.

The Mishna, entitled the *Corner*, i. e. of the field. The laws of gleaning are commanded according to Levitieus; xix. 9, 10. Of the corner to be left in a corn-field. When the corner is due, and when not. Of the forgotten sheaf. Of ears of corn left in gathering. Of grapes left upon the vine. Of olives left upon the trees. When and where the poor may lawfully glean. What sheaf, or olives, or grapes, may be looked upon to be forgotten, and what not. Who proper witnesses concerning the poor's due, to exempt it from tithing, &c. They distinguish uncircumcised fruit:—it is unlawful to eat of the fruit of any tree till the fifth year of its growth: that is, the first three years of its bearing, it is uncircumcised; the fourth is offered to God; and the fifth it may be eaten.

The Mishna, entitled *Heterogeneous Mix-*

tures, contains several curious horticultural particulars. Of divisions between garden-beds and fields, that the produce of the several sorts of grains or seeds may appear distinct. Of the distance between every species. Distances between vines planted in corn-fields from one another and from the corn; between vines planted against hedges, walls, or espaliers and any thing sowed near them. Various cases relating to vineyards planted near any forbidden seeds.

In their seventh, or sabbatical year, in which the produce of all estates was given up to the poor, one of their regulations is on the different work which must not be omitted in the sixth year, lest (because the seventh being devoted to the poor) the produce should be unfairly diminished, and the public benefit arising from this law be eluded. Of whatever is not perennial, and produced that year by the earth, no money may be made; but what is perennial may be sold.

On priest's tithes, we have a regulation concerning eating the fruits they are carrying to the place where they are to be separated.

The order of *Women* is very copious. A husband is obliged to forbid his wife to keep a particular man's company before two witnesses. Of the waters of Jealousy by which a suspected

woman is to be tried by drinking, we find many mple particulars. The ceremonies of cloathing the accused woman at her trial. Pregnant women, or who suckle, are not obliged to drink; for the Rabbins seem to be well convinced of the effects of the imagination. Of their divorces many are the laws; and care is taken to particularise bills of divorces written by men in delirium or dangerously ill. One party of the Rabbins will not allow of any divorce unless something light was found in the woman's character, while another (the Pharisees) allow divorces even when a woman has only been so unfortunate as to suffer her husband's soup to be burnt!

In the order of *damages*, containing rules how to tax the damages done by man or beast, or other casualties, their distinctions are as nice as their cases are numerous. What beasts are innocent and what convict. By the one they mean creatures not naturally used to do mischief in any particular way; and by the other, those that naturally, or by a vicious habit, are mischievous that way. The tooth of a beast is convict when it is proved to eat its usual food, the property of another man; and full restitution must be made; but if a beast that is used to eat fruits and herbs gnaws cloaths or damages tools, which are not its usual food, the owner of the beast shall pay but half

the damage when it is committed in the property of the injured person; but if the injury is committed in the property of the person who does the damage, he is free, because the beast gnawed what was not its usual food. As thus; if the beast of A gnaws or tears the cloaths of B, in B's house or grounds, A shall pay half the damages; but if B's cloaths are injured in A's grounds by A's beast, A is free, for what had B to do to put his cloaths in A's grounds? They made such subtile distinctions, as when an ox gores a man or beast, the law inquired into the habits of the beast; whether it was an ox that used to gore, or an ox that was not used to gore. However, these niceties, sometimes very acute, were often ridiculous. No beast could be *convicted* of being vicious till evidence was given that he had done mischief three successive days; but if he leaves off those vicious tricks for three days more, he is innocent again. An ox may be convict of goring an ox, and not a man, or of goring a man and not an ox: nay, of goring on the sabbath, and not on a working day. Their aim was to make the punishment depend on the proofs of the *design* of the beast that did the injury; but this attempt evidently led them to many far-fetched distinctions. Thus some Rabbins say that the morning prayer of the *Shema* must be read at the time they can

distinguish *blue* from *white*; but another, more indulgent, insists it may be when we can distinguish *blue* from *green!* which latter colours are so near a-kin as to require a stronger light. With the same remarkable acuteness in distinguishing things, which they are perpetually displaying, is their law respecting not touching fire on the sabbath. Among those who are specified in this constitution, the Rabbins allow the minister to look over young children by lamp-light, but he shall not read himself. The minister is forbidden to *read* by lamp-light, lest he should trim his lamp; but he may direct the children where they should read, because that is quickly done, and there would be no danger of his trimming his lamp in their presence, or suffering any of them to do it in his. All these regulations, which some may conceive as minute and frivolous, shew a great intimacy with the human heart, and a spirit of profound observation which had been capable of achieving great purposes.

The owner of an innocent beast only pays half the costs for the mischief incurred. Man is always convict, and for all mischief he does he must pay full costs. However there are casual damages,—as when a man pours water accidentally on another man; or makes a thorn-hedge which annoys his neighbour; or falling

down, and another by stumbling on him incurs harm; how such compensations are to be made. He that has a vessel of another's in keeping, and removes it, but in the removal breaks it, must swear to his own integrity: i. e. that he had no design to break it. All offensive or noisy trades were to be carried on at a certain distance from a town. Where there is an estate, the sons inherit, and the daughters are maintained; but if there is not enough for all, the daughters are maintained, and the sons must get their living as they can, or even beg. The contrary to this excellent ordination has been observed in Europe.

These few titles may enable the reader to form a general notion of the several subjects on which the Mishna treats. The Gemara or Commentary is often overloaded with ineptitudes and ridiculous subtilties. For instance, in the article of "Negative Oaths." If a man swears he will eat no bread, and does eat all sorts of bread, in that case the perjury is but one; but if he swears that he will eat neither barley, nor wheaten, nor rye-bread, the perjury is multiplied as he multiplies his eating of the several sorts.—Again, the Pharisees and the Sadducees had strong differences about touching the holy writings with their hands. The Doctors ordained that whoever touched the

book of the law must not eat of the Truma (first fruits of the wrought produce of the ground), till they had washed their hands. The reason they gave was this. In times of persecution they used to hide those sacred books in secret places, and good men would lay them out of the way when they had done reading them. It was possible then that these Rolls of the Law might be gnawed by *mice*. The hands then that touched these books when they took them out of the places where they had laid them up, were supposed to be unclean, so far as to disable them from eating the Truma till they were washed. On that account they made this a general rule, that if any part of the *Bible* (except *Ecclesiastes*, because that excellent book their sagacity accounted less holy than the rest) or their Phylacteries, or the strings of their Phylacteries, were touched by one who had a right to eat the Truma, he might not eat it till he had washed his hands. A sufficient evidence of that superstitious trifling for which the Pharisees and the later Rabbins have been so justly reprobated.

They were absurdly minute in the literal observance of their vows, and as shamefully subtile in their artful evasion of them. The Pharisees could be easy enough to themselves when convenient, and always as hard and unrelenting

as possible to all others. They quibbled, and dissolved their vows with experienced casuistry. Jesus reproaches the Pharisees in Matthew xv. and Mark vii. for flagrantly violating the fifth commandment, by allowing the vow of a son, made in hasty anger perhaps, its full force, when he had sworn that his father should never be the better for him, or any thing he had, and by which an indigent father might be suffered to starve. There is an express case to this purpose in the Mishna, in the title of *Vows*. The reader may be amused by the story.—A man made a vow that his *father should not profit by him*. This man afterwards made a wedding-feast for his own son, and wishes his father should be present; but he cannot invite him because he is tied up by his vow. He invented this expedient:—he makes a gift of the court in which the feast was to be kept, and of the feast itself, to a third person in trust, that his father should be invited by that third person with the other company whom he at first designed. This third person then says,—If these things you thus give me are mine, I will dedicate them to God, and then none of you all can be the better for them. The son replied,—I did not give them to you that you should consecrate them. Then the third man said,—Your's was no donation, only you were

willing to eat and drink with your father. Thus, says R. Judah, they dissolved each other's intentions; and when the case came before the Rabbins, they decreed, that a gift which may not be consecrated by the person to whom it is given, is not a gift.

The following is a curious extract from the Talmud, and exhibits a very subtile mode of reasoning, which the Jews adopted when the learned of Rome sought to win them over to idolatrous worship. It forms an entire Misna, in the fourth division entitled *Seder Nezikin*, Avoda Zara, iv. 7. on idolatrous worship; and is translated by the learned Wotton in his curious and ample account of the Talmud.

"Some Roman senators examined the Jews in this manner:—If God had no delight in the worship of idols, why did he not destroy them? The Jews made answer,—If men had worshipped only things of which the world had had no need, he would have destroyed the objects of their worship; but they also worship the sun and moon, stars and planets; and then he must have destroyed his world for the sake of these deluded men. But still, said the Romans, why does not God destroy the things which the world does not want, and leave those things which the world cannot be without? Because, replied the Jews, this would strengthen the

hands of such as worship these necessary things, who would then say,—Ye allow now that these are Gods, since they are not destroyed."

RABBINICAL STORIES.

THE preceding article furnishes some of the more serious investigations to be found in the Talmud. Its levities, however puerile, may amuse. I leave untouched the gross obscenities and immoral decisions. The Talmud contains a vast collection of stories, apologues, and jests, which probably are mostly derived from an Eastern origin. Their wildness, and sometimes their ingenuity, are in the Arabian manner. Many are extravagantly puerile, and designed merely to recreate and astonish their young students. When a Rabbin was asked the reason of so much nonsense, he replied that the ancients had a custom of introducing music in their lectures, which accompaniment made them more agreeable; but that not having musical instruments in the schools, the Rabbins invented these strange stories to awaken attention. This was ingeniously said; but they make miserable work when they pretend that these dreams of a feverish wit contain the sublimest truths, and attempt a mystical interpretation of their literal signification.

Of these stories there are a few finely imagined; but many display a vein of pleasantry and shrewdness, and at times have a wildness of invention which sufficiently mark the features of an Eastern parent. These Rabbinical stories, and the LEGENDS of the Catholics, though they will be despised, and are too often despicable, yet, as the great Lord Bacon said of some of these legendary inventions, they may "serve for winter talk by the fire-side."

In 1711, a German professor of the Oriental languages, Dr. Eisenmenger, published in two large volumes quarto, his "Judaism discovered," a ponderous labour, of which the scope was to ridicule the Jewish traditions.

I shall give a dangerous adventure into which King David was drawn by the devil. The King one day hunting, Satan appeared before him in the likeness of a roe. David discharged an arrow at him, but missed his aim. He pursued the feigned roe into the land of the Philistines. Ishbi, the brother of Goliath, instantly recognised the King as him who had slain that giant. He bound him, and bended him neck and heels, and laid him under a winepress in order to press him to death. A miracle saves David. The earth beneath him became soft, and Ishbi could not press wine out of him. That evening in the Jewish con-

gregation a dove, whose wings were covered with silver, appeared in great perplexity; and evidently signified the King of Israel was in trouble. Abishai, one of the King's counsellors, inquiring for the King, and finding him absent, is at a loss to proceed, for according to the Mishna, no one may ride on the King's horse, nor sit upon his throne, nor use his sceptre. The school of the Rabbins however allowed these things in time of danger. On this Abishai vaults on David's horse, and (with an Oriental metaphor) the land of the Philistines leaped to him instantly. Arrived at Ishbi's house, he beholds his mother Orpa spinning. Perceiving the Israelite, she snatched up her spinning-wheel and threw it at him, to kill him; but not hitting him, she desired him to bring the spinning-wheel to her. He did not do this exactly, but returned it to her in such a way that she never asked any more for her spinning-wheel. When Ishbi saw this, and recollecting that David, though tied up neck and heels, was still under the wine-press, he cried out, "There are now two, who will destroy me!" So he threw David high up into the air, and stuck his spear into the ground, in order that David would fall upon it and perish. But Abishai pronounced the magical name which the Talmudists frequently make use of, and it

caused David to hover between earth and heaven, so that he fell not down! Both at length unite against Ishbi, and observing that two young lions should kill one lion, find no difficulty in getting rid of the brother of Goliath.

Of Solomon, another favourite hero of the Talmudists, a fine Arabian story is told. This King was an adept in necromancy, and a male and a female devil were always in waiting for any emergency. It is observable, that the Arabians who have many stories concerning Solomon, always describe him as a magician. His adventures with Aschmedai, the prince of devils, are numerous; and they both (the King and the Devil) served one another many a slippery trick. One of the most remarkable is when Aschmedai, who was prisoner to Solomon, the King having contrived to possess himself of the Devil's seal-ring, and chained him, one day offered to answer an unholy question put to him by Solomon, provided he returned him his seal-ring and loosened his chain. The impertinent curiosity of Solomon induced him to commit this folly. Instantly Aschmedai swallowed the monarch, and stretching out his wings up to the firmament of heaven, one of his feet remaining on the earth, he spit out Solomon four hundred leagues from him. This was done so privately that no one knew any thing of the

matter. Aschmedai then assumed the likeness of Solomon, and sat on his throne. From that hour did Solomon say, "*This* then is the reward of all my labour," according to Ecclesiasticus, i. 3.; which *this* means, one Rabbin says, his walking staff; and another insists was his ragged coat. For Solomon went a begging from door to door; and wherever he came he uttered these words: "I, the preacher, was king over Israel in Jerusalem." At length coming before the council, and still repeating these remarkable words, without addition or variation, the Rabbins said, "This means something; for a fool is not constant in his tale!" They asked the chamberlain if the king frequently saw him? and he replied to them, No! Then they sent to the Queens, to ask if the King came into their apartments? and they answered, Yes! The Rabbins then sent them a message to take notice of his feet; for the feet of devils are like the feet of cocks. The Queens acquainted them that his Majesty always came in slippers, but forced them to embraces at times forbidden by the law. He had attempted to lay with his [illegible] Bathsheba, whom he had almost torn t[illegible]; this the Rabbins assembled in great haste, and taking the beggar with them, they gave him the ring and the chain in which the great

magical name was engraven, and led him to the Palace. Aschmedai was sitting on the throne as the real Solomon entered; but instantly he shrieked and flew away. Yet to his last day was Solomon afraid of the Prince of Devils, and had his bed guarded by the valiant men of Israel, as is written in Cant. iii. 7, 8.

They frequently display much humour in their inventions, as in the following account of the manners and morals of an infamous town which derided all justice. There were in Sodom four Judges, who were liars, and deriders of justice. When any one had struck his neighbour's wife and caused her to miscarry, these Judges thus counselled the husband: "Give her to the offender that he may get her with child for thee." When any one had cut off an ear of his neighbour's ass, they said to the owner,—"Let him have the ass till the ear is grown again, that it may be returned to thee as thou wishest." When any one had wounded his neighbour, they told the wounded man to "give him a fee, for letting him blood." A toll was exacted in passing a certain bridge; but if any one chose to wade through the water, or walk round about to save it, he was condemned to a double toll. Eleasar, Abraham's servant, came thither, and they wounded him. —When before the Judge he was ordered to

pay his fee for having his blood let, Eleasar flung a stone at the Judge and wounded him; on which the Judge said to him,—What meaneth this? Eleasar replied,—Give him who wounded me the fee that is due to myself for wounding thee. The people of this town had a bedstead on which they laid travellers who asked to rest. If any one was too long for it, they cut off his legs; and if he was shorter than the bedstead, they strained him to its head and foot. When a beggar came to this town, every one gave him a penny on which was inscribed the donor's name; but they would sell him no bread, nor let him escape. When the beggar died from hunger, then they came about him, and each man took back his penny. These stories are curious morsels of keen mockery and malice, seasoned with humour. It is said some of the famous decisions of Sancho Panca are to be found in the Talmud.

Abraham is said to have been jealous of his wives, and built an enchanted city for them. He built an iron city and put them in.—The walls were so high and dark [illegible] could not be seen in it. He gave them [illegible] filled with pearls and jewels, which gave [illegible] this dark city equal to the [illegible] seems, when in the ark had no [illegible] jewels and pearls. Abraham in travelling to

Egypt brought with him a chest. At the custom-house the officers exacted the duties. Abraham would have readily paid, but desired they would not open the chest. They first insisted on the duty for cloaths, which Abraham consented to pay; but then they thought by his ready acquiescence that it might be gold.—Abraham consents to pay for gold. They now suspected it might be silk. Abraham was willing to pay for silk, or more costly pearls; and Abraham generously consented to pay as if the chest contained the most valuable of things. It was then they resolved to open and examine the chest. And behold as soon as that chest was opened, that great lustre of human beauty broke out which made such a noise in the land of Egypt; it was Sarah herself! The jealous Abraham, to conceal her beauty, had locked her in this chest.

The whole creation in these Rabbinical fancies is strangely made gigantic and vast. The works of Eastern nations are full of these descriptions; and Hesiod's Theogony, and Milton's Battles of Angels, are puny in comparison of these Rabbinical heroes, or Rabbinical things. Mountains are hurled with all their woods with great ease, and creatures start into existence too terrible for our conceptions. The winged Monster in the "Arabian Nights," called the

Roc, is evidently one of the creatures of Rabbinical fancy; it would sometimes, when very hungry, seize and fly away with an Elephant. Capt. Cook found a bird's nest in an island near New-Holland, built with sticks on the ground, six and twenty feet in circumference and near three feet in height. But of the Rabbinical birds, fish, and animals, it is not probable any circumnavigators will ever trace even the slightest vestige or resemblance.

One of their birds, when it spreads its wings, blots out the sun. An egg from another fell out of its nest, and the white thereof broke and glued about three hundred cedar-trees, and overflowed a village. One of them stands up to the lower joint of the leg in a river, and some mariners imagining the water was not deep, were hastening to bathe, when a voice from heaven said,—Step not in there, for seven years ago a carpenter dropped his axe in there, and it hath not yet reached the bottom!

The following passage concerning fat geese is perfectly in the style of these Rabbins. "A Rabbin (says he) once saw in a desert a flock of geese so fat that their feathers fell off, and the rivers flowed in fat. Then said I to them, shall we have part of you in the other world when the Messiah shall come? And one of them lifted up a wing, and another a leg,

to signify these parts we should have. We should otherwise have had all parts of these geese; but we Israelites shall be called to an account touching these fat geese, because their sufferings are owing to us. It is our iniquities that have delayed the coming of the Messiah, and these geese suffer greatly by reason of their excessive fat, which daily and daily increases, and will increase till the Messiah comes!

What the manna was which fell in the wilderness has often been disputed, and still is disputable: it was sufficient for the Rabbins to have found in the Bible that the taste of it was "as a wafer made with honey," for them to have raised their fancy to its pitch. They declare it was "like oil to children, honey to old men, and cakes to middle age." It had every kind of taste except that of cucumbers, melons, garlick, and onions, and leeks, for these were those Egyptian roots which the Israelites so much regretted to have lost. This manna had, however, the quality to accommodate itself to the palate of those who did not murmur in the wilderness; and to these it became fish, flesh, or fowl.

The Rabbins never advance an absurdity without quoting a text in scripture; and to substantiate this fact they quote Deut. ii. 7. where it is said, "through this great wilder-

ness, these forty years the Lord thy God hath been with thee, and *thou hast lacked nothing*." St. Austin repeats this explanation of the Rabbins, that the faithful found in this manna the taste of their favourite food! However, the Israelites could not have found these benefits as the Rabbins tell us, for in Numbers xi. 6. they exclaim, "There is *nothing at all besides this manna* before our eyes!" They had just said that they remembered the melons, cucumbers, &c. which they had eaten of so freely in Egypt. One of the hyperboles of the Rabbins is, that the manna fell in such mountains that the kings of the East and the West beheld them; which they found in a passage in the 23d Psalm: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies!" These may serve as specimens of the forced interpretations on which their grotesque fables are founded.

Their detestation of Titus, their great conqueror, appears by the following wild invention. —After having narrated certain things too shameful to read, of a prince whom Josephus describes in far different colours, they relate that on sea Titus tauntingly observed in a great storm that the God of the Jews was very powerful on the water, and that therefore he had succeeded in drowning Pharaoh and Sisera. "Had he been strong he would have waged

with me in Jerusalem." On uttering this blasphemy, a voice from heaven said, "Wicked man! I have a little creature in the world which shall wage war with thee!" When Titus landed, a gnat entered his nostrils, and for seven years together made holes in his brains. When his skull was opened the gnat was found as large as a pigeon: the mouth of the gnat was of copper, and the claws of iron.

That however there are some beautiful inventions in the Talmud I refer to the story of "Solomon and Sheba," which the reader will find in the present volume.

ON THE CUSTOM OF SALUTING AFTER SNEEZING.

Some Catholics—says Father Feyjoo—have attributed the origin of this custom to the ordinance of a pope—Saint Gregory—who is said to have instituted a short prayer to be used on such occasions at a time when a pestilence raged; the crisis of which was attended by *sneezing*, and in most cases followed by *death*.

The Rabbins have a tale, that before Jacob, men never sneezed but *once*, and then immediately *died*: that Patriarch, say they, obtained the revocation of this law; the memory of which was ordered to be preserved in *all na-*

tions by a command of every prince to his subjects to employ some salutary exclamation after the act of sneezing.

These accounts are, probably, the fictions of pious men dreaming on their Talmud. The inquiries of Aristotle concerning this strange circumstance, and the allusions to it in Apuleius, Petronius, Pliny, and others, prove it however to have existed many ages prior to Saint Gregory; and it is related, in a Memoir of the French Academy of Sciences, to have been found practised in the New World on the first discovery of America. This is not only said to be a fact, but some writers also give us an amusing account of the ceremonies which attend the *sneezing* of a King of Monomotapa —Those who are near his person, when this happens, salute him in so loud a tone that persons in the antichamber hear it, and join in the acclamation; in the adjoining apartments they do the same, till the noise reaches the street, and becomes propagated throughout the city; so that, at each sneeze of his majesty, results a most horrid cry from the salutations of many thousands of his vassals.

When the king of Sennar sneezes, his courtiers immediately turn their backs on him, and give a loud slap on their right thigh.

It appears from various ancient authorities

sneezing from the *right* was considered as an auspicious omen by the ancients; and Plutarch, in his life of Themistocles says, that before a naval battle it was a sign of conquest! Catullus in his pleasing poem of Acme and Septimius, makes this action from the deity of Love from the *left* the source of his fiction. The passage has been elegantly versified by a poetical friend, who finds authority that the Gods sneezing on the *right* in *heaven*, is supposed to come to us on *earth* on the *left*.

Cupid *sneezing* in his flight
Once was heard upon the *right*
Boding woe to lovers true;
But now upon the *left* he flew,
And with sportive *sneeze* divine,
Gave of joy the sacred sign.
Acme bent her lovely face,
Flush'd with rapture's rosy grace,
And those eyes that swam in bliss,
Prest with many a breathing kiss;
Breathing, murmuring, soft, and low,
Thus might life for ever flow!
"Love of my life, and life of love!
Cupid rules our fates above,
Ever let us vow to join
In homage at his happy shrine."
Cupid heard the lovers true,
Again upon the *left* he flew,
And with sportive *sneeze* divine
Renewed of joy the *sacred sign!*

That a custom so universally prevalent should have no plausible reason to support it, is rather curious.

Aristotle gives this ridiculous reason why we *sneeze twice* once after another. It is, he says, because we have *two nostrils*! but he considers the custom of salutation after sneezing as an honourable acknowledgement of our *brain*, the seat of good sense and genius.

BONAVENTURE DE PERIERS.

A HAPPY art in the relation of a story is, doubtless, a very agreeable talent—it has obtained La Fontaine all the applause his charming *naiveté* deserves.

"*Bonaventure de Periers, Valet de Chambre de la Royne de Navarre,*" of whom the French have three little volumes of Tales in prose, shews that pleasantry and sportive vein in which the tales of that time frequently abound. His style is now, in many places, obsolete; neither could we frequently discover his sense without the aid of his commentator, M. de la Monnoye; from whose edition, in three volumes, I have extracted the following short anecdote, not as the best specimen of our scarce author, but as it introduces a novel etymology of a word in great use.

A student at law, who studied at Poitiers, had tolerably improved himself in cases of equity; not that he was overburthened with learning, but his chief deficiency was a want of assurance and confidence to display his knowledge. His father passing by Poitiers, recommended him to read aloud, and to render his memory more prompt by continued exercise. To obey the injunctions of his father he determined to read at the *Ministery*. In order to obtain a certain assurance, he went every day into a garden, which was a very secret spot, being at a distance from any house, and where there grew a great number of fine large cabbages. Thus for a long time he pursued his studies, and repeated his lectures to these cabbages, addressing them by the title of *Gentlemen*; and balancing his periods to them as if they had composed an audience of scholars. After a fortnight or three weeks preparation, he thought it was high time to take the *chair*; imagining that he should be able to lecture his scholars as well as he had before done his cabbages. He comes forward, he begins his oration—but before a dozen words his tongue freezes between his teeth! Confused and hardly knowing where he was, all he could bring out was—*Domini, Ego bene video quod non estis caules*; that is to say—for there are some who

will have every thing in plain English—*Gentlemen, I now clearly see you are not cabbages!* In the *garden* he could conceive the *cabbages* to be *scholars*; but in the *chair*, he could not conceive the *scholars* to be *cabbages*.

"The hall of the School of Equity at Poitiers, where the institutes were read, was called *La Ministerie*. On which head, Florimond de Remond, (book vii. ch. 11.) speaking of Albert Babinot, one of the first disciples of Calvin, after having said he was called "The *good man*," adds, that, because he had been a Student of the Institutes at this *Ministerie* of Poitiers, Calvin, and others, stiled him *Mr. Minister*; from whence, afterwards, *Calvin* took occasion to give the name of MINISTERS to the pastors of his church."

GROTIUS.

THE Life of Grotius has been written by De Burigny.

The following anecdotes form a biographic sketch which instructs. They shew the singular felicity of a man of letters having a father who promoted his studies; and in what manner a student can pass his hours in the closest imprisonment. The gate of the prison has sometimes been the porch of fame.

Grotius was born with the happiest dispositions: he was studious from his infancy. He received from Nature the qualities of genius; and was so fortunate as to find in his father a pious and able Mentor. The younger Grotius, in imitation of Horace, has celebrated in verse his gratitude for so good a father.

One of the most interesting circumstances in the life of this great man, and which most strongly marks the power of his genius, and the fortitude of his courage, is displayed in the manner in which he employed his time during his imprisonment. It does honour to religion and to science: it eminently proves the consolations which are reserved for the philosopher. When another is condemned to exile and captivity, if he lives, he despairs: the man of letters counts those days as the sweetest of his life.

When a prisoner at the Hague, he laboured on a Latin essay on the means of terminating religious disputes, which occasion so many infelicities in the State, in the Church, and in families; when he was carried to Louvestein, he resumed his law studies, which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philosophy, which engaged him to translate the maxims of the ancient poets, collected by Stobæus, and the fragments

of Menander and Philemon. Every Sunday was devoted to read the Scriptures, and to write his Commentaries on the New Testament. In the course of this work he fell ill, but as soon as he recovered his health he composed his Treatise, in Dutch verse, on the Truth of the Christian Religion. Sacred and profane authors occupied him alternately. His only mode of refreshing his mind was to pass from one work to another. He sent to Vossius his Observations on the Tragedies of Seneca. He wrote several other works: particularly a little Catechism, in verse, for his daughter Cornelia: and, to conclude, he collected materials to form his Apology. Add to these various labours an extensive correspondence he held with the learned and his friends; and it is observed, his letters were so many treatises. Although his talents produced thus abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim here that his soul was not imprisoned.

Perhaps the most sincere eulogium, and the most grateful to this illustrious scholar, was that which he received at the hour of his death.

When this great man was travelling to Holland, he was suddenly struck by the hand of Death, at the village of Rostock. The parish minister, who was called in his last moments, ignorant who the dying man was, began to go

the trite things said on those occasions. Grotius, who saw there was no time to lose in frivolous exhortations, as he found himself almost at the last gasp, turned to him, and told him, that he needed not those exhortations; and he concluded by saying, *Sum Grotius.*—I am Grotius. *Tu magnus ille Grotius?*—"What! are you the great Grotius?" interrogated the minister.—What an eulogium!

NOBLEMEN TURNED CRITICS.

I offer to the contemplation of those unfortunate mortals who are necessitated to undergo the criticisms of *Lords*, this pair of anecdotes—

Soderini, the Gonfaloniere of Florence, having had a statue made by the great *Michael Angelo*, when it was finished came to inspect it; and having for some time sagaciously considered it, poring now on the face, then on the arms, the knees, the form of the leg, and at length on the foot itself; the statue being of such perfect beauty, he found himself at a loss to display his powers of criticism, but by lavishing his praise. But only to praise, might appear as if there had been an obtuseness in the keenness of his criticism. He trembled to find a fault, but a fault must be found. At length he ventured to mutter something con-

cerning the nose; it might, he thought, be something more Grecian. *Angelo* differed from his Grace, but he said he would attempt to gratify his taste. He took up his chissel, and concealed some marble-dust in his hand; feigning to retouch the part, he adroitly let fall some of the dust he held concealed. The cardinal observing it as it fell, transported at the idea of his critical acumen, exclaimed—"Ah, *Angelo!* you have now given an inimitable grace!"

When Pope was first introduced to read his Iliad to Lord Halifax, the noble Critic did not venture to be dissatisfied with so perfect a composition: but, like the cardinal, this passage, and that word, this turn, and that expression, formed the broken cant of his criticisms. The honest poet was stung with vexation; for, in general, the parts at which his lordship hesitated were those of which he was most satisfied. As he returned home with Sir Samuel Garth he revealed to him the anxiety of his mind. "Oh," replied Garth, laughing, "you are not so well acquainted with his lordship as myself; he must criticise. At your next visit read to him those very passages as they now stand; tell him that you have recollected his criticisms; and I'll warrant you of his approbation of them. This is what I have done a hundred times myself."

Pope made use of this stratagem; it took, like the marble-dust of *Angelo;* and my lord, like the cardinal, exclaimed—"Dear *Pope*, they are now inimitable!"

LITERARY IMPOSTURES.

Some Authors have practised singular Impositions on the public. Varillas, the French historian, enjoyed for some time a great reputation in his own country for his historic compositions. When they became more known, the scholars of other countries destroyed the reputation he had unjustly acquired. "His continual professions of sincerity prejudiced many in his favour, and made him pass for a writer who had penetrated into the inmost recesses of the cabinet: but the public were at length undeceived, and were convinced that the historical anecdotes which Varillas put off for authentic facts, had no foundation, being wholly his own inventing!—though he endeavoured to make them pass for realities by affected citations of titles, instructions, letters, memoirs, and relations, all of them imaginary!"

Thevenot, librarian to the French king, was never out of Europe; yet he has composed two folio volumes of "Voyages and Travels," 1696, by information and memoirs which he collected

from those who had travelled; but travels at second-hand must be pregnant with errors of all kinds.

Gemelli Carreri, a Neapolitan gentleman, for many years never quitted his chamber; confined by a tedious indisposition, he amused himself with writing a *voyage round the world*; giving characters of men, and descriptions of countries, as if he had really visited them. Du Halde, who has written so voluminous an account of China, compiled it from the Memoirs of the Missionaries, and never travelled ten leagues from Paris in his life; though he appears, by his writings, to be very familiar with Chinese scenery.

Damberger's travels lately made a great sensation—and the public were duped; they proved to be the ideal voyages made by a member of the German Grub-street, about his own garret! I am sorry to add that too many of our "Travels" have been manufactured to fill a certain size; and some which bear names of great authority, were not written by the professed authors.

This is an excellent observation of an anonymous author:—*Writers* who never visited foreign countries, and *Travellers* who have run through immense regions with fleeting pace, have given us long accounts of various countries and people; evidently collected from the idle

reports and absurd traditions of the ignorant vulgar, from whom only they could have received those relations which we see accumulated with such undiscerning credulity."

Some authors have practised the singular imposition of announcing a variety of titles of works as if preparing for the press, but of which nothing but the titles have been written.

Paschal, historiographer of France, had a reason for these ingenious inventions; he continually announced such titles, that his pension for writing on the History of France might not be stopped. When he died, his historical labours did not exceed six pages!

Gregorio Leti is an historian of much the same stamp as Varillas. He wrote with great facility, and hunger generally quickened his pen. He took every thing too lightly; yet his works are sometimes looked into for many anecdotes of English history not to be found elsewhere; and perhaps ought not to have been there if truth had been consulted. His great aim was always to make a book, so that he swells his volumes with idle digressions; and, with a view of amusing his readers, intersperses many low and ridiculous stories; and gives to illustrious characters all the repartees and good things he collected from old novel-writers.

Such forgeries abound; the numerous "Testamens Politiques" of Colbert, Mazarine, and other great ministers, were forgeries usually from the Dutch press, as are many pretended "Memoirs." I could point out, in the present day, some remarkable instances of this kind; biographies woven out of letters, anecdotes, and other documents all entirely surreptitious! The French have been flagrant forgerers. Among other pernicious effects of these shameful forgeries is that of over-loading the mind with a thousand false notions, and mistaking at a distant day the vilest calumnies for historical truths.

Most of our old translations from the Greek and Latin Authors were taken from French versions.

It is now, I believe, pretty well agreed on that the travels written, in Hebrew, of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, of which we have a recent curious translation, are very apocryphal. He describes a journey, which if ever he took, it must have been with his night-cap on; being a perfect dream! It is said that to inspirit and give importance to his nation, he pretended he had travelled to all the Synagogues in the East; places he mentions he does not appear ever to have seen, and the different people he describes no one has known. He calculates that

he has found Jews to the amount of near eight hundred thousand, of which about half are independent, and not subjects of any Christian or Gentile sovereign. These fictitious travels have been a source of much trouble to the learned; particularly to those whose zeal to authenticate them induced them to follow the aërial footsteps of the Hyppogriffe of Rabbi Benjamin. He affirms that the tomb of Ezekiel, with the library of the first and second temples, were to be seen in his time at a place on the banks of the river Euphrates: on this Wesselius of Groningen, and many other literati, travelled on purpose to Mesopotamia, but the fairy treasure was never to be seen, nor even heard of!

The first on the list of impudent impostors is Annius of Viterbo, a Dominican, and master of the sacred palace under Alexander VI. He pretended he had discovered the genuine works of Sanchoniatho, Manetho, Berosus, and other works, of which only fragments are remaining. He published seventeen books of Antiquities! But not having any MSS. to produce, though he declared he had found them buried in the earth, these literary fabrications occasioned great controversies; for the author died before he had made up his mind to a confession. At their first publication universal joy was diffused among the learned.—Suspicion soon rose, and

detection followed. However as the forger never would acknowledge himself as such, it has been ingeniously conjectured that he himself was imposed on, rather than that he was the impostor; or, as in the case of Chatterton, possibly all may not be fictitious. It has been said that a great volume in MS. anterior by two hundred years to the seventeen folios of Annius, exists in the Bibliotheque Colbertine, in which these pretended histories were to be read; but as Annius would never point out the sources of his seventeen folios, the whole is considered as a very wonderful imposture. I refer the reader to Tyrwhitt's Vindication of his Appendix to Rowley's or Chatterton's Poems, p. 140. for some curious observations, and some facts of literary imposture.

One of the most extraordinary literary impostures was recently done by Joseph Vella, in 1794, who becoming an adventurer in Sicily, pretended that he possessed seventeen of the lost books of Livy in Arabic: he had received this literary treasure, he said, from a Frenchman who had purloined it from a shelf in St. Sophia's church at Constantinople. As many of the Greek and Roman classics have been translated by the Arabians, and many were first known in Europe in their Arabic dress, there was nothing improbable in one

part of his story. He was urged to publish these long-desired books; and Lady Spencer, then in Italy, offered to defray the expences. He had the effrontery, by way of specimen, to edit an Italian translation of the sixtieth book, but that book took up no more than one octavo page! A professor of Oriental literature in Prussia introduced it in his work, never suspecting the fraud; but it was nothing more than the Epitome of Florus. About this time he also gave out that he had a Code which he had picked up in the Abbey of St. Martin, but which he would not return, containing the ancient history of Sicily, in the Arabic period comprehending above two hundred years; and of which ages, their own historians were entirely deficient in knowledge. Vella declared he had a genuine official correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and their superiors in Africa, from the first landing of the Arabians in that island. Vella was now loaded with honours and pensions! It is true he shewed Arabic MSS, which, however did not contain a syllable of what he said." He pretended he was in continual correspondence with friends at Morocco and elsewhere. The King of Naples furnished him continually with great sums of money to assist his researches. Four volumes in quarto were at

length published! Vella had the adroitness to change the Arabic MSS. he possessed, which entirely related to Mahomet, to matters relative to Sicily; he bestowed several weeks labour to disfigure the whole, altering page for page, line for line, and word for word, but interspersed numberless dots, strokes, and flourishes, so that when he published a fac-simile, every one admired the learning of Vella, who could translate what no one else could read. He complained he had lost an eye in this minute labour: and every one thought his pension ought to have been increased. Every thing prospered about him, except his eye, which some thought was not so bad neither. It was at length discovered by his blunders, &c. that the whole was a forgery; though it had now been patronized, translated, and extracted, through Europe. When this MS. was examined by an Orientalist, it was discovered to be nothing but a history of *Mahomet and his family*. Vella was condemned to imprisonment.

A learned antiquary, says Mr. Swinburne, Medina Conde, in order to favour the pretensions of the church in a great law-suit, forged deeds and inscriptions, which he buried in the ground, where he knew they would shortly be dug up. Upon their being found he published engravings of them, and gave explana-

tions of their unknown characters, making them out to be so many authentic proofs and evidences of the assertions of the clergy.

The Morocco Ambassador purchased of him a copper bracelet of Fatima, which Medina proved by the Arabic inscription and many certificates to be genuine, and found among the ruins of the Alhambra, with other treasures of its last king, who had hid them there in hope of better days. This famous bracelet turned out afterwards to be the work of Medina's own hands, and made out of an old brass candlestick!

George Psalmanazar, well known in the literary world, and to whose labours we owe much of the great Universal History, exceeded in powers of deception any of the great impostors of learning. His Island of Formosa was an illusion eminently bold, and maintained with as much felicity as erudition; and great must have been that erudition which could form a pretended language and its grammar, and fertile the genius which could invent the history of an unknown people; it is said that the deception was only satisfactorily ascertained by his own penitential confession; he defied and baffled the most learned. The literary impostor Lauder had much more audacity than inge-

nuity, and he died contemned by all the world. And Ireland served to shew that great critics are not blessed, necessarily, with an interior and unerring tact. Genius and learning are ill directed in forming literary impositions, but at least they must be distinguished from the fabrications of ordinary impostors.

A singular forgery was not long ago practised on Captain Wilford by a learned Hindu, who, to ingratiate himself and his studies with the too zealous and pious European, contrived to give the history of Noah and his three sons, in his "Purana," under the designation of Satyavrata. Captain Wilford having *read* the passage, transcribed it for Sir William Jones, who translated it as a curious extract.—But it afterwards appeared that the whole was an interpolation by the dextrous introduction of a forged sheet, discoloured, and prepared for the purpose of deception, and which, having served his purpose for the moment, was afterwards withdrawn.—Sir William Jones would not have been deceived had he seen this MS, for he detected a similar impudent fraud immediately on inspection. The forgery is preserved in Lord Teignmouth's Memoirs of that elegant scholar, p. 367.

Of authors who have sold their names to be prefixed to works they never read; or on the

contrary, who have prefixed the names of others to their own writings, for a certain remuneration; it is sufficient to mention the circumstances. As an anecdote from the secret memoirs of literature, we may notice one of that encyclopedic genius, Sir John Hill; he owned to a friend once when he fell sick that he had overfatigued himself with writing seven works at once! One of which was on Architecture, and another on Cookery! This hero once contracted to translate Swammerdam's work on insects for fifty guineas. After the agreement with the bookseller, he perfectly recollected that he did not understand a single word of the Dutch language! Nor did there exist a French translation. The work however was not the less done for this small obstacle. Sir John bargained with another translator for twenty-five guineas. The second translator was precisely in the same situation as the first; as ignorant, though not so well paid as the knight. He rebargained with a third, who perfectly understood his original, for twelve guineas! So that the translators who could not translate, feasted on venison and turtle, while the modest drudge whose name never appeared to the world, broke in patience his daily bread!

The craft of authorship has many mysteries

of its own; many memorable, though uncommemorated anecdotes. The great Patriarch and primeval dealer in English literature, is said to have been Robert Green, one of the most facetious, profligate, and indefatigable of the Scribleri family. He laid the foundation of a new dynasty of literary emperors. The first act by which he proved his claim to the throne of Grub-street has served as a model to his numerous successors—it was a cheating ambidextrous trick! Green sold his "Orlando Furioso" to two different theatres, and is supposed to have been the first author in English literary history who wrote as a *trader;* or as crabbed Anthony Wood phrases it in the language of celibacy and cynicism, "he wrote to maintain his *wife*, and that high and loose course of living which *Poets generally follow.*" With a drop still sweeter, old Anthony describes Gayton, another worthy, "he came up to London to live in a *shirking condition*, and wrote *trite things* merely to get bread to sustain him and his *wife.*" The hermit Anthony seems to have had a mortal antipathy against the Eves of literary men. The anecdote of Green's ambidextrous manœuvre is this:—He sold his play to the Queen's players for twenty nobles; but when the Queen's players were in the country he resold it to the Lord Admiral's for as much more.

Was it after this that, in open defiance to the rival proprietors, he published his "Thieves falling out, true men come by their goods; or, the bell-man wanted a clapper"?

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THE present anecdote concerning Cardinal Richelieu may serve to teach the man of letters how he deals out Criticisms to the *Great*, when they ask his opinion of manuscripts, be they in verse or prose.

The cardinal placed in a gallery of his palace the portraits of several illustrious men. He was desirous of composing the inscriptions which were to be placed round the portraits. That which he intended for Montluc, the Marechal of France, was conceived in these terms: *Multa fecit, Plura scripsit, Vir tamen magnus fuit.* He shewed it without mentioning the author to Bourbon, the Royal Professor in Greek, and asked his opinion concerning it. He reprobated it, and thought the Latin much in the style of the Breviary; and, if it had concluded with an *Allelujah*, it would serve for an *Anthem* to the *Magnificat*. The cardinal agreed with the severity of his strictures; and even acknowledged the discernment of the professor; "for,"

he said, "it is really written by a priest." But however he might approve of Bourbon's critical powers, he punished without mercy his ingenuity. The pension his majesty had bestowed on him was withheld the next year.

The cardinal was one of those ambitious men who foolishly attempt to rival every kind of genius; and because he saw himself constantly disappointed, he envied, with all the venom of rancour, those talents which are so frequently the *all* that men of genius possess.

He was jealous of Balzac's splendid reputation; and offered the elder Heinsius ten thousand crowns to write a criticism which should ridicule his elaborate compositions. This Heinsius refused, because Salmasius threatened to revenge Balzac on his *Herodes Infanticida*.

He attempted to rival the reputation of Corneille's "Cid" by opposing to it one of the most ridiculous productions ever exhibited in the theatre. It was the allegorical tragedy called "Europe," in which the *minister* had congregated the four quarters of the world. Much political matter was thrown together, divided into scenes and acts. There are appended to it keys of the dramatis personæ and of the allegories. In this tragedy Francion represents France; Ibere, Spain; Parthenope, Naples, &c. and these have their attendants:—Lilian (alluding

to the French lilies) is the servant of Francion, while Hispale is the confident of Ibere. But the key to the allegories is much more copious: —Albigne signifies England; *three knots of the hair of Austrasie*, mean the towns of Clermont, Stenay, and Jamet, these places once belonging to Lorraine. *A box of diamonds* of Austrasie, is the town of Nancy, belonging once to the dukes of Lorraine. The *key* of Iberia's great porch is Perpignan, which France took from Spain; and in this manner is this sublime tragedy composed! When he first sent it anonymously to the French Academy it was reprobated. He then tore it in a rage, and scattered it about his study. Towards evening, like another Medea lamenting over the members of her own children, he and his secretary passed the night in uniting the scattered limbs. He then ventured to avow himself; and having pretended to correct this incorrigible tragedy, the submissive Academy retracted their censures, but the public pronounced its melancholy fate on its first representation. This lamentable tragedy was intended to thwart Corneille's "Cid." Enraged at its success, Richelieu even commanded the Academy to publish an abusive *Critique* of it well known in French literature. Boileau on this occasion has these two well-turned verses:—

" En vain contre le Cid, un Ministre se ligue ;
Tout Paris, pour *Chimene*, a les yeux de *Rodrigue*."

" To oppose the Cid, in vain the Statesman tries;
All Paris, for *Chimene*, has *Roderick's* eyes."

It is said that in consequence of the fall of this tragedy that French custom is derived of securing a number of friends to applaud their pieces at their first representations. In the *Recherches sur la Theatre*, p. 142, I find the following droll anecdote concerning this droll tragedy.

The minister after the ill success of his tragedy retired unaccompanied the same evening to his country-house at Ruel. He then sent for his favourite Desmarets, who was at supper with his friend Petit. Desmarets, conjecturing that the interview would be stormy, begged his friend to accompany him.

" Well!" said the cardinal as soon as he saw them, " the French will never possess a taste for what is lofty: they seem not to have relished my tragedy."—" My lord," answered Petit, " it is not the fault of the piece, which is so admirable, but that of the *players*. Did not your eminence perceive that not only they knew not their parts, but that they were all *drunk*?" " Really," replied the cardinal something pleased, " I observed they acted it dreadfully ill."

Desmarets and Petit returned to Paris, flew

directly to the players to plan a *new mode* of performance which was to *secure* a number of spectators; so that at the second representation bursts of applause were frequently heard!

Richelieu had another singular vanity of closely imitating Cardinal Ximenes. Pliny was not a more servile imitator of Cicero. Marville tells us that, like Ximenes, he placed himself at the head of an army: like him he degraded princes and nobles: and like him rendered himself formidable to all Europe. And because Ximenes had established schools of Theology, Richelieu undertook likewise to raise into notice the schools of the Sorbonne. And, to conclude, as Ximenes had written several theological treatises, our Cardinal was also desirous of leaving posterity various polemical works. But his gallantries rendered him more ridiculous. Always in ill health, this miserable lover and grave cardinal would, in a freak of love, dress himself with a red feather in his cap and sword by his side. He was more hurt by a filthy nickname given him by the queen of Louis XIII, than even by the hiss of theatres and the critical condemnation of academies.

Cardinal Richelieu had certainly an uncommon genius for Politics, and many instances might be given. Sir William Temple observes, that he instituted the French Academy to give

employment to the *wits*, and to hinder them from inspecting too narrowly into his politics and his administration. It is believed that the Marshal de Grammont lost an important battle by the orders of the cardinal; that in this critical conjuncture of affairs his Majesty (who was inclined to dismiss him) could not then absolutely do without him.

Vanity in this cardinal levelled a great genius. He who would attempt to display universal excellence will be impelled to practise meannesses, and to act follies which, if he has the least sensibility, must occasion him many a pang and many a blush.

ARISTOTLE AND PLATO.

No philosopher has been so much praised and censured as Aristotle: but he had this advantage, of which some of the most eminent scholars have been deprived, that he enjoyed during his life a splendid reputation. Philip of Macedon must have felt a strong conviction of his merit when he wrote to him on the birth of Alexander:—"I receive from the gods this day a son; but I thank them not so much for the favour of his birth, as his having come into the world at a time when you can have the care

of his education; and that through you he will be rendered worthy of being my son."

Diogenes Laertius describes the person of the Stagyrite.—His eyes were small, his voice hoarse, and his legs lank. He stammered, was fond of a magnificent dress, and wore costly rings. He had a mistress whom he loved passionately, and for whom he frequently acted inconsistently with the philosophic character; a thing as common with philosophers as with other men. Laertius has preserved the will of Aristotle, which is curious. The chief part turns on the future welfare and marriage of his daughter. "If, after my death (says Aristotle) she chooses to marry, the executors will be careful she marries no person of an inferior rank. If she resides at Chalcis, she shall occupy the apartment contiguous to the garden; if she chooses Stagira, she shall reside in the house of my father, and my executors shall furnish either of those places she fixes on."

Aristotle had studied under the divine Plato; but the disciple and the master could not possibly agree in their doctrines: they were of opposite tastes and talents. Plato was the chief of the Academic sect, and Aristotle of the Peripatetic. Plato was simple, modest, frugal, and of austere manners; a good friend and a zealous citizen, but a very bad politician: a

lover indeed of benevolence, and desirous of diffusing it amongst men, but knowing little of them; as chimerical in his ideas as Rousseau, or Sir Thomas More in his Utopia.

Aristotle had nothing of the austerity of the philosopher, though his works are so austere: he was open, pleasant, and even charming in his conversation; fiery and volatile in his pleasures; magnificent in his dress. He is described as fierce, disdainful, and sarcastic. He joined to a taste for profound erudition that of an elegant dissipation. His passion for luxury occasioned him such expences when he was young that he consumed all his property.

Rapin, the critic, has sketched an ingenious parallel of these two celebrated philosophers.

The genius of Plato is more polished, and that of Aristotle more vast and profound. Plato has a lively and teeming imagination; fertile in invention, in ideas, in expressions, and in figures; displaying a thousand different turns, a thousand new colours, all agreeable to their subject; but after all it is nothing more than imagination. Aristotle is hard and dry in all he says, but what he says is all reason, though it is expressed drily: his diction, pure as it is, has something uncommonly austere; and his obscurities natural or affected, disgust and fatigue his readers. Plato is equally delicate in

his thoughts and in his expressions. Aristotle, though he may be more natural, has not any delicacy: his style is simple and equal, but close and nervous; that of Plato is grand and elevated, but loose and diffuse. Plato always says more than he should say: Aristotle never says enough, and leaves the reader always to think more than he says. The one surprises the mind, and charms it by a flowery and sparkling character: the other illuminates and instructs it by a just and solid method. Plato communicates something of genius by the fecundity of his own; and Aristotle something of judgment and reason by that impression of good sense which appears in all he says. In a word, Plato frequently only thinks to express himself well; and Aristotle only thinks to think justly.

An interesting anecdote is related of these philosophers. — Aristotle became the rival of Plato. Literary disputes long subsisted betwixt them. The disciple ridiculed his master, and the master treated contemptuously his disciple. To make this superiority manifest, Aristotle wished for a regular disputation before an audience where erudition and reason might prevail; but this satisfaction was denied.

Plato was always surrounded by his scholars, who took a lively interest in his glory. Three

of these he taught to rival Aristotle, and it became their mutual interest to depreciate his merits. Unfortunately one day Plato found himself in his school without these three favourite scholars. Aristotle flies to him, a crowd gathers and enters with him. The idol whose oracles they wished to overturn was presented to them. He was then a respectable old man, the weight of whose years had enfeebled his memory. The combat was not long. Some rapid sophisms embarrassed Plato. He saw himself surrounded by the inevitable traps of the subtlest logician. Vanquished, he reproached his ancient scholar by a beautiful figure:—"He has kicked against us as a colt against its mother."

Soon after this humiliating adventure he ceased to give public lectures. Aristotle remained master in the field of battle. He raised a school, and devoted himself to render it the most famous in Greece. But the three favourite scholars of Plato, zealous to avenge the cause of their master, and to make amends for their imprudence in having quitted him, armed themselves against the usurper.—Xenocrates, the most ardent of the three, attacked Aristotle, confounded the logician, and re-established Plato in all his rights. Since that time the Academic and Peripatetic sects, animated by

the spirits of their several chiefs, avowed an eternal hostility. In what manner his works have descended to us has been told at page 89 of this volume. Aristotle having declaimed irreverently of the Gods, and dreading the fate of Socrates, wished to retire from Athens. In a beautiful manner he pointed out his successor. There were two rivals in his schools: Menedemus the Rhodian, and Theophrastus the Lesbian. Alluding delicately to his own critical situation, he told his assembled scholars that the wine he was accustomed to drink was injurious to him, and he desired them to bring the wines of Rhodes and Lesbos. He tasted both, and declared they both did honour to their soil, each being excellent, though differing in their quality.—The Rhodian wine is the strongest, but the Lesbian is the sweetest, and that he himself preferred it. Thus his ingenuity pointed out his favourite Theophrastus, the author of the "Characters," for his successor.

ABELARD AND ELOISA.

Abelard, so famous for his writings and his amours with Eloisa, ranks among the Heretics for opinions concerning the Trinity! His superior genius probably made him appear so cul-

pable in the eyes of his enemies. The cabal formed against him disturbed the earlier part of his life with a thousand persecutions, till at length they persuaded Bernard, his old *friend*, but who had now turned *saint*, that Abelard was what their malice described him to be. Bernard, inflamed against him, condemned unheard the unfortunate scholar. But it is remarkable that the book which was burnt as unorthodox, and as the composition of Abelard, was in fact written by Peter Lombard, bishop of Paris: a work which has since been *canonized* in the Sorbonne, and on which the scholastic theology is founded. The objectionable passage is an illustration of the *Trinity* by the nature of a *syllogism!*—"As (says he) the three propositions of a syllogism form but one truth, so the *Father and Son* constitute but *one essence.*—The *major* represents the *Father*, the *minor* the *Son;* and the *conclusion* the *Holy Ghost!*" It is curious to add that Bernard himself has explained this mystical union precisely in the same manner, and equally clear. "The Understanding," says this Saint, "is the Image of God. We find it consists of three parts:—Memory, Intelligence, and Will. To *Memory*, we attribute all which we know, without cogitation; to *Intelligence*, all truths we discover which have not been deposited by *Memory*. By *Memory*,

we resemble the *Father;* by *Intelligence* the *Son;* and by *Will* the *Holy Ghost.*" Bernard's Lib. de Anima, Cap. I. Num. 6. quoted in the "Mem. Secretes de la Republique des Lettres." We may add also, that because Abelard, in the warmth of honest indignation, had reproved the Monks of St. Denis, in France, and St. Gildas de Ruys, in Bretagne, for the horrid incontinence of their lives, they joined his enemies, and assisted to embitter the life of this ingenious scholar; who perhaps was guilty of no other crime than that of feeling too sensibly an attachment to one who not only possessed the enchanting attractions of the softer sex, but, what indeed is very unusual, a congeniality of disposition, and an enthusiasm of imagination.

"Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?"

It appears by a letter of Peter de Cluny to Eloisa, that she had solicited for Abelard's absolution. The Abbot gave it to her. It runs thus: "Ego Petrus Cluniacensis Abbas, qui Petrum Abælardum in monachum Cluniacensem recepi, et corpus ejus furtim delatum Heloissæ abbatissæ et moniali Paracleti concessi, auctoritate omnipotentis Dei et omnium sanctorum absolvo eum pro officio ob omnibus peccatis suis."

An ancient Chronicle of Tours records that

when they deposited the body of the Abbess Eloisa in the tomb of her lover Peter Abelard, who had been there interred twenty years, this faithful husband raised his arms, stretched them, and closely embraced his beloved bride. This poetic fiction was invented to sanctify, by a miracle, the frailties of their youthful days. This is not wonderful:—but it is strange that Du Chesne, the Father of French History, relates this anecdote. And though it is only a wild fiction of the ancient chroniclers, he not only gives it as an incident well authenticated, but also maintains its possibility by various other examples; a poetical use has frequently been made of these fanciful incidents.

Bayle tells us that *billets doux* and *amorous verses* are two powerful machines to employ in the assaults of Love; particularly when the passionate songs the poetical lover composes are sung by himself. This secret was well known to the elegant Abelard. Abelard so touched the sensible heart of Eloisa, and infused such fire into her frame, by employing his *fine pen* and his *fine voice*, that the poor woman never recovered from the attack. She herself informs us that he displayed two qualities which are rarely found in philosophers, and by which he could instantly win the affections of the female;—he *wrote* and *sung* finely. He composed *love-*

verses so beautiful, and *songs* so agreeable, as well for the *words* as the *airs*, that all the world got them by heart, and the name of his mistress was spread from province to province.

What a gratification to the enthusiastic, the amorous, the vain Eloisa! of whom Lord Lyttelton in his curious Life of Henry II. observes, that had she not been compelled to read the Fathers and the Legends in a nunnery, but had been suffered to improve her genius by a continued application to polite literature, one may venture to say, from what appears in her letters, that she would have excelled in it more than any man of that age.

Eloisa, I suspect, however, would have proved but a very indifferent divine. She seems to have had a certain delicacy in her manners which rather belongs to the *fine Lady*. One cannot but smile at an observation of her's on the *Apostles* which we find in her Letters. "We read that the *Apostles*, even in the company of their Master, were so *rustic* and *ill-bred* that, regardless of common decorum, as they passed through the corn-fields they plucked the ears and ate them like children. Nor did they wash their hands before they sat down to table. To eat with unwashed hands, said our Saviour to those who were offended, doth not defile a man."

It is on the misconception of the mild apolo-

getical reply of Jesus, indeed, that religious fanatics have really considered that to be careless of their dress, and not to avoid filth and slovenliness, is an act of piety, just as the late political fanatics, who thought that Republicanism consisted in the most offensive filthiness. On this principle, that it is Saint-like to go dirty, ragged, and slovenly, says Bishop Lavington, "Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists," vol. I. p. 17. how *piously* did Whitefield take care of the outward man, who in his Journals writes, "My apparel was mean—thought it unbecoming a penitent to have *powdered hair*—I wore *woollen gloves*, a *patched gown*, and *dirty shoes!*"

After an injury, not less cruel than humiliating, Abelard raises the school of the Paraclete; with what enthusiasm is he followed to that desert! His scholars in crowds hasten to their adored master. They cover with the branches of trees their mud sheds. They do not want to sleep under better roofs, provided they remain by the side of their unfortunate master! How lively must have been their taste for study! It formed their solitary passion, and the love of glory was gratified in that desert!

The two reprehensible lines in Pope's Eloisa, too celebrated among certain of its readers,

" Not Cæsar's Empress would I deign to prove;
" No,—make me mistress to the man I love!"

are, however, found in her original letters. The author of that ancient work, " The Romaunt of the Rose," has given it thus *naïvely;* a specimen of the *natural* style in those days.

Se le'empereur, qui est a Rome
Soubz qui doyvent etre tout homme,
Me daignoit prendre pour sa femme,
Et me faire du monde dame;
Si vouldroye-je mieux, dist-elle
Et Dieu en tesmoing en appelle
Etre sa Putaine apellée
Qu'etre Emperiere couronnée.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

A VERY extraordinary physiognomical anecdote has been given by De la Place in his " *Pieces interessantes et peu connues.*" v. IV. p. 8.

A friend assured him that he had seen a voluminous and secret correspondence which had been carried on between Louis XIV. and his favourite physician De la Chambre on this science: the faith of the monarch seems to have been great, and the purpose to which this correspondence tended, was extraordinary indeed, and perhaps scarcely credible. Who will

believe that Louis XIV. was so convinced of that talent which De la Chambre attributed to himself, of deciding merely by the physiognomy of persons not only on the real bent of their character, but to what employment they were adapted, that the king entered into a *secret correspondence* to obtain the criticisms of his *physiognomist?* That Louis XIV. should have pursued this system, undetected by the hawk-like eye of his own courtiers, is also singular; but it appears by this correspondence that this art positively swayed him in his choice of officers and favourites. On one of the backs of these letters De la Chambre had written, "If I die before his Majesty, he will incur great risk to make many an unfortunate choice!"

This collection of physiognomical correspondence, if it does really exist, would form a very curious publication; we have heard nothing of it, though such a lot of papers could hardly escape the inquisitive eye. De la Chambre was an enthusiastic physiognomist, as appears by his works. "The Characters of the Passions," four volumes in quarto; "The Art of Knowing Mankind;" and "The Knowledge of Animals." Lavater quotes his "Vote and Interest" in favour of his favourite science.

The following curious physiological definition of PHYSIOGNOMY is extracted from a publication

by Dr. Gwither, of the year 1604, which, dropping his history of "the Animal Spirits," is curious.

"Soft wax cannot receive more various and numerous impressions than are imprinted on a man's face by *objects* moving his affections: and not only the *objects* themselves have this power, but also the very *images* or *ideas*; that is to say, any thing that puts the animal spirits into the same motion that the *object* present did, will have the same effect with the object. To prove the first, let one observe a man's face looking on a pitiful object, then a ridiculous, then a strange, then on a terrible or dangerous object, and so forth. For the second, that *ideas* have the same effect with the *object*, dreams confirm too often.

"The manner I conceive to be thus. The animal spirits moved in the sensory by an object, continue their motion to the brain; whence the motion is propagated to this or that particular part of the body, as is most suitable to the design of its creation; having first made an alteration in the *face* by its nerves, especially by the *pathetic* and *oculorum motorii* actuating its many muscles, as the dial-plate to that stupendous piece of clock-work which shews what is to be expected next from the striking part. Not that I think the motion

of the spirits in the sensory continued by the impression of the object all the way, as from a finger to the foot: I know it too weak, though the tenseness of the nerves favours it. But I conceive it done in the medulla of the brain, where is the common stock of spirits; as in an organ, whose pipes being uncovered, the air rushes into them; but the keys let go, are stopped again. Now, if by repeated acts or frequent entertaining of the ideas of a favourite idea of a passion or vice, which natural temperament has hurried one to, or custom dragged, the *face* is so often put into that posture which attends such acts, that the animal spirits find such latent passages into its nerves, that it is sometimes unalterably set: as the *Indian* Religious are by long continuing in strange postures in their *Pagods*. But most commonly such a habit is contracted, that it falls insensibly into that posture when some present object does not obliterate that more natural impression by a new, or dissimulation hide it.

" Hence it is that we see great *drinkers* with *eyes* generally set towards the nose, the adducent muscles being often employed to let them see their loved liquor in the glass at the time of drinking; which were therefore called *bibitory*. *Lascivious persons* are remarkable for the *Oculorum Mobilis Petulantia*, as Petro-

nius calls it. From this also we may solve the *Quaker's* expecting face, waiting for the pretended Spirit; and the melancholy face of the *Sectaries*; the *studious* face of men of great application of mind; revengeful and *bloody* men, like executioners in the act: and though silence in a sort may awhile pass for wisdom, yet, sooner or later, Saint Martin peeps through the disguise to undo all. A *changeable face* I have observed to shew a *changeable mind.* But I would by no means have what has been said understood as without exception: for I doubt not but sometimes there are found men with great and virtuous souls under very unpromising outsides."

We may add here a circumstance told of the great Prince of Condé, that he was very expert in a certain kind of physiognomy which shewed the peculiar habits, motions, and postures of familiar life and mechanical employments. He would sometimes lay wagers with his friends, that he would guess, upon the Pont Neuf, what trade persons were of that passed by, from their walk and air.

CHARACTERS DESCRIBED BY MUSICAL NOTES.

The present extract from a volume of "Philosophical Transactions and Collections," was published at the end of the year 1700.

The idea of describing characters under the names of Musical Instruments has been already displayed in two most pleasing papers which embellish the *Tatler*, written by Addison. He dwells on this idea with uncommon success. It has been applauded for its *originality*; and in the general preface to that work, those Papers are distinguished for their felicity of imagination. The following Paper was published in the year 1700, and the two Numbers of Addison in the year 1710. It is probable that this inimitable writer borrowed the seminal hint from this work.

"A conjecture at dispositions from the modulations of the voice.

"Sitting in some company, and having been but a little before musical, I chanced to take notice, that in ordinary discourse *words* were spoken in perfect *notes*; and that some of the company used *eighths*, some *fifths*, some *thirds*; and that his discourse which was most pleasing, his *words*, as to their tone, consisted most of *concords*, and were of *discords* of such as made up harmony. The same person was the most affable, pleasant, and best-natured in the company. This suggests a reason why many discourses which one *hears* with much pleasure, when they come to be *read* scarcely seem the same things.

"From this difference of MUSIC in SPEECH, we may conjecture that of TEMPERS. We know the Doric mood sounds gravity and sobriety: the Lydian, buxomness and freedom; the Æolic, sweet stillness and quiet composure; the Phrygian, jollity and youthful levity; the Ionic is a stiller of storms and disturbances arising from passion. And why may not we reasonably suppose, that those whose speech naturally runs into the notes peculiar to any of these moods, are likewise in nature hereunto congenerous? *C Fa ut* may shew me to be of an ordinary capacity, though good disposition. *G Sol re ut*, to be peevish and effeminate. *Flats*, a manly or melancholic sadness. He who hath a voice which will in some measure agree with all *cliffs*, to be of good parts, and fit for variety of employments, yet somewhat of an inconstant nature. Likewise from the TIMES: so *semi-briefs* may speak a temper dull and phlegmatic; *minums*, grave and serious; *crotchets*, a prompt wit; *quavers*, vehemency of passion, and scolds use them. *Semi-brief-rest*, may denote one either stupid or fuller of thoughts than he can utter; *minum-rest*, one that deliberates; *crotchet-rest*, one in a passion. So that from the natural use of MOOD, NOTE, and TIME, we may collect DISPOSITIONS."

MILTON.

It is painful to observe the acrimony which the most eminent scholars infuse frequently in their controversial writings. The politeness of the present times has in some degree softened the malignity of the man, in the dignity of the author.

It is said not to be honourable to literature to revive such controversies; and a work entitled "Querelles Litteraires," when it first appeared, excited loud murmurs. But I think it is a moral work; like shewing the drunkard to a youth that he may turn aside, disgusted with inebriety. Must we suppose that men of letters are exempt from the human passions? The sensibility of men of genius is more irritable, on the contrary, than the callous feelings of common men. To observe the ridiculous attitudes in which great men appear, when they act so unworthy of themselves as to employ the style of the fish-market, may be one great means of restraining that ferocious [illegible] which still exists in the republic of letters. Johnson at least appears to have entertained the same opinion; for he thought proper to republish the low invective of *Dryden* against *Settle*: and since I have published my "Quarrels of Authors," it becomes me to say no more.

The celebrated controversy of *Salmasius* continued by Morus with *Milton*—the first the advocate of King Charles; the latter the defendant of the people—was of that magnitude, that all Europe took a part in the paper-war of these two great men. The answer of Milton, who perfectly massacred Salmasius, is now read but by the few. Whatever is addressed to the times, however great may be its merit, is doomed to perish with the times; yet on these pages the philosopher will not contemplate in vain.

It will form no uninteresting article to gather a few of the rhetorical *weeds*, for *flowers* we cannot well call them, with which they mutually presented each other. Their rancour was at least equal to their erudition, the two most learned scholars of a learned age!

Salmasius was a man of vast erudition, but no taste. His writings are learned; but sometimes ridiculous. He called his work *Defensio Regia*, Defence of Kings. The opening of this work provokes a laugh. "Englishmen! who toss the heads of kings as so many tennis-balls; who play with crowns as if they were bowls; who look upon sceptres as so many crooks."

That the deformity of the body is an idea we attach to the deformity of the mind, the vulgar must acknowledge; but surely it is unpardonable in the enlightened philosopher thus to com-

pare the crookedness of corporeal matter with the rectitude of the intellect: yet Milbourne and Dennis, the last a formidable critic, have frequently considered, that comparing Dryden and Pope to whatever the eye turned from with displeasure was very good argument to lower their literary abilities. Salmasius seems also to have entertained this idea, though his spies in England gave him wrong information; or, possibly, he only drew the figure of his own distempered imagination.

Salmasius sometimes reproaches Milton as being but a puny piece of Man; an homunculus, a dwarf deprived of the human figure, a bloodless being composed of nothing but skin and bone; a contemptible pedagogue, fit only to flog his boys: and sometimes elevating the ardour of his mind into a poetic frenzy, he applies to him these words of Virgil. "*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*" Our great Poet thought this senseless declamation merited a serious refutation; perhaps he did not wish to appear despicable in the eyes of the ladies; and he would not be silent on the subject, he says, lest any one should consider him as the credulous Spaniards are made to believe by their priests, that a heretic is a kind of rhinoceros or a dog-headed monster. He says, that he does not think any one ever considered

him as unbeautiful; that his size rather approaches mediocrity than the diminutive; that he still felt the same courage and the same strength which he possessed when young, when, with his sword, he felt no difficulty to combat with men more robust than himself; that his face, far from being pale, emaciated, and wrinkled, was sufficiently creditable to him; for though he had passed his fortieth year, he was in all other respects ten years younger. And very pathetically he adds, "that even his eyes, blind as they are, are unblemished in their appearance; in this instance alone, and much against my inclination, I am a deceiver!"

Morus, in his Epistle Dedicatory of his *Regii Sanguinis Clamor*, compares Milton to a Hangman: his disordered vision to the blindness of his soul, and vomits forth his venom.

When Salmasius found that his strictures on the person of Milton were false, and that on the contrary it was uncommonly beautiful, he then turned his battery against those graces with which Nature had so liberally adorned his adversary. And it is now that he seems to have laid no restrictions on his pen; but raging with the irritation of Milton's success, he throws out the blackest calumnies, and the most infamous aspersions.

It must be observed, when Milton first pro-

posed to answer Salmasius he had lost the use of one of his eyes: and his physicians declared, that if he applied himself to the controversy, the other would likewise close for ever! His patriotism was not to be baffled but with life itself. Unhappily, the prediction of his physicians took place! Thus a learned man in the occupations of study falls blind: a circumstance even now not read without sympathy. Salmasius considers it as one from which he may draw caustic ridicule and satiric severity.

Salmasius glories that Milton lost his health and his eyes in answering his apology for King Charles! He does not now reproach him with natural deformities; but he malignantly sympathises with him, that he now no more is in possession of that beauty which rendered him so amiable during his residence in *Italy*. He speaks more plainly in a following page; and in a word, would blacken the austere virtues of Milton with a crime too infam[illegible]

Impartiality of Criticism obliges [illegible] that Milton was not destitute of ran[illegible] When he was told that his adversary bo[illegible] occasioned the loss of his eyes, [illegible] with the ferocity of the irritated Pu[illegible] *And I shall cost him his life!*" A prediction which was soon after verified: for Christina, Queen of Sweden, withdrew her patronage from Sal-

masius, and sided with Milton. The universal neglect the proud Scholar felt in consequence hastened his death in the course of a twelvemonth.

How the sublime conceptions of Milton were degraded! He actually condescended to enter into a correspondence in Holland to obtain little scandalous anecdotes of his miserable adversary Morus, and deigned to adulate the unworthy Christina of Sweden, because she had expressed herself favourably on his "Defence." Of late years we have had but too many instances of this worst of passions; the antipathies of politics!

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

We are indebted to the Italians for the idea of Newspapers. The title of their *Gazettas*, was perhaps derived from *Gazzera*, a magpie or chatterer; or more probably from a farthing coin, peculiar to the city of Venice, called *Gazetta*, which was the common price of the newspapers. Another learned Etymologist is for deriving it from the Latin *Gaza*, which would colloquially lengthen into *Gazetta*, and signify a little treasury of news. The Spanish derive it indeed from the Latin *Gaza*, and likewise their *Gazatero* and our *Gazetteer* for a writer of the *Gazette*, and, what is peculiar to themselves, *Gazetista*, for a lover of the Gazette.

"Newspapers then took their birth in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy, and under the government of that aristocratical republic Venice. The first paper was a Venetian one, and only monthly: but it was the newspaper of the Government only. Other Governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newspaper, with the Venetian name for it; and from one solitary Government Gazette, we see what an inundation of newspapers has burst out upon us in this country."

Mr. Chalmers gives, in his life of Ruddiman, a curious particular of these Venetian Gazettes. "A jealous government did not allow a *printed* newspaper; and the Venetian *Gazetta* continued long after the invention of printing to the close of the sixteenth century, and even to our own days, to be distributed in *manuscript*." In the Magliabechian library at Florence are thirty volumes of Venetian Gazettas all in manuscript.

Those who first wrote newspapers were called by the Italians *Menanti*; because [illegible] they intended commonly by their [illegible] to spread about defamatory reflections [illegible] therefore prohibited in Italy by Gregory XIII. by a particular bull, under the name of *Minantes*, from the Latin *Minantes*, threatening. Menage, however, derives it from the Italian *Menare*, which signifies, to lead at large, or spread afar.

Mr. Chalmers discovers in England the first newspaper. It may gratify national pride, says he, to be told that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh for the first newspaper. The epoch of the Spanish Armada is also the epoch of a genuine newspaper. In the British Museum are several newspapers which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel during the year 1588. It was a wise policy to prevent, during a moment of general anxiety, the danger of false reports, by publishing real information. The earliest newspaper is entitled "The English Mercurie," which by *Authority* "was imprinted at London by her Highnesses printer, 1588." These were, however, but extraordinary Gazettes, not regularly published. And it appears that even in this obscure origin they were skilfully directed by the policy of that great Statesman Burleigh, who, to inflame the national feeling, gives an extract from a letter from Madrid which speaks of putting the queen to death, and the instruments of torture on board the Spanish fleet.

Mr. Chalmers has exultingly taken down these patriarchal newspapers, covered with the dust of two centuries.

The first newspaper in the collection at the British Museum is marked No. 50, and is in

Roman, not in black letter. It contains the usual articles of news like the London Gazette of the present day. In that curious paper, there are news dated from Whitehall, the 23d of July, 1588. Under the date of July 26 there is the following notice: "Yesterday the Scots ambassador being introduced to Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her Majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the King his master; containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her Majesty's interests, and to those of the protestant religion. And it may not here be improper to take notice of a wise and spiritual saying of this young prince (he was twenty-two) to the Queen's minister at his court, viz. That all the favour he did expect from the Spaniards, was the courtesy of Polypheme to Ulysses, *to be the last devoured.*" Mr. Chalmers defies the Gazetteer of the present day to give a more decorous account of the introduction of a foreign minister. The aptness of King James's classical saying carried it from the newspaper into history. I must add, that in respect to wit, no man has been more injured than that monarch. More pointed sentences are recorded of James I. than perhaps of any prince; and yet, such is the delusion of that medium by which the popular eye sees things in this world,

he is usually considered as a mere Royal Pedant. I have entered more largely into the character of James I. in a separate inquiry.

From one of these "Mercuries" Mr. Chalmers has given some advertisements of books, which run much like those of the present times, and exhibit a picture of the literature of those days. All these publications were "imprinted and sold" by the Queen's Printers, Field and Barker.

1st. An admonition to the people of England, wherein are answered the slanderous untruths reproachfully uttered by *Mar-prelate*, and others of his brood, against the bishops and chief of the clergy *.

2dly. The copy of a letter sent to Don Bernardin Mendoza, ambassador in France, for the King of Spain; declaring the state of England, &c. The second edition.

3dly. An exact journal of all passages at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. By an eye-witness.

4thly. Father Parson's coat well dusted; or short and pithy animadversions on that infamous farrago of abuse and falsities, entitled *Leicester's Common-wealth* †.

* I have written the history of the *Mar-prelate* faction, in "Quarrels of Authors."

† I shall give a history of this book, and some notices respecting it, in the third volume of this work.

5thly. *Elizabetha Triumphans*, an heroic poem by James Aske; with a declaration how her excellence was entertained at the Royal Centre at Tilbury, and of the overthrow of the [illegible] fleet.

Periodical papers seem first to have been more generally used by the English, during the civil wars of the usurper Cromwell, to disseminate amongst the people the sentiments of loyalty or rebellion, according as their authors were disposed. *Peter Heylin* in the preface to his *Cosmography* mentions, that "the affairs of each town or war were better presented to the reader in the *Weekly News-books*." Hence we find some papers entitled News from Hull, Truths from York, Warranted Tidings from Ireland, &c. We find also "The Scots' Dove" opposed to "The Parliament Kite," or "The Secret Owl." Keener animosities produced keener titles: "Heraclitus ridens" found an antagonist in "Democritus ridens," [illegible] Weekly Discoverer" was shortly [illegible] Discoverer stript naked." "Mercurius Britannicus" was grappled by "Mercurius [illegible], faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spies, and others." Under all these names papers had appeared, but a Mercury was the prevailing title of these "News-Books," and the principles of the writer were generally shewn by

the additional epithet. We find an alarming number of these Mercuries, which, were the story not too long to tell, might excite some laughter, as they present us with a very curious picture of those singular times.

In their origin they were devoted to political purposes: but they soon became a public nuisance by serving as receptacles of party malice, and echoing to the farthest ends of the kingdom the insolent voice of Faction. They set the minds of men more at variance, inflamed their tempers to a greater fierceness, and gave a keener edge to the sharpness of civil discord.

It is to be lamented, that such works will always find adventurers adapted to their scurrilous purposes; who neither want at times, either talents, or boldness, or wit, or argument. A vast crowd issued from the press, and are now to be found in a few private collections. They form a race of authors unknown to most readers of these times: the names of some of their chiefs however have just reached us, and in the minor chronicle of domestic literature I rank three notable heroes; Marchamont Needham, Sir John Birkenhead, and Sir Roger L'Estrange.

Marchamont Needham, the great Patriarch of Newspaper writers, was a man of versatile talents and more versatile politics; a bold adven-

turer, and most successful, became the most profligate of his tribe. We find an ample account of him in Anthony Wood. From College he came to London; was an usher in Merchant Taylor's school; then an under clerk in Gray's-Inn; at length studied physic, and practised chemistry; and finally he was a Captain, and in the words of honest Anthony, "siding with the rout and scum of the people, he made them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble, in his Intelligence, called Mercurius Brittannicus, wherein his endeavours were to sacrifice the fame of some Lord, or any person of quality, and of the king himself, to the beast with many heads." He soon became popular, and was known under the name of Captain Needham of Gray's-Inn; and whatever he now wrote was deemed oracular. But whether from a slight imprisonment for aspersing Charles I. or some pique with his own party, he requested an audience on his knees with the King, reconciled himself to his Majesty, and shewed himself a violent royalist in his "Mercurius Britannicus," and galled the presbyterians with jests and quips. Some time after, when the popular party prevailed, he was still further enlightened, and was got over by President Bradshaw, as easily as by Charles I. Our Mercurial writer became once more a virulent presbyterian, and

lashed the royalists outrageously in his "Mercurius Politicus;" at length on the return of Charles II. being now conscious, says our friend Anthony, that he might be in danger of the halter, once more he is said to have fled into Holland, waiting for an act of oblivion. For money given to an hungry courtier, Needham obtained his pardon under the great seal. He latterly practised as a physician among his party, but lived universally hated by the royalists, and now only committed harmless treasons with the College of Physicians, on whom he poured all that gall and vinegar which the government had suppressed from flowing through its natural channel.

The Royalists were not without their Needham in the prompt activity of Sir John Birkenhead. In buffoonery, keenness, and boldness, (having been frequently imprisoned,) he was not inferior, nor was he at times less an adventurer. His Mercurius Aulicus was devoted to the Court, then at Oxford. But he was the fertile parent of numerous political pamphlets, which appear to abound in banter, wit, and satire. He had a promptness to seize on every temporary circumstance, and a facility in execution. His "Paul's Church Yard" is a bantering pamphlet, containing fictitious titles of books and acts of Parliament, reflecting on the

mad reformers of these times. One of his poems is entitled "*The Jolt*," being written on the Protector having fallen off his own coach-box; Cromwell had received a present from the German Count Oldenburgh, of six German horses, and attempted to drive them himself in Hyde Park, when this great Political Phaeton met the accident, of which Sir John Birkenhead was not slow to comprehend the benefit, and hints how unfortunately for the country it turned out! Sir John was during the dominion of Cromwell an author by profession. After various imprisonments for his Majesty's cause, (says the venerable historian of English literature, already quoted,) "he lived by his wits, in helping young gentlemen out at dead lifts in making poems, songs, and epistles on and to their mistresses; as also in translating, and other pitiful employments." He lived however after the Restoration to become one of the masters of requests, with salaries of 3000*l.* a year, and shewed the baseness of his spirit, (says Anthony) by slighting those who had been his benefactors in his necessities.

Sir *Roger L'Estrange* among his rivals was esteemed as the most perfect model of political writing. The temper of the man was factious and brutal, and the compositions of the author very indifferent. In his multifarious produc-

tions and coarse translations, we discover nothing that indicates one amiable sentiment, to compensate for a diction barbarous as the mind of the author. His attempts at wit are clumsy exertions; the heavy hand of a German labouring on a bulky toy. His gravity provokes laughter, but his laughter makes one grave. Queen Mary shewed a due contempt of him after the revolution, by this anagram she made on his name.

Roger L'Estrange,
Lye strange Roger!

Such were the three Patriarchs of Newspapers. De Saint Foix, in his curious *Essais historiques sur Paris*, gives the origin of Newspapers to France. Renaudot, a physician at Paris, to amuse his patients was a great collector of news; and he found by these means that he was more sought after than his more learned brethren. But as the seasons were not always sickly, and he had many hours not occupied by his patients, he reflected, after several years of assiduity given up to this singular employment, that he might turn it to a better account, by giving every week to his patients, who in this case were the public at large, some fugitive sheets which should contain the news of various countries. He obtained a privilege for this purpose in 1632.

At the Restoration the proceedings of Parliament were interdicted to be published, unless by authority; and the first daily paper, after the Revolution, took the popular title of "The Orange Intelligencer."

In the reign of Queen *Anne*, there was but one daily paper: the others were weekly. Some attempted to introduce literary subjects, and others topicks of a more general speculation. Sir *Richard Steele* formed the plan of his *Tatler*. He designed it to embrace the three provinces, of Manners, of Letters, and of Politics. The public were to be conducted insensibly into so different a track from that to which they had been hitherto accustomed. Hence politics were admitted into his paper. But it remained for the chaster genius of *Addison* to banish this painful topic from his elegant pages. The writer in polite letters felt himself degraded by sinking into the dull narrator of political events. From this time, Newspaper and Periodical Literature, became distinct works. At present, there seems to be an attempt to revive this union; it is a retrograde step for the independent dignity of Literature.

TRIALS AND PROOFS OF GUILT IN SUPERSTITIOUS AGES.

It is a melancholy contemplation to reflect on the strange trials to which those suspected of guilt were put in the middle ages: conducted with many devout ceremonies, by the ministers of religion, they were pronounced to be the *judgments of God!* The Ordeal consisted of various kinds: walking blindfold amidst burning ploughshares; passing through fires; holding in the hand a red hot bar; and plunging the arm into boiling water: the popular affirmation,—"I will put my hand in the fire to confirm this," appears to be derived from this solemn custom of our rude ancestors. Challenging the accuser to single combat, when frequently the stoutest champion was allowed to supply their place; the swallowing a morsel of consecrated bread; the sinking or swimming in a river for witchcraft; or weighing a witch; stretching out the arms before the cross, till the champion soonest wearied dropped his arms, and lost his estate, which was decided by this very short chancery suit, called the *judicium crucis*. The Bishop of Paris and the Abbot of St. Denis, disputed the patronage of a monas-

tery: Pepin the Short, not being able to decide on their confused claims, decreed one of these judgments of God, that of the cross. The Bishop and Abbot each chose a man, and both the men appeared in the chapel, where they stretched out their arms in the form of a cross. The spectators, more devout than the mob of the present day, but still the mob, were piously attentive, but *betted* however now for one man, now for the other, and critically watched the slightest motion of the arms. The Bishop's man was first tired:—he let his arms fall, and ruined his patron's cause for ever! Though sometimes these trials might be eluded by the artifice of the priest, what numbers of innocent victims have been sacrificed to these superstitious practices!

From the tenth to the twelfth century they were very common. Hildebert, bishop of Mans, being accused of high-treason by our William Rufus, was preparing to undergo one of these trials; when Ives, Bishop of Chartres, convinced him that they were against the canons of the constitutions of the church, and adds, that in this manner *Innocentiam defendere, est innocentiam perdere.*

An Abbot of St. Aubin of Angers in 1066, having refused to present a horse to the Viscount of Touars, which the Viscount claimed

in right of his lordship, whenever an Abbot first took possession of that Abbey; the Ecclesiastic offered to justify himself by the trial of the ordeal, or by duel, for which he proposed to furnish a man. The Viscount at first agreed to the duel; but, reflecting that these combats, though sanctioned by the church, depended wholly on the skill or vigour of the adversary, and could therefore afford no substantial proof of the equity of his claim, he proposed to compromise the matter in a manner which strongly characterizes the times: he waived his claim, on condition that the Abbot should not forget to mention in his prayers, himself, his wife, and his brothers! As the *orisons* appeared to the Abbot, in comparison with the *horse*, of little or no value, he accepted the proposal.

In the tenth century the right of representation was not fixed: it was a question, whether the sons of a son ought to be reckoned among the children of the family; and succeed equally with their uncles, if their fathers happened to die while their grandfathers survived. This point was decided by one of these combats. The champion in behalf of the right of children to represent their deceased father proved victorious. It was then established by a perpetual decree that they should henceforward share in

the inheritance, together with their uncles. In the eleventh century the same mode was practised to decide respecting two rival *Liturgies!* A pair of knights, clad in complete armour, were the critics to decide which was the authentic and true Liturgy!

If two neighbours (say the Capitularies of Dagobert) dispute respecting the boundaries of their possessions, let a piece of turf of the contested land be dug up by the judge, and brought by him into the court, and the two parties shall touch it with the points of their swords, calling on God as a witness of their claims;—after this let them *combat*, and let victory decide on their rights!

In Germany, St. Foix tells us, was observed a solemn circumstance in these judicial combats. In the midst of the lists, they placed a *bier*.—The accuser and the accused stood, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier, and leaned there for some time in profound silence, before they began the combat.

Mr. Ellis, in his elegant preface to Way's Fabliaux, shews how faithfully the manners of the age are painted in these ancient Tales, by observing the judicial combat introduced by a writer of the fourteenth century, who in his poem represents Pilate as challenging Jesus Christ to *single combat*, and another who de-

scribes the person who pierced the side of Christ as *a knight who jousted with Jesus.*

Judicial combat appears to have been practised by the Jews. Whenever the Rabbins had to decide on some dispute about property between two parties, neither of which could produce evidence to substantiate his claim, they terminated it by single combat. The Rabbins were impressed by a notion that, from the conviction, or a consciousness of right, that conviction gave additional confidence and strength to the rightful possessor. This appears in the recent sermon of a Rabbin. It may, however, be more philosophical to observe that such Judicial Combats were more frequently favourable to the criminal than to the innocent, because the bold wicked man is usually more ferocious and hardy than he whom he singles out as his victim, and who only wishes to preserve his own quiet enjoyments:—in this case the assailant is the more terrible combatant.

In these times those who were accused of robbery were put to trial by a piece of barley-bread, on which the mass had been said; and if they could not swallow it they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was improved by adding to the *bread* a slice of *cheese;* and such were their credulity and firm dependence on

Heaven in these ridiculous trials, that they were very particular in this holy *bread* and *cheese* called the *Corsned.* The bread was to be of unleavened barley, and the cheese made of ewe's milk of the month of May, no other of the twelve months having any power to detect a criminal.

Du Cange observed, that the expression—"*May this piece of bread choak me!*" comes from this custom. The anecdote of Earl Godwin's death by swallowing a piece of bread, in making this asseveration, is recorded in our history. If it be true, it was a singular misfortune.

Amongst these trials was that of the *bleeding of a corpse.* If a person was murdered, it was believed that at the touch or approach of the murderer the blood gushed out of the body in various parts. By the side of the bier the slightest change in the eyes, the mouth, feet, or hands, the murderer was conjectured to be present, and many innocent spectators must have suffered death; "for when a body is full of blood warmed by a sudden external heat and a putrefaction coming on, some of the blood-vessels will burst, as they will all in time." This practice was once allowed in England, and is still looked on in some of the uncivilized parts of these kingdoms as a detec-

tion of the criminal. It forms a rich picture in the imagination of our old writers; and their histories and ballads are laboured into pathos by dwelling on this phenomenon.

It is observed by Robertson, that all these absurd institutions were cherished from the superstitions of the age believing the legendary histories of those Saints (those *legends* we have noticed in the present volume) who crowd and disgrace the Roman calendar. These fabulous miracles had been declared authentic by the bulls of the Popes and the decrees of councils; they were greedily swallowed by the populace; and whoever believed that the Supreme Being had interposed miraculously on those trivial occasions mentioned in legends, could not but expect his intervention in matters of greater importance when solemnly referred to his decision. Besides this ingenious remark, the fact is, that these customs were a substitute for written laws, which that barbarous period had not; and as no society can exist without *laws*, the ignorance of the people had recourse to these *customs*, which, bad and absurd as they were, served to close controversies which otherwise might have given birth to more destructive practices. Ordeals are in truth the rude laws of a barbarous people who have not yet obtained a written code, and not advanced

enough in civilization to enter into the refined inquiries, the subtile distinctions, and elaborate investigations, which a court of law demands.

May we suppose that these ordeals owe their origin to that one of Moses, called the "Waters of Jealousy?" The Greeks likewise had ordeals, for in the Antigonus of Sophocles, the Soldiers offer to prove their innocence by handling red-hot iron, and walking between fires. One cannot but smile at the whimsical ordeals of the Siamese. It is said, that, among other practices they use to discover the justice of a cause, civil or criminal, they are particularly attached to using certain consecrated purgative pills, which they make the contending parties swallow. He who *retains* them longest, without returning them, gains his cause! The practice of giving Indians a consecrated grain of Rice to swallow, is known to discover the thief, in any company, by the contortions and dismay evident on the countenance of the real thief.

But to return to the Middle-Ages,—Voltaire justly observes, they were acquainted in those times with *secrets* to pass unhurt these singular trials. He particularly mentions one for undergoing the ordeal of boiling-water. Our late travellers in the East have confirmed this statement. The Mevleheh Dervises can hold red-

hot iron between their teeth. A Spaniard at Paris, and an Italian female here, lately washed their hands in boiling oil, and suffered burning sealing-wax to be dropped on the tongue. Such facts are not uncommon. Mr. Sharon Turner, in his authentic and curious history of the Anglo-Saxons, observes on their ordeals that the hand was not to be immediately inspected, and was left to the chance of a good constitution to be so far healed during three days (the time they required it to be bound up and sealed, before it was examined) as to discover those appearances when inspected, which were allowed to be satisfactory. There was likewise much preparatory training suggested by the more experienced; besides, the accused had an opportunity of *going alone into the Church*, and making *terms* with the *Priest*. The few *spectators* were always *distant;* and cold-iron, &c. might be substituted, and the fire diminished at the moment, &c.

Doubtless they possessed these secrets, and had them at hand, to pass through these trials in perfect security. Philip Camerarius, in his curious compilation of "Spare-hours," which we have translated under the title of "The living Library," gives an anecdote of these times which may serve to shew their readiness. A rivalship existed between the Austin-Friars

and the Jesuits. The father-general of the Austin-Friars was dining with the Jesuits; and when the table was removed he entered into a formal discourse of the superiority of the Monastic Order, and charged the Jesuits in unqualified terms, with assuming the title of Fratres or Friars, while they held not the three vows, which other Monks were obliged to consider, as sacred and binding. The general of the Austin-Friars was very eloquent and very authoritative:—and the Superior of the Jesuits was very unlearned, but not half a fool.

He did not chuse to enter the lists of controversy with the Austin-Friar, but arrested his triumph by asking him if he would see one of his Friars, who pretended to be nothing more than a Jesuit, and one of the Austin-Friars who religiously performed the aforesaid three vows, shew instantly which of them would be the readier to obey his superiors? The Austin-Friar consented. The Jesuit then turning to one of his brothers, the holy-friar Mark, who was waiting on them, said, "Brother Mark, our companions are cold. I command you, in virtue of the holy obedience you have sworn to me, to bring here instantly out of the kitchen-fire, and in your hands, some burning coals, that they may warm themselves over your hands." Father Mark instantly obeys, and to

the astonishment of the Austin-Friars, brought in his hand a supply of red burning coals, and held them to whoever chose to warm himself; and at the command of his superior returned them to the kitchen hearth. The general of the Austin-Friars, with the rest of his brotherhood, stood amazed; he looked wistfully on one of his Monks, as if he wished to command him to do the like. But the Austin Monk, who perfectly understood him, and saw this was not a time to hesitate, observed,—"Reverend Father, forbear, and do not command me to tempt God! I am ready to fetch you fire in a chafing-dish, but not in my bare hands." The triumph of the Jesuits was complete; and it is not necessary to add, that the *miracle* was noised about, and that the Austin-Friars could never account for it, notwithstanding their strict performance of their three vows!

INQUISITION.

INNOCENT the Third, a Pope as enterprising as he was successful in his enterprizes, having sent Dominic with some missionaries into Languedoc, these men so irritated the Heretics they were sent to convert, that most of them were assassinated at Toulouse in the year 1200.

He called in for aid temporal arms, and published against them a crusade, granting, as is usual with the Popes on similar occasions, all kinds of indulgences and pardons to those who should arm against these *Mahometans*, so he stiled these unfortunate men. Raymond, Count of Toulouse, was constrained to submit. The inhabitants were passed on the edge of the sword, without distinction of age or sex. It was then he established that scourge of Europe, THE INQUISITION: for having considered that though all might be compelled to submit by arms, numbers might remain who would profess particular dogmas, he established this sanguinary tribunal solely to inspect into all families, and *inquire* concerning all persons who they imagined were unfriendly to the interests of Rome. Dominic did so much by his industrious persecutions, that he firmly established the inquisition at Toulouse.

It was not before the year 1484 it became known in Spain. To another Dominican, John de Torquemada, the Court of Rome owed this obligation. As he was confessor of Queen Isabella, he had extorted from her a promise that if ever she ascended the throne, she would use every means to extirpate Heresy and Heretics. Ferdinand had conquered Grenada, and had expelled from the Spanish realms multi-

tudes of unfortunate Moors. A few remained, whom, with the Jews, he compelled to become Christians: they at least assumed the name; but it was well known that both these nations naturally respected their own faith, rather than that of the Christians.

Torquemada pretended that this dissimulation would greatly hurt the interests of the Holy Religion. The queen listened with respectful diffidence to her confessor; and at length gained over the king to consent to the establishment of this barbarous tribunal. Torquemada, indefatigable in his zeal for the holy seat, in the space of fourteen years that he exercised the office of chief inquisitor, persecuted near eighty thousand persons, of whom six thousand were condemned to the flames!

Voltaire attributes the taciturnity of the Spaniards to the universal horror such proceedings spread. "A general jealousy and suspicion took possession of all ranks of people: friendship and sociability were at an end! Brothers were afraid of brothers, fathers of their children."

The situations and the feelings of one imprisoned in the cells of the Inquisition, are most forcibly painted by Orobio, a mild, and meek, and learned man, whose controversy with Limborch is well known. When he

escaped from Spain he took refuge in Holland, was circumcised, and died a philosophical Jew. Take this admirable description of himself in the cell of the Inquisition. "Inclosed in this dungeon I could not even find space enough to turn myself about; I suffered so much that I felt my brain disordered. I frequently asked myself, am I really Don Bathazaar Orobio, who used to walk about Seville at my pleasure, who so much enjoyed myself with my wife and children? I often imagined all my life had only been a dream, and that I really had been born in this dungeon!" The only amusement I could invent was metaphysical inquiries. I was at once opponent, respondent, and præses!"

In the Cathedral at Saragossa is the tomb of a famous Inquisitor; six pillars surround this tomb; to each is chained a Moor, as preparatory to his being burnt. On this St. Foix ingeniously observes, if ever the Jack Ketch of any country should be rich enough to have a splendid tomb, this might serve as an excellent model.

The Inquisition, as [illegible] informs us, punish *heretics by fire, to* [illegible] maxim, *Ecclesia non novit sanguinem*, [illegible] burning a man, say *they, does not shed his blood!* Otho, the Bishop at the Norman invasion, [illegible] tapestry worked by Matilda the queen [illegible] William the Con-

queror, is represented with a *mace* in his hand, for the purpose, that when he *dispatched* his antagonist, he might not *spill blood*, but only break his bones! Religion has had her quibbles as well as Law.

The establishment of this despotic Order was resisted in France; but it may perhaps surprise the reader that a Recorder of London in a speech urged the necessity of setting up an Inquisition in England! It was on the trial of Penn the quaker, in 1670, who was acquitted by the jury, which seems highly to have provoked the said Recorder. "*Magna Charta*," writes the prefacer to the trial, "with the Recorder of London, is nothing more than *Magna F——!*" It appears that the jury after being kept two days and two nights to change their verdict, were in the end both fined and imprisoned. Sir John Howell, the Recorder, said, "Till now I never understood the reason of the policy and prudence of the Spaniards in suffering the Inquisition among them; and certainly it will not be well with us, till something *like unto the Spanish Inquisition be in England.*" Thus it will ever be, while both parties struggling for the pre-eminence, rush to the sharp extremity of things, and annihilate the trembling balance of our happy Constitution. But the adopted motto of Lord Erskine

must ever be that of every Briton, "*Trial by jury.*"

So late as the year 1761, Gabriel Malagrida, an old man of seventy, was burnt by these evangelical executioners. His trial was printed at Amsterdam, 1762, from the Lisbon copy. And for what was this unhappy Jesuit condemned? Not, as some have imagined, for his having been concerned in a conspiracy against the King of Portugal. No other charge is laid to him in this trial, but that of having indulged certain heretical notions, which any other tribunal but that of the Inquisition would have looked upon as the delirious fancies of an old fanatic. Will posterity believe that in the eighteenth century an aged visionary was led to the stake for having said, amongst other extravagancies, that "The holy Virgin having commanded him to write the Life of Anti-Christ, told him that he, Malagrida, was a second John, but more clear than John the Evangelist: that there were to be three Anti-Christs, and that the last should be born at Milan, of a Monk and a Nun, in the year 1920; and that he would marry Proserpine, one of the infernal furies."

For such ravings as these the unhappy old man was burnt in recent times. Dr. Granger assures us that in his remembrance a *horse* that had been taught to tell the spots upon cards,

the hour of the day, &c. by significant tokens, was, together with his *owner*, put into the Inquisition for *both* of them dealing with the devil! A man of letters declared that, having fallen into their hands, nothing perplexed him so much as the ignorance of the Inquisitor and his council; and it seemed very doubtful whether they had read even the scriptures.

One of the most interesting anecdotes relating to the terrible Inquisition, exemplifying how the use of the diabolical engines of torture force men to confess crimes they have not been guilty of, is related by a Portuguese gentleman.

A Nobleman in Lisbon having heard that his physician and friend was imprisoned by the Inquisition, under the stale pretext of Judaism, addressed a letter to one of them to request his freedom, assuring the Inquisitor that his friend was as orthodox a Christian as himself. The physician, notwithstanding this high recommendation, was put to the torture; and, as was usually the case, at the height of his sufferings confessed every thing they wished. This enraged the Nobleman, and feigning a dangerous illness, he begged the Inquisitor would come to give him his last spiritual aid.

As soon as the Dominican arrived, the Lord, who had prepared his confidential servants, com-

manded the Inquisitor in their presence to acknowledge himself a Jew, to write his confession, and to sign it. On the refusal of the Inquisitor he ordered his people to put on his head a burning helmet, which to his astonishment, in drawing aside a screen, he beheld glowing in a small furnace. At the sight of this new instrument of torture, "Luke's iron crown," the Monk wrote and subscribed the abhorred confession. The Nobleman then observed, "See now the enormity of your manner of proceeding with unhappy men! My poor physician, like you, has confessed Judaism; but with this difference, torments alone have forced that from him, which fear alone has drawn from you!"

SINGULARITIES OBSERVED BY VARIOUS NATIONS IN THEIR REPASTS.

THE philosophical compiler of *L'Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes*, has arranged the greater part of the present article.

The Maldivian Islanders eat alone. They retire into the most hidden parts of their houses; and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. This custom probably arises from the savage, in the early periods of society, concealing himself because he fears that another

with as sharp an appetite, but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. Besides the ideas of Witchcraft are widely spread among Barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown among their victuals.

In noticing the solitary meal of the Maldivian Islander, another reason may be alledged for this misanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsociable life.

On the contrary, the Islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and we are assured that, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

Savages, (says Montaigne) when they eat, "*S'essuyent les doigts aux cuisses, à la bourse des génitoires, et à la plante des pieds.*" It is impossible to translate this passage without offending feminine delicacy; nor can we forbear exulting in the polished convenience of napkins!

The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not

make use of plates, knives, and forks: every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheiteans, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, feed separate from each other. At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, father and mother, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other; they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence.

The custom of drinking at different hours from those assigned for eating, is to be met with amongst many savage nations. It was originally begun from necessity. It became a habit, which subsisted even when the fountain was near to them. "A people transplanted," observes our ingenious philosopher, "preserve in another climate many things which relate to those from whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil scrupulously abstain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat."

When neither decency nor politeness are known, the savage who invites his friends to a repast is grateful enough to testify his esteem for his guests, and to present them with some amusement; for the savage guest imposes

on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit them to eat, but touches nothing himself. In New France, he wearies himself with singing, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, we wish to shew our confidence to our friends: we treat them as relations; and it is said that in China the master of the house, to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while his guests regale themselves at his table with undisturbed revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship in a rude state have a savage and gross character, which it is not a little curious to observe. The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink, and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth. It is then they clap their hands and dance before him.

Nations seem more ridiculous than those practised by a Kamschatkan, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat as well as of the repast. He vomits ten

times before he will yield; but, at length obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of cloaths or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin, and to oblige him to eat till he dies. The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of his guest whom he has so handsomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin, till he had obtained from him the presents he had in so singular a manner given to him.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alleged. It is meant to put the person to a trial, whose friendship is sought. The Kamtschadale, who is at the expence of the fires and the repast, is desirous to know if the stranger has the strength to support pain with him, and if he is generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, the host is heating the cabin to an insupportable degree, and for a last proof of the stranger's attachment he exacts more cloaths and dogs. The host passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger, who, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can, must defend his friend. It is thus that the most singular customs

would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to contemplate them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem, the Negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The King of Loango eats in one house, and drinks in another. A Kamtschadale kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out, "*Tana!*"—There! and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient Monarchs of France. After their coronation or consecration, when they sat at table, the nobility served them on horseback.

MONARCHS.

SAINT CHRYSOSTOM has this very acute observation on *Kings*: many monarchs are infected with the strange wish that their successors may turn out bad princes. Good kings desire it, as they imagine (continues this pious politician) that their glory will by this contrast appear the more splendid; and the bad desire it, as they consider such kings will serve to countenance their own misdemeanors.

Princes, says Gracian, are willing to be *aided*, but not *surpassed*. This maxim Amelot de la Houssaie illustrates by the following anecdote:—A Spanish lord having frequently played at chess with Philip II. and won all the games, perceived, when his majesty rose from play, that he was much ruffled with chagrin. The lord when he returned home, said to his family,—"My children, we have nothing more to do at court: there we must expect no favour; for the king is offended at my having won of him every game of chess."—As chess entirely depends on the genius of the players, and not on fortune, King Philip, the chess-player, conceived he ought to suffer no rival.

This appears still clearer by the anecdote told of the Earl of Sunderland, minister to George I. who was partial to the game of Chess. He once played with the La[illegible] Cunningham, the [illegible] Cunningham, with too much skill and too much sincerity, beat his lordship. The Earl was so fretted at his superiority and surliness, that he dismissed him without any reward. Cluny allowed himself sometimes to be beaten; and by that means got his pardon, with something handsome besides."

Pliny the younger, in praising the Emperor Trajan for *intreating* instead of *commanding*,

says that—" The most powerful manner of governing is to intreat, as you do, at the very moment when you can command." The *prayers* of the Great are so many *orders*.

In the Criticon of Gracian, there is an anecdote relative to kings, which I shall give for its singularity.

A great Polish monarch having quitted his companions when he was hunting, his courtiers found him, a few days after, in a market-place, disguised as a porter, and lending out the use of his shoulders for a few pence. At this they were as much surprised, as they were doubtful whether the *porter* could be his *majesty*. At length they ventured to express their complaints, that so great a personage should debase himself by so vile an employ. His majesty heard, and answered them,—" Upon my honour, gentlemen, the load which I quitted is by far heavier than the one you see me carry here:—the weightiest is but a straw, when compared to that world under which I laboured. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live, and to be king of myself. Elect whom you choose. For me, who am so well, it were madness to return to *court*." Another Polish king, who succeeded this philosophic *monarch* and *porter*, when they placed the sceptre in his hand, exclaimed,—" I

had rather manage an *oar!* The vacillating fortunes of the Polish monarchy present several of these anecdotes; their monarchs appear to have frequently been philosophers; and as the world is made, an excellent philosopher proves but an indifferent king.

There are two excellent observations on Kings made by the Duke of Alva, an experienced politician, to a courtier.—"Kings who affect to be familiar with their companions make use of *men* as they do of *oranges;* they take oranges to extract their juice; and when they are well sucked they throw them away. Take care the king does not do the same to you; be careful that he does not read all your thoughts; otherwise he will throw you aside to the back of his chest, as a book of which he has read enough." "The squeezed orange," the King of Prussia applied in his dispute with Voltaire.

The following conversation on monarchs is recorded by Boswell. It was suggested that kings must be unhappy because they are deprived of the greatest of all satisfactions, easy and unreserved society. Johnson observed that this was an ill-founded notion. Being a king does not exclude a man from such society. Great Kings have always been social. The King of Prussia, the only great King at present (this was THE GREAT Frederic) is very social-

Charles the Second, the last king of England who was a man of parts, was social; our Henrys and Edwards were all social."

The marquis of Halifax in his character of Charles II. has exhibited a *trait* in the Royal character of a good-natured monarch, with great ingenuity:—that *trait*, is *sauntering*. I shall transcribe this curious observation, which introduces us into a levee.

"There was as much of laziness as of love in all those hours which he passed amongst his mistresses, who served only to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure, called SAUNTERING, was the Sultana Queen he delighted in.

"The thing called SAUNTERING is a stronger temptation to Princes than it is to others.—The being galled with importunities, pursued from one room to another with asking faces; the dismal sound of unreasonable complaints and ill-grounded pretences; the deformity of Fraud ill-disguised:—all those would make any man run away from them, and I used to think it was the motive for making him walk so fast."

OF THE TITLES OF ILLUSTRIOUS, HIGHNESS, AND EXCELLENCE.

THE title of *Illustrious* was never given, till the reign of Constantine, but to those whose reputation was splendid in arms, or in letters. Adulation had not yet adopted this noble word into her vocabulary. Suetonius has composed a book to record those who had possessed this title; and, as it was *then* bestowed, a moderate book was sufficient to contain their names.

In the time of Constantine, the title of *Illustrious* was given more particularly to those princes who had distinguished themselves in war; but it was not continued to their descendants. At length, it became very common; and every son of a prince was *Illustrious*. It is now a word used by the poet, as a convenient epithet to complete the measure of his verse.

A French critic has well observed, that there is a very proper distinction to be made between the epithets of ILLUSTRIOUS, and FAMOUS.

Niceron has entitled his celebrated work, *Memoires pour servir à l'histoire des Hommes* ILLUSTRES *dans la Republique des Lettres.* The epithet ILLUSTRIOUS is always received in an honourable sense; yet in those Memoirs are inserted many authors who have only written with

the design of combating religion and morality Such writers as Vanini, Spinosa, Woolston, Toland, &c. had been better characterised under the more general epithet of FAMOUS; for it may be said, that the ILLUSTRIOUS are FAMOUS, but that the FAMOUS are not always ILLUSTRIOUS. In the rage for TITLES the ancient lawyers in Italy were not satisfied by calling kings ILLUSTRES; they went a step higher, and would have Emperors to be *super-illustres*, a barbarous coinage of their own.

In Spain, they published a book of *titles* for their Kings, as well as for the Portuguese; but Selden tells us, that "their *Cortesias* and giving of titles grew at length, through the affectation of heaping great attributes on their princes, to such an insufferable forme, that a remedie was provided against it." This remedy was an act published by Philip III. which ordained that all the *Cortesias*, as they termed these strange phrases, they had so servilely and ridiculously invented, should be reduced to a simple subscription, "To the King our Lord," leaving out those fantastical attributes they had so madly heaped together; every secretary having vied with his predecessors in increasing their number.

It would fill three or four of the present pages to transcribe the titles and attributes of

the Grand Signior, which he assumes in a letter to Henry IV. Selden, in his Titles of Honor, first part, p. 140. has preserved it. This "Emperor of victorious Emperors," as he styles himself, at length condescended to agree with the Emperor of Germany, in 1606, that in all their letters and instruments they should be only styled *Father* and *Son*: the Emperor calling the Sultan his Son; and the Sultan the Emperor, in regard of his years, his *Father*.

Formerly, says Houssaie, the title of *Highness* was only given to kings; but now it has become so common, that all the great houses assume it. All the Great, says a modern, are desirous of being confounded with princes, and are ready to seize on the privileges of royal dignity. We have already come to *Highness*. The pride of our descendants, I suspect, will usurp that of *Majesty*.

Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and his Queen Isabella, of Castile, were only treated with the title of *Highness*. Charles was the first who took that of *Majesty*: not in his quality of King of Spain, but as Emperor. St. Foix informs us, that Kings were usually addressed by the titles of *Most Illustrious*, or *Your Serenity*, or *Your Grace*; but that the custom of giving them that of *Majesty*, was only established by Lewis XI. a Prince the least majestic in all his

actions, his manners, and his exterior—a severe monarch, but no ordinary man, the Tiberius of France; whose manners were of the most sordid nature:—in public audiences he dressed like the meanest of the people, and affected to sit on an old broken chair, with a filthy dog on his knees. In an account found of his household, this *majestic* prince has a charge made him, for two new sleeves sewed on one of his old doublets.

Formerly kings were apostrophized by the title of *Your Grace*. Henry VIII. was the first, says Houssaie, who assumed the title of *Highness;* and at length *Majesty*. It was Francis I. who saluted him with this last title, in their interview in the year 1520, though he called himself only the first gentleman in his kingdom!

So distinct were once the titles of *Highness* and *Excellence*, that when Don Juan, the brother of Philip II. was permitted to take up the latter title, and the city of Granada saluted him by the title of *Highness*, it occasioned some serious jealousy at court; and had he persisted in it, he would probably have been condemned for treason.

After all these historical notices respecting these titles, the reader will smile when he is acquainted with the reason of an honest curate, of Montserrat, who refused to bestow the title

of *Highness* on the Duke of Mantua, because he found in his breviary these words, *Tu solus Dominus, tu solus Altissimus;* from all which he concluded, that none but the Lord was to be honoured with the title of *Highness!* The "Titles of Honour" of Selden is a very curious and learned work; the best edition is a folio of about 1000 pages. Selden vindicates the right of a King of England to the title of *Emperor.*—I find two verses in my copy in an old hand-writing, which I think worth preserving:

"And never yet was TITLE did not move;
And never eke a mind, *that* TITLE did not love."

TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.

In countries where despotism exists in all its force, and is gratified in all its caprices, the intoxication of power has occasioned sovereigns to assume the most solemn and the most fantastic titles.

The chiefs of the Natches are regarded by their people as the children of the sun, and they bear the name of their father.

The titles which some chiefs assume are not always honourable in themselves; it is sufficient if the people respect him. The King of Quiterva calls himself the *Great Lion;* and for this

reason lions are there so much respected, that it is not permitted to kill them, but at certain royal huntings.

The King of Monomotapa is surrounded by Musicians and Poets, who adulate him by such refined flatteries as *Lord of the sun and moon; Great magician;* and *Great thief!*

The wild imaginations of the Asiatics have bestowed as ridiculous titles of honour on their *princes.* The King of Arracan assumes the following ones; Emperor of Arracan, Possessor of the white elephant, and the two ear-rings, and in virtue of this possession legitimate heir of Pegu and Brama; Lord of the twelve Provinces of Bengal, and the twelve Kings who place their heads under his feet.

His Majesty of Ava is called *God:* when he writes to a foreign sovereign he calls himself The King of Kings, whom all others should obey, as he is the cause of the preservation of all animals; the regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four and twenty umbrellas! These umbrellas are always carried before him as a mark of his dignity.

The titles of the King of Achem are singular though voluminous. The most striking ones are Sovereign of the Universe, whose body is luminous as the sun; whom God created to

be as accomplished as the moon at her plenitude; whose eye glitters like the Northern star; a king as spiritual as a ball is round; who when he rises shades all his people; from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted, &c. &c.

After a long enumeration of the countries possessed by the King of Persia, they give him some poetical distinctions; *The branch of honour*; *the mirror of virtue*; and *the rose of delight*.

ROYAL DIVINITIES.

There is a curious dissertation in the "Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres," by the Abbé Mongault, "on the divine honours which were paid to the Governors of Provinces during the Roman republic;" during their life-time these originally began in gratitude, and at length degenerated into flattery. These facts are curious to shew how far the human mind can advance, when led on by customs that operate invisibly on it, and blind us in our absurdities. One of these ceremonies was exquisitely ridiculous. When they voted a statue to a Proconsul, they placed it among the statues of the Gods in the festival called *Lectisternium*; from the ridiculous circumstances of this solemn festival. On that day

the Gods were invited to a repast, which was however spread in various quarters of the city, to satiate mouths more mortal. The Gods were however taken down from their pedestals, laid on beds ornamented in their temples; pillows were placed under their marble heads; and while they reposed in this easy posture they were served with a magnificent repast. When Cæsar had conquered Rome, the servile senate put him to dine with the Gods! Fatigued and ashamed with these honours, he desired the senate to erase from his statue in the capitol, the title they had given him of a *demi-god!*

We know that the first Roman Emperors did not want flatterers, and that the adulations they sometimes lavished were extravagant. But perhaps few know that they were less offensive than the flatterers of the third century under the Pagan, and of the fourth under the Christian Emperors. Those who are acquainted with the character of the age of Augustus, have only to throw their eyes on the one, and the other *code*, to find an infinite number of passages which had not been bearable even in that age. For instance, here is a law of Arcadius and Honorius, published in 404;

"Let the officers of the palace be warned to abstain from frequenting tumultuous meetings;

and that those who, instigated by a *sacrilegious* temerity, dare to oppose the authority of *our Divinity*, shall be deprived of their employments, and their estates confiscated." The letters they write are *holy*. When the sons speak of their fathers, it is "Their father of *divine* memory;" or "Their *divine* father." They call their own laws *oracles*, and *celestial* oracles. So also their subjects address them by the titles of "*Your Perpetuity, your Eternity.*" And it appears by a law of Theodore the Great, that the Emperors at length added this to their titles. It begins thus; "If any magistrate after having concluded a public work, put his name rather than *that of our Perpetuity*, let him be judged guilty of high-treason."

DISTRESSED MONARCHS.

FORTUNE never appears in a more extravagant humour than when she reduces monarchs to become mendicants. Half a century ago it was not imagined that our own times should have to record many such instances. After having contemplated *Kings* raised into *Divinities*, we see them now depressed as *Beggars*. This age, in two opposite senses, may emphatically be distinguished as *the Age of Kings*.

In Candide or the Optimist, the reader will find an admirable stroke of Voltaire's. Eight travellers meet in an obscure inn, and some of them with not sufficient money to pay for a scurvy dinner. In the course of conversation, they are discovered to be *eight monarchs* in Europe, who had been deprived of their crowns.

What adds to this exquisite satire, these eight monarchs are not imperial shadows like those that appeared to Macbeth; but living monarchs who were wandering at that moment about the world.

Adelaide, the widow of Lothario King of Italy, one of the most beautiful women in her age, besieged in Pavia by Berenger, who resolved to constrain her to marry his son after Pavia was taken; she escaped from her prison with her almoner. The Archbishop of Reggio had offered her an asylum: to reach it, she and her almoner travelled on foot through the country by night, concealing herself in the day-time among the corn, while the almoner begged for alms and food through the villages.

The Emperor Henry IV. after having been deposed and imprisoned by his son, Henry V. escaped from prison; poor, vagrant, and without aid, he entreated the Bishop of Spires to grant him a lay prebend in his Church. "I have studied, said he, and have learned to sing,

and may therefore be of some service to you." The request was denied, and he died miserably and obscurely at Liege, after having drawn the attention of Europe on his victories and his grandeur. Dying he exclaimed, "God of Vengeance avenge this parricide."

Mary of Medicis, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of Louis XIII. mother-in-law of three sovereigns, and Regent of France, frequently wanted the necessaries of life, and died at Cologne in the utmost misery. The intrigues of Richelieu compelled her to exile herself, and live an unhappy fugitive. Her petition exists with this supplicatory opening: "Supplie Marie, Reine de France et de Navarre, disant, que depuis le 23 Fevrier elle aurait été arrêtée prisonniere au chateau de Compiegne, sans être accusée ni soupçonnée, &c." Lilly, the Astrologer, in his Life and Death of King Charles the First, presents us with a melancholy picture of this unfortunate monarch. He describes the person of the Old Queen Mother of France.

"In the month of August, 1641, I beheld the Old Queen Mother of France departing from London, in company of Thomas Earl of Arundel. A sad spectacle of mortality it was, and produced tears from mine eyes and many other beholders, to see an aged, lean, decre-

pid, poor queen ready for her grave, necessitated to depart hence, having no place of residence in this world left her, but where the courtesy of her hard fortune assigned it. She had been the only stately and magnificent woman of Europe: wife to the greatest king that ever lived in France; mother unto one king and unto two queens."

In the year 1595, died at Paris, Antonio King of Portugal. His body is interred at the Cordeliers, and his heart deposited at the Ave-Maria. Nothing on earth could compel this prince to renounce his crown. He passed over to England, and Elizabeth assisted him with troops, but at length he died in France in great poverty. This dethroned monarch was happy in one thing, which is indeed rare: in all his miseries he had a servant, who proved a tender and faithful friend, and who only desired to participate in his misfortunes, and to soften his miseries; and for the recompence of his services he only wished to be buried at the feet of his dear master. This hero in loyalty, to whom the ancient Romans would have raised altars, was Don Diego Bothei, one of the greatest lords of the court of Portugal, and who drew his origin from the kings of Bohemia.

Hume supplies me with an anecdote of singular royal distress. He informs us that the

Queen of England, with her son Charles, had "a moderate pension assigned her; but it was so ill paid, and her credit ran so low, that one morning when the Cardinal de Retz waited on her she informed him that her daughter, the princess Henrietta, was obliged to lie a-bed for want of a fire to warm her. To such a condition was reduced, in the midst of Paris, a Queen of England, and daughter of Henry IV. of France!" We find another proof of her excessive poverty. Salmasius, after publishing his celebrated political book, in favour of Charles II. the *Defensio Regia*, was much blamed by a friend for not having sent a copy to the widowed Queen of Charles, who, he writes, though poor, would yet have paid the bearer!

The daughter of James the First, who married the Elector Palatine, in her attempts to get her husband crowned, was reduced to the utmost beggary, and wandered frequently in disguise as a mere vagrant.

A strange anecdote is related of Charles VII. of France. Our Henry V. had shrunk his kingdom into the town of Bourges. It is said, that having told a shoemaker after he had just tried a pair of his boots, that he had no money to pay for them, Crispin had such callous feelings that he refused his majesty the boots! "It is for this reason," says Comines, "I praise those

princes who are on good terms with the lowest of their people; for they know not at what hour they may want them."

Many Monarchs of this day have probably experienced more than once the truth of the reflection of Comines.

We may add here, that in all conquered countries the descendants of royal families have been found among the dregs of the populace. An Irish prince has been discovered in the person of a miserable peasant; and in Mexico, its faithful historian Clavigero notices, that he has known a locksmith who was a descendant of its ancient kings, and a taylor of one of its noblest families.

FEUDAL CUSTOMS.

BARBAROUS as the feudal customs were, they were the first attempts at organizing European Society. The northern nations, in their irruptions and settlements in Europe, were barbarians independent of each other, till a sense of public safety induced these hordes to confederate. But the private individual reaped no benefit from the public union; on the contrary, he seems to have lost his wild liberty in the subjugation; he in a short time was compelled to suffer from his Chieftain; and the curiosity of

the philosopher is excited by contemplating in the feudal customs a barbarous people carrying into their first social institutions their original ferocity. The institution of forming cities into communities at length gradually diminished this military and aristocratic tyranny; and the freedom of cities, originating in the pursuits of commerce, shook off the yoke of insolent Lordships. A famous ecclesiastical writer of that day, who had imbibed the feudal prejudices, calls these communities, which were distinguished by the name of *Libertates*, (hence probably our municipal term the *Liberties*,) as "execrable inventions, by which, contrary to law and justice, slaves withdrew themselves from that obedience which they owed to their masters." Such was the expiring voice of aristocratic tyranny. This subject has been ingeniously discussed by Robertson in his preliminary volume to Charles V.; but the following facts constitute the picture which the historian leaves to be gleaned by the minuter inquirer.

The feudal government introduced a species of servitude which till that time was unknown, and which was called the Servitude of the Land. The Bondmen or Serfs, and the Villains or country servants, did not reside in the house of the Lord: but they entirely depended on his

caprice; and he sold them, as he did the animals, with the field where they lived, and which they cultivated.

It is difficult to conceive with what insolence the petty Lords of those times tyrannized over their Villains: they not only oppressed their slaves with unremitted labour, instigated by a vile cupidity; but their whim and caprice led them to inflict miseries without even any motive of interest.

In Scotland they had a shameful institution of Maiden-rights; and Malcolm the Third only abolished it, by ordering that they might be redeemed by a quit-rent. The truth of this circumstance Dalrymple has attempted, with excusable patriotism, to render doubtful. There seems however to be no doubt of the existence of this custom; since it also spread through Germany, and various parts of Europe; and the French Barons extended their domestic tyranny to three nights of involuntary prostitution. Montesquieu is infinitely French, when he could turn this shameful species of tyranny into a *bon mot;* for he coldly observes on this, "*C'etoit bien ces trois nuits la, qu'il falloit choisir; car pour les autres on n'auroit pas donné beaucoup d'argent.*" Thus the Wit, for one moment, forgot the feelings of his heart.

Others, to preserve this privilege when they

could not enjoy it in all its extent, thrust their leg booted into the bed of the new-married couple. This was called the *droit de cuisse.* When the bride was in bed, the Esquire or Lord performed this ceremony, and stood there, his thigh in the bed, with a lance in his hand: in this ridiculous attitude he remained till he was tired; and the bridegroom was not suffered to enter the chamber, till his lordship had retired. Such indecent privileges must have originated in the worst of intentions; and when afterwards they advanced a step in more humane manners, the ceremonial was preserved from avaricious motives. Others have compelled their subjects to pass the first night at the top of a tree, and there to consummate the marriage; to pass the bridal hours in a river; or to be bound naked to a cart, and to trace some furrows as they were dragged; or to leap with their feet tied over the horns of stags.

Sometimes their caprice commanded the bridegroom to appear in drawers at their castle, and plunge into a ditch of mud; and sometimes they were compelled to beat the waters of the ponds to hinder the frogs from disturbing the Lord!

There was a time when the German Lords reckoned amongst their privileges, that of robbing on the highways of their territory!

Geoffrey, Lord of Coventry, compelled his wife to ride naked on a white pad through the streets of the town; that by this mode he might restore to the inhabitants those privileges of which his wantonness had deprived them. This anecdote some have suspected to be fictitious from its extreme barbarity; but the character of the Middle-Ages will admit of any kind of barbarism.

When the Abbot of Figeac makes his entry into that town, the Lord of Montbrun, dressed in a Harlequin's coat, and one of his legs naked, is compelled by an ancient custom, to conduct him to the door of his abbey, leading his horse by the bridle.

The Feudal Barons frequently associated to share among them those children of their Villains who appeared to be the most healthy and serviceable, or who were remarkable for their talents; and not unfrequently sold them in their markets as they did their beasts.

The Feudal servitude is not, even in the present enlightened times, entirely abolished in Poland, in Germany, and in Russia. In those countries the Bondmen are still entirely dependent on the caprice of their masters. The Peasants of Hungary or Bohemia frequently revolt, and attempt to shake off the pressure of Feudal tyrrany; and it is ardently to be wished

that their wretched servitude should in some measure be softened.

An anecdote of recent date displays their inhuman caprice. A Lord or Prince of the Northern countries passing through one of his villages, observed a little assembly of Peasants and their families amusing themselves with dancing. He commands his domestics to part the men from the women, and confine them in the houses. He orders that the coats of the women may be drawn up above their heads, and tied with their garters. He then permits the men to be liberated, and inflicts a severe castigation on all those who did not recognize their wives in that state!

Absolute dominion hardens the human heart; and Nobles accustomed to command their Bondmen will treat their domestics as slaves. Those of Siberia punish theirs by an abundant use of the cudgel or rod. The Abbé Chappe saw two Russian slaves undress a chambermaid, who had by some trifling negligence given offence to her mistress: after having uncovered as far as her waist, one placed her head betwixt his knees; the other held her by the feet: while both armed with two sharp rods, violently lashed her back till it pleased the domestic tyrant to decree *it was enough!*

After a perusal of these anecdotes of Feudal Tyranny, we may exclaim with Goldsmith—

"I fly from PETTY TYRANTS—to the THRONE."

JOAN OF ARC.

OF the Maid of Orleans I have somewhere read that a bundle of faggots was substituted for her, when she was supposed to have been burnt by the Duke of Bedford. None of our historians notice this anecdote; though some have mentioned that after her death an impostor arose, and was even married to a French gentleman, by whom she had several children. Whether she deserved to have been distinguished by the appellation of *The Maid of Orleans* we have great reason to suspect; and some in her days, from her fondness for man's apparel, even doubted her *sex*. We know little of one so celebrated as to have formed the heroine of Epics. The following Epitaph on her I find in Winstanley's "Historical Rarities;" and which, possessing some humour, merits to be rescued from total oblivion.

"Here lies *Joan* of *Arc*; the which
Some count *Saint*, and some count *Witch*;
Some count *Man*, and something *more*;
Some count *Maid*, and some a *Whore*.

Her *Life* 's in question, wrong or right;
Her *Death* 's in doubt, by law's or might.
Oh, Innocence! take heed of it,
How thou too near to Guilt doth sit.
(Meantime, *France* a wonder saw—
A woman rule, 'gainst Salique law!)
But, reader, be content to stay
Thy censure till the Judgement Day;
Then shalt thou know, and not before,
Whether *Saint, Witch, Man, Maid,* or *Whore.*

GAMING.

GAMING appears to be an universal passion. Some have attempted to deny its universality; they have imagined that it is chiefly prevalent in cold climates, where such a passion becomes most capable of agitating and gratifying the torpid minds of their inhabitants.

But if we lay aside speculation and turn to facts, we are surely warranted in the supposition, that as the love of Gaming proceeds from avarice, a passion which probably for some wise purposes is so congenial to the human heart, it is not unjust to conclude, that it exists with equal force in human nature; the fatal propensity of Gaming is to be discovered, as well amongst the inhabitants of the frigid and torrid zones, as amongst those of the milder climates. The savage and the civilized, the illiterate and

the learned, are alike captivated by the hope of accumulating wealth without the labours of industry.

Barbeyrac has written an elaborate treatise on Gaming, and as an ethical work it may be placed on the shelf. A. Moore has given another elaborate treatise on suicide, gaming, and duelling, which may be put by the side of Barbeyrac. All these works are excellent sermons, but a sermon to a gambler, a duellist, or a suicide! A dice-box, a sword and pistol, are the only things that seem to have any power over these unhappy men, who are for ever lost in a labyrinth of their own.

I am much pleased with the following thought. "The ancients (says the author of Amusemens serieux et comiques) assembled to see their gladiators kill one another; they classed this among their *games!* What barbarity! But are we less barbarous, we who call a *game* an assembly, who meet at the faro table, where the actors themselves confess they only meet to destroy one another?" In both these cases the philosopher may perhaps discover their origin in one cause, that of the listless and indolent perishing with *ennui*, and requiring an immediate impulse of the passions, and very careless of the fatal means which procure this desired agitation.

The most ancient treatise by a modern on this subject, according to Barbeyrac, was that of a French physician, one Eckeloo, who published it in 1569, entitled *De Alea, sive de curanda ludendi in pecuniam cupiditate*, that is, "of games of chance, or the malady of playing for money." The treatise itself is only worth noticing from the circumstance of the author being himself one of the most inveterate gamblers; he wrote this work to convince himself of this folly. But in spite of all his solemn vows, the prayers of his friends, and his own book perpetually quoted before his face, he was a great gamester to his last hour! The same circumstance happened to Sir John Denham. They had not the good sense of old Montaigne, who gives us the reason why he gave over gaming. "I used, says he, to like formerly games of chance with cards and dice; but of that folly I have long been cured; merely because I found that whatever good countenance I put on when I lost, I did not feel my vexation the less." A man of letters to be a gambler, is one of the most indubitable follies he can practise. Goldsmith was the dupe of this madness. To play any game well, and not to be duped, requires the most serious study; time and experience, which a literary man should be ashamed to waste; if he plays well at any game, he ought to blush. The dullest man can do as much.

Dice, and that little pugnaceous animal the *Cock*, are the chief instruments employed by the numerous nations of the East, to agitate their minds and ruin their fortunes; to which the Chinese, who are desperate gamesters, add the use of *Cards*. When all other property is played away, the Asiatic gambler scruples not to stake his *wife* or his *child*, on the cast of a die, or courage and strength of a martial bird. If still unsuccessful, the last venture he stakes is *himself*.

In the Island of Ceylon, *cock-fighting* is carried to a great height. The Sumatrans are addicted to the use of dice. A strong spirit of play characterizes a Malayan. After having resigned every thing to the good fortune of the winner, he is reduced to a horrid state of desperation; he then loosens a certain lock of hair, which indicates war and destruction to all the raving gamester meets. He intoxicates himself with opium; and working himself up into a fit of phrenzy, he bites and kills every one who comes in his way. But as soon as this lock is seen flowing it is *lawful* to fire at the person, and to destroy him as fast as possible. I think it is this which our sailors call "To run a muck." Thus Dryden writes—

"Frontless, and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
And *runs* an Indian *Muck* at all he meets."

Thus also Pope—

> " Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
> To *run a Muck*, and tilt at all I meet."

Johnson could not discover the derivation of the word *Muck*. To "run a muck" is an old phrase for attacking madly and indiscriminately: its origin is unknown.

To discharge their gambling debts, the Siamese sell their possessions, their families, and at length themselves. The Chinese play *night* and *day*, till they have lost all they are worth; and then they usually go and hang themselves. Such is the propensity of the Japanese for high play, that they were compelled to make a law, that: " Whoever ventures his money at play, shall be put to death." In the newly-discovered islands of the Pacific Ocean, they venture even their hatchets, which they hold as invaluable acquisitions, on running-matches.—" We saw a man," as Cook writes in his last Voyage, " beating his breast and tearing his hair in the violence of rage, for having lost three hatchets at one of these races, and which he had purchased with nearly half his property."

The ancient nations were not less addicted to gaming. Numerous instances might be given from the ancient Persians, Grecians, and

Romans; the Goths, the Germans, &c. To notice the modern ones were a melancholy task: there is hardly a family in Europe who cannot record, from their own domestic annals, the dreadful prevalence of this unfortunate passion. Affection has felt the keenest lacerations, and Genius been irrecoverably lost, by a wanton sport, which doomed to destruction the hopes of families, and consumed the heart of the gamester with corrosive agony.

Gamester and *Cheater* were synonymous terms in the time of Shakspeare and Jonson: they have hardly lost much of their double signification in the present day.

The following is a curious picture of a Gambling-house, from a contemporary account, and appears to be an establishment more systematic than the Gaming-houses of the present day: the HELLS, as the technical term runs.

"A list of the officers established in the most notorious Gaming-houses," from the DAILY-JOURNAL, Jan. 9th, 1731:

1st. A COMMISSIONER, always a proprietor, who looks in of a night; and the week's account is audited by him and two other proprietors.

2d. A DIRECTOR, who superintends the room.

3d. An OPERATOR, who deals the cards at a cheating game, called Faro.

4th. Two CROWPEES, who watch the cards, and gather the money for the bank.

5th. Two PUFFS, who have money given them to decoy others to play.

6th. A CLERK who is a check upon the PUFFS, to see that they sink none of the money given them to play with.

7th. A SQUIB is a puff of lower rank, who serves at half-pay salary while he is learning to deal.

8th. A FLASHER, to swear how often the Bank has been stript.

9th. A DUNNER, who goes about to recover money lost at play.

10th. A WAITER, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming-room.

11th. An ATTORNEY, a Newgate Solicitor.

12th. A CAPTAIN, who is to fight any gentleman who is peevish for losing his money.

13th. An USHER, who lights gentlemen up and down stairs, and gives the word to the porter.

14th. A PORTER, who is generally a soldier of the Foot Guards.

15th. An ORDERLY MAN, who walks up and down the outside of the door, to give notice to the porter, and alarm the house at the approach of the constable.

16th. A RUNNER, who is to get intelligence of the Justice's Meeting.

17th. LINK-BOYS, COACHMEN, CHAIRMEN, or others who bring intelligence of the Justices meetings, or of the Constables being out, at half-a-guinea reward.

18th. COMMON-BAIL, AFFIDAVIT-MEN, RUFFIANS, BRAVOES, ASSASSINS, *cum multis aliis.*

THE ARABIC CHRONICLE.

THE Arabic Chronicle of Jerusalem is only valuable from the time of Mahomet. For such is the stupid superstition of the Arabs, that they pride themselves on being ignorant of whatever has passed before the mission of their Prophet. The most curious information it contains is concerning the Croisades: according to Longerue, who said he had translated several portions of it, whoever would be versed in the history of the Croisades should attend to this chronicle, which appears to have been written with impartiality. It renders justice to the Christian heroes, and particularly dwells on the gallant actions of the Count de Saint Gilles.

Our historians chiefly write concerning *Godfrey de Bouillon*; only the learned know that the Count *de Saint Gilles* acted there so important a character. The stories of the *Saracens* are just the reverse: they speak little concerning Godfrey, and eminently distinguish Saint Gilles.

Tasso has given into the more vulgar accounts, by making the former so eminent, at the cost of the other heroes, in his Jerusalem Delivered. Thus Virgil transformed by his magical power the chaste Dido into a lover; and Homer the meretricious Penelope into a moaning matron. It is not requisite for poets to be historians, but historians should not be so frequently poets. The same charge, I have been told, must be made to the Grecian Historians. The Persians are viewed to great disadvantage in Grecian history. It would form a curious inquiry, and the result might be unexpected to some, were the Oriental Student to comment on the Grecian Historians. The Grecians were not the Demi-Gods they paint themselves to have been, nor those they attacked the contemptible multitudes they describe. These boasted victories might be diminished. The same observation attaches to Cæsar's account of his British expedition. He never records the defeats he frequently experienced. The national prejudices of the Roman historians have undoubtedly occasioned us to have a very erroneous conception of the Carthaginians, whose discoveries in navigation and commercial enterprises were the most considerable among the ancients. We must indeed think highly of that people, whose works on agriculture, which they had raised into a science, the

senate of Rome ordered to be translated into Latin. They must have been a wise and grave people.—Yet they are stigmatized by the Romans for faction, cruelty, and cowardice; and their bad faith has come down to us in a proverb; but Livy was a Roman! and there is a patriotic malignity!

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

If we except the belief of a future remuneration beyond this life for virtue, and chastisement for crimes, there is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of the Metempsychosis. The pains and the pleasures of this life are by this system considered as the recompence or the punishment of our actions in an anterior state: so that, says St. Foix, we cease to wonder that among men and animals, some enjoy an easy and agreeable life, while others seem born only to suffer all kinds of miseries: preposterous as this system may appear, it has not wanted for advocates in the present age, which indeed has revived every kind of fanciful theories. Mercier, in *L'an deux mille quatre cents quarante*, seriously maintains the present one.

If we seek for the origin of the opinion of the Metempsychosis, or the Transmigration of Souls

into other bodies, we must plunge into the remotest antiquity ; and even then we shall find it impossible to fix the epoch of its first author. We know that the notion was long extant in Greece before the time of Pythagoras. Herodotus assures us that the Egyptian priests taught it ; but he does not inform us about the time it began to spread. It probably followed the opinion of the Immortality of the Soul. As soon as the first Philosophers had established this dogma, they thought they could not maintain this immortality without a transmigration of souls. The opinion of the Metempsychosis spread in almost every region of the earth ; and it continues, even to the present time, in all its force amongst those nations who have not yet embraced Christianity. The people of Arracan, Pegu, Siam, Camboya, Tonquin, Cochin-China, Japan, Java, and Ceylon, are still in that error, which also forms the chief article of the Chinese religion. The Druids believed in Transmigration. The Bardic triads of the Welsh are full of this belief; and a Welsh Antiquary insists that by an emigration which formerly took place, it was conveyed to the Bramins of India from Wales! The Welsh Bards tell us that the souls of men transmigrate into the bodies of those animals whose habits and characters they most resemble, till after a circuit of such chastising

miseries, they are rendered more pure for the celestial presence; for man may be converted into a pig or a wolf, till at length he assumes the inoffensiveness of the Dove.

My learned friend Mr. Sharon Turner, the accurate and philosophical historian of our Saxon Ancestors, has explained in his very ingenious "Vindication of the ancient British Poems," p. 231, the Welsh system of the Metempsychosis. I shall collect it in his own words. Their bards mention three circles of existence. The Circle of the all-inclosing circle, holds nothing alive or dead, but God. The second circle, that of felicity, is that which men are to pervade after they have passed through their terrestrial changes. The circle of evil is that in which human nature passes through those varying stages of existence which it must undergo before it is qualified to inhabit the circle of felicity.

The progression of man through the circle of evil is marked by three infelicities: Necessity, Oblivion, and Death. The deaths which follow our changes, are so many escapes from their power. Man is a free agent, and has the liberty of choosing, his sufferings and changes cannot be foreseen. By his misconduct he may happen to fall retrograde into the lowest state from which he had emerged. If his conduct in any one state, instead of improving his being, had

made it worse, he fell back into a worse condition to commence again his purifying revolutions. Humanity was the limit of the degraded transmigrations. All the changes above humanity produced felicity. Humanity is the scene of the contest, and after man has traversed every state of animated existence, and can remember all that he has passed through, that consummation follows which he attains in the circle of felicity. It is on this system of transmigration that Taliessin, the Welsh bard, who wrote in the sixth century, gives a recital of his pretended transmigration. He tells how he had been a serpent, a wild ass, a buck, or a crane, &c.; and this kind of reminiscence of his former state, this recovery of memory, was a proof of the mortal's advances to the happier circle. For to forget what we have been, was one of the curses of the circle of evil. Taliessin therefore (adds Mr. Turner) as profusely boasts of his recovered reminiscence as any modern sectary can do of his state of grace and election.

In all these wild reveries there seems to be a moral fable in the notion, that the clearer a man recollects what a *brute* he has been, it is a certain proof that he is in an improved state!

According to the authentic Clavigero, in his History of Mexico, we find the Pythagorean transmigration carried on in the West, and not

less fancifully than in the countries of the East. The people of Tlascala believe that the souls of persons of rank went after their death to inhabit the bodies of *beautiful and sweet singing birds*, and those of the *nobler quadrupeds*; while the souls of inferior persons were supposed to pass into *weazels*, *beetles*, and such other *meaner animals*.

There is something not a little ludicrous in the description Plutarch gives at the close of his Treatise on "the delay of heavenly Justice." Thespesius saw at length the souls of those who were condemned to return to life, and whom they violently forced to take the form of all kinds of animals. The labourers charged with this transformation, forged with their instruments certain parts; others, a new form; and made some totally disappear; that these souls might be rendered proper for another kind of life and other habits. Among these he perceived the Soul of Nero, which had already suffered long torments, and which stuck to the body by nails red from the fire. The workmen seized on him to make a viper of, under which form he was now to live, after having devoured the breast that had carried him.—But in this Plutarch only copies the fine reveries of Plato.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The Etiquette or rules to be observed in the royal palaces is necessary, writes Baron Bielfield, for keeping order at court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their Kings. Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling.

Philip the Third gravely seated by the fire side, where the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the Monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, his *grandeur* would not suffer him to rise from the chair; and the domestics could not *presume* to enter the apartment, because it was against the *Etiquette*. At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the King ordered him to damp the fires: but *he* excused himself; alleging that he was forbidden by the *Etiquette* to perform such a function, for which the Duke D'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The Duke was gone out; the *fire* burnt fiercer; and the *King* endured it, rather than derogate from his *dignity*. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier, who knew the King's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her highness safe out in his arms: but the Spanish *Etiquette* was here woefully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish Princess, however condescended, in consideration of the circumstance, to *pardon* the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life!

When Isabella, mother of Philip II. was ready to be delivered of him, she commanded that all the lights should be extinguished; that if the violence of her pain should occasion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said, "Madam, cry out, that will give you ease," she answered in *good Spanish*, "How dare you give me such advice? I would rather die than cry out."

After this, we may exclaim with our English Satirist—

> "Spain gives us *pride*—which Spain to all the earth
> May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth!"
>
> CHURCHILL.

Philip the Third was indeed a weak prince, who suffered himself to be governed by his

ministers. A patriot wished to open his eyes, but he could not pierce through the crowds of his flatterers; besides, that the voice of patriotism heard in a corrupted court would have become a crime never to have been pardoned. He found, however, an ingenious manner of conveying to him his censure. He caused to be laid on his table one day, a letter sealed, which bore this address—"To the King of Spain, Philip the Third, at present in the service of the Duke of Lerma."

In a similar manner, Don Carlos, son to Philip the Second, made a book with empty pages, to contain the voyages of his father, which bore this title—"The Great and Admirable Voyages of the King Mr. Philip." All these voyages consisted of going to the Escurial from Madrid, and returning to Madrid from the Escurial. Jests of this kind, at length, cost him his life.

THE GOTHS AND HUNS.

The terrific honours which these ferocious nations paid to their deceased monarchs are recorded in history, by the interment of Attila, King of the Huns; and Alaric King of the Goths.

Attila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast champaign in a coffin which was inclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and the third of iron. With the body were interred all the spoils of the enemy, harnesses embroidered with gold and studded with jewels; rich silks, and whatever they had taken most precious in the palaces of the kings they had pillaged: and that the place of his interment might for ever remain concealed, the Huns deprived of life all who assisted at his burial!

The Goths had done nearly the same for Alaric in 410, at Cosenca, a town in Calabria. They turned aside the river Vasento; and having formed a grave in the midst of its bed where its course was most rapid, they interred this king with prodigious accumulations of riches. After having caused the river to reassume its usual course they murdered, without exception, all those who had been concerned in digging this singular grave.

VICAR OF BRAY.

The reader has frequently heard this reverend son of the church mentioned: probably his name may have outlived the recollection of his pious manœuvres: he was in his principles a Sixtus the Fifth.

The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a Papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a Protestant under Edward the Sixth; he was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turncoat and an unconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied, "Not so neither! for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle; which is, to live and die the Vicar of Bray!"

This vivacious and reverend hero has given birth to a proverb peculiar to his county, "The vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still." Fuller tells us, in his facetious chronicle of his worthies, that this vicar had seen some martyrs burnt two miles off at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. He was one of those who, though they cannot turn the wind, will turn their mills, and set them so, that wheresoever it bloweth their grist shall certainly be grinded.

DOUGLAS.

It may be recorded as a species of Puritanic savageness and Gothic barbarism, that no later

than in the year 1757, a man of genius was persecuted because he had written a Tragedy which tended by no means to hurt the morals; but on the contrary, by awakening the piety of domestic affections with the nobler passions, would rather elevate the soul and purify the mind.

When Mr. Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas, had it performed at Edinburgh, and because some of the divines, his acquaintance, attended the representation, the clergy, with the monastic spirit of the darkest ages, published the present paper, which I shall abridge for the contemplation of the reader, who may wonder to see such a composition written in the eighteenth century.

"On Wednesday, February the 2d, 1757, the Presbytery of Glasgow came to the following resolution." They having seen a printed paper, intituled, "An Admonition and Exhortation of the reverend Presbytery of Edinburgh;" which, among other *evils* prevailing, observing the following *melancholy* but *notorious* facts: that one who is a Minister of the Church of Scotland, did *himself* write and compose *a Stage-play*, intituled, "The Tragedy of Douglas," and got it to be acted at the theatre of Edinburgh; and that he with several other Ministers of the Church were present;

and *some* of them *oftener than once*, at the acting of the said Play before a numerous audience. The Presbytery being *deeply affected* with this new and strange appearance, do publish these sentiments, &c." Sentiments with which I will not disgust the reader; but which they appear not yet to have purified and corrected.

CRITICAL HISTORY OF POVERTY.

Mr. Morin, in the Memoirs of the French Academy, has formed a little History of Poverty, which I abridge.

Where shall we fix on the epoch of Poverty, or how mark with accuracy the moment of its birth? Chronologists are silent; and those who have formed genealogies of the Gods, have not noticed this Deity's, though she has been admitted as such in the Pagan heaven, and has had temples and altars on earth. The allegorical Plato has pleasingly narrated of her, that at the feast which Jupiter gave on the birth of Venus, she modestly stood at the gate of the palace to gather the fragments of the celestial banquet; when she observed the God of Riches, inebriated with nectar, roll out of the heavenly residence; and passing into the Olympian gardens, he threw himself on a vernal

bank. She seized this opportunity to become familiar with the God. The frolicksome Deity honoured her with his caresses; and from this amour sprung the God of Love, who resembles his father in jollity and mirth, and his mother in his nudity. The allegory is ingenious. The union of poverty with riches, must inevitably produce the most delightful of pleasures.

The Golden Age, however, had but the duration of a flower; when it finished, Poverty began to appear. The ancestors of the human race, if they did not meet her face to face, knew her in a partial degree; the vagrant Cain encountered her. She was firmly established in the Patriarchal age. We hear of merchants who publicly practised the commerce of vending slaves, which indicates the utmost degree of Poverty. She is distinctly marked by *Job*: this holy man protests, that he had nothing to reproach himself with respecting the Poor, for he had assisted them in their necessities.

As we advance in the Scriptures, we observe the Legislators paid great attention to their relief. Moses, by his wise precautions, endeavoured to soften the rigours of this unhappy state. The division of lands, by tribes and families; the septennial jubilees; the regulation to bestow at the harvest time a certain portion of all the fruits of the earth for those

families who were in want; and the obligation of his moral law to love one's neighbour as one's self; were so many mounds erected against the inundations of Poverty. The Jews under their Aristocratic government had few or no Mendicants. Their Kings were unjust; and rapaciously seizing on inheritances which were not their right, increased the numbers of the Poor. From the reign of David there were oppressive governors, who devoured the people as their bread. It was still worse under the foreign powers of Babylon, of Persia, and the Roman Emperors. Such were the extortions of their publicans, and the avarice of their governors, that the number of mendicants dreadfully augmented; and it was probably for that reason that the opulent families consecrated a tenth part of their property for their succour, as appears in the time of the Evangelists. In the preceding ages no more was given, as their casuists assure us, than the fortieth or thirtieth part; a custom which this unfortunate nation to the present hour preserve, and look on it as an indispensible duty; so much so, that if there are no Poor of their nation where they reside, they send it to the most distant parts. The Jewish merchants make this charity a regular charge in their transactions with each other; and at the close of the year render an account to the Poor of their nation.

By the example of Moses, the ancient legislators were taught to pay a similar attention to the Poor. Like him they published laws respecting the division of lands; and many ordinances were made for the benefit of those whom fires, inundations, wars, or bad harvests had reduced to want. Convinced that *idleness* more inevitably introduced poverty than any other cause; they punished it rigorously: the Egyptians made it criminal, and no vagabonds or mendicants were suffered under any pretence whatever. Those who were convicted of slothfulness, and still refused to labour for the public when labours were offered to them, were punished with death. The Egyptian taskmasters observed that the Israelites were an idle nation, and obliged them to furnish bricks for the erection of those famous pyramids, which are the works of men who otherwise had remained vagabonds and mendicants.

The same spirit inspired Greece. Lycurgus would not have in his republic either *poor* or *rich:* they lived and laboured in common. As in the present times, every family has its stores and cellars, so they had public ones, and distributed the provisions according to the ages and constitutions of the people. If the same regulation was not precisely observed by the Athenians, the Corinthians, and the other peo-

ple of Greece, the same maxim existed in full force against idleness.

According to the laws of Draco, Solon, &c. a conviction of wilful poverty was punished with the loss of life. Plato, more gentle in his manners, would have them only banished. He calls them enemies of the state; and pronounces as a maxim, that where there are great numbers of mendicants, fatal revolutions will happen; for as these people have nothing to lose, they seize and plan opportunities to disturb the public repose.

The ancient Romans, whose universal object was the public prosperity, were not indebted to Greece on this head. One of the principal occupations of their Censors was to keep a watch on the vagabonds. Those who were condemned as incorrigible sluggards were sent to the mines, or made to labour on the public edifices. The Romans of those times, unlike the present race, did not consider the *far niente* as a pleasing occupation: they were convinced that their liberalities were ill-placed in bestowing them on such men. The little republics of the *Bees* and the *Ants* were often held out as an example; and the last, particularly where Virgil says, that they have elected overseers who correct the sluggards.

"———Pars agmina cogunt,
Castigantque moras." VIRGIL.

And if we may trust the narratives of our travellers, the *Beavers* pursue this regulation more rigorously and exactly than even these industrious societies. But their rigour, although but animals, is not so barbarous as that of the ancient Germans; who, Tacitus informs us, plunged the idlers and vagabonds in the thickest mire of their marshes, and left them to perish by a kind of death that resembled their inactive indispositions.

Yet after all, it was not inhumanity that prompted the ancients thus severely to chastise idleness: they were induced to it by a strict equity; and it would be doing them injustice to suppose, that it was thus they treated those *unfortunate Poor*, whose indigence was occasioned by infirmities, by age, or unforeseen calamities. They perhaps exceeded us in genuine humanity. Every family constantly assisted its branches to save them from being reduced to beggary; which to them appeared worse than death. The magistrates protected those who were destitute of friends, or incapable of labour. When Ulysses was disguised as a mendicant, and presented himself to Eurymachus, this prince observing him to be robust and healthy, offered to give him employment, or otherwise to leave him

to his ill fortune. When the Roman Emperors, even in the reigns of Nero and Tiberius, bestowed their largesses, the distributors were ordered to except those from receiving a share whose bad conduct kept them in misery; for that it was better the lazy should die with hunger than be fed in idleness.

Whether the police of the ancients was more exact, or whether they were more attentive to practise the duties of humanity, or that slavery served as an efficacious corrective of idleness; it clearly appears how little was the misery, and how few the numbers of their Poor. This they did too, without having recourse to hospitals.

At the establishment of Christianity, when the Apostles commanded a community of riches among their disciples, the miseries of the poor became alleviated in a greater degree. If they did not absolutely live together, as we have seen religious orders, yet the rich continually supplied their distressed brethren: but matters greatly changed under Constantine. This Prince, with the best intentions, published edicts in favour of those Christians who had been condemned in the preceding reigns to slavery, to the mines, the galleys, or prisons. The Church felt an inundation of prodigious crowds of these unhappy men, who brought with them urgent wants and corporeal infirmi-

ties. The Christian families formed then but a few: they could not satisfy these men. The magistrates protected them: they built spacious hospitals, under different titles, for the sick, the aged, the invalids, the widows, and orphans. The Emperors, and the most eminent personages, were seen in these hospitals examining the patients. Sometimes they assisted the helpless, and sometimes dressed the wounded. This did so much honour to the new religion, that Julian the Apostate introduced this custom among the Pagans. But the best things are seen continually perverted.

These retreats were found insufficient. Many slaves, proud of the liberty they had just recovered, looked on them as prisons; and under various pretexts, wandered about the country. They displayed with art the scars of their former wounds, and exposed the imprinted marks of their chains. They found thus a lucrative profession in begging, which had been interdicted by the laws. The profession did not finish with them: men of an untoward, turbulent, and licentious disposition, gladly embraced it. It spread so wide that the succeeding Emperors were obliged to institute new laws; and individuals were permitted to seize on these mendicants for their slaves and perpetual vassals: a powerful preservative against this dis-

order. It is observed in almost every part of the world, but ours; and prevents that populace of beggary which disgraces Europe. China presents us with a noble example. No beggars are seen loitering in that country. All the world are occupied, even to the blind and the lame. Those who are incapable of labour, live at the public expence. What is done *there* may also be performed *here*. Instead of that hideous, importunate, idle, licentious poverty, as pernicious to the police as to morality, we should see the poverty of the earlier ages, humble, modest, frugal, robust, industrious, and laborious. Then, indeed, the fable of Plato might be realised: Poverty may be embraced by the god of riches; and if she did not produce the voluptuous offspring of Love, she would become the fertile mother of Agriculture, and the ingenious mother of the Fine Arts, and of all kinds of Manufactures.

SLAVERY.

The present Anecdotes are chiefly from "*L'Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes.*"

It avails little to exclaim against Slavery; it is an evil so natural to man, that it is impossible totally to eradicate it. Man will be a tyrant;

and if he possessed an adequate strength, he would enslave whatever surrounded him. Dominion is so flattering to pride and to idleness, that it is impossible to sacrifice its enjoyments. Even the Slave himself requires to be attended by another Slave: it is thus with the Negro of Labat; who, since his state permits of none, assumes a despotic authority over his wife and children.

There are Slaves even with savages, and if force cannot establish servitude, they employ other means to supply it. The Chief of the *Natchès* of Louisiana disposes at his will of the property of his subjects: they dare not even refuse him their head. He is a perfect despotic prince. When the presumptive heir is born, the people devote to him all the children at the breast to serve him during his life. This petty Chief is a very Sesostris; he is treated in his cabin as the Emperor of China is in his palace. Indeed the origin of his power is great: the *Natchès* adore the Sun, and this Sovereign has palmed himself on them for the Brother of the Sun!

Servitude is sometimes as pleasing to the slave as it is gratifying to the master; and can any thing more strongly convince us, that the greater part of men are unworthy of tasting the sweets of liberty? It was thus, when the Monarchs of

France were desirous of despoiling the Barons of the authority they had usurped, the bondmen accustomed to slavery, were slow in claiming their liberty. To effect this it became necessary to *compel* them by laws; and Louis Hutin ordered, that those villains or bondmen who would not be enfranchised, should pay heavy fines.

The origin of Slavery in some countries arises from singular circumstances. If a Tartar met in his way a man or woman, who could not shew a passport from the King, he would seize on the person as his right and property.

Formerly in Circassia, when the husband and wife did not agree, they went to complain to the governor of the town. If the husband was the first who arrived, the governor caused the woman to be seized and sold, and gave another to the husband, and on the contrary, he seized and sold the husband, if the wife arrived first.

Liberality, and the desire of obliging, (who could credit it?) occasion the depriving others of their liberty. An Islander of Mindanao, who redeems his son from Slavery, makes him his own slave; and children exercise the same benevolence and rigour on their parents.

In Rome the debtor became the slave of his creditor; and when it happened that they could take nothing from him who had lost every thing, they took his liberty. It is even believed, that

the law of the Twelve Tables permitted them to cut into pieces an insolvent debtor!

It is since the establishment of the commerce and sale of Negroes, that men have committed the most enormous crimes. The Mulattoes of Loanda seduce the young women wherever they pass; they return to them some years afterwards; and under the pretext of giving the children a better education, they carry them off to sell them.

Thus, also, the women of Benguela, in collusion with their husbands, allure other men to their arms. The husband falls suddenly on them, imprisons the unfortunate gallants, and sells them the first opportunity; and he is not punished for these violences.

Besides, the Negroes sell their children, their parents, and their neighbours! They lead to the country-house of the merchant their unsuspectful victims, and there deliver them into the hands of their purchaser. While they are loaded with chains, and separated for ever from their most endearing connections, it is in vain they raise loud and melancholy cries: the infamous vender smiles, and says it is only a cunning trick. Le Maire informs us, that an old Negro resolved to sell his son; but the son, who suspected his design, hastened to the factor; and having taken him aside, sold him his father!

The Islanders of Bissagos are passionately fond of spirituous liquors; and on the arrival of a vessel, the weakest, without distinction of age, friendship, or relationship, become the prey of the strongest, that they may sell them to purchase liquors.

It appears that in the East, and particularly at Batavia, the life of a slave entirely depends on the caprice of his master: the slightest fault brings on him the most afflicting treatment. They bind him to a gallows; they flog him unmercifully with splitted canes; his blood flows in a stream, and his body is covered with wounds: but fearful that he may not die in sufficient tortures, they scatter abundantly over them salt and pepper. So little care is paid to these unfortunate men amongst the Maldivians, that they lie entirely at the mercy of every one. Those who practise on them any ill-treatment receive only half the punishment that the laws exact from any one who had ill-treated a free person. The slightest chastisement which is inflicted on them at Java is to carry about their necks a piece of wood with a chain, and which they are condemned to drag all their lives.

The slaves of the kingdom of Angola, and many other countries of Africa, never address their masters but on their knees. They do not even allow them the honours of decent burial;

they throw their bodies in the woods, where they become the food of wild beasts.

If those on the Gold Coast escape, and are retaken, they lose an ear for the first offence of this kind: a second offence is punished with the loss of the other. At the third, it is allowed their masters either to sell them to the Europeans, or to cut off their heads.

Religious fanaticism increases the inhumanity of the pirates of Africa. The Moors and the Europeans reciprocally detest each other; and since they redeem their captives, it is said the Mahometans have become unmerciful, that they may the more powerfully excite their friends to redeem them with heavy ransoms. The police does not punish the master who kills his slaves; religious prejudices totally stifle the feelings of humanity; and the zealous Mussulman inflicts continual tortures on these unfortunate men, that they may abjure their religion.

The Spaniards and the Knights of Malta, for their reprisals, chain to the galley all the Mahometans they make prisoners; and it is thus that the fate of the Christian slaves, on the Northern Coast of Africa, is the natural consequence of a war which never can terminate.

When the NEGROES of the Colonies solely depend on a brutal master, who can paint the horrors of their situation? Without dwelling on the

cruelties which they suffer in Africa before they are sold, and during the voyage; the greater part believe, that after their embarkation, the Europeans intend to massacre them in the most terrible manner imaginable; to burn, calcine, and pulverize their bones, to be employed as gunpowder; and they also imagine, that the Europeans manufacture an oil with their fat and marrow.

If they do not finish their task, they are lashed with rods till they are covered with blood. Sometimes they pour over the raw wounds a pound of melted pitch; and sometimes they heighten their unsupportable smart by scattering over them handfuls of pepper!

The habit of suffering endows them with an admirable patience. It is thus *Labat* expresses himself on this head: "They are seldom heard to cry out, or to complain. It is not owing to insensibility, for their flesh is extremely delicate, and their feelings irritable. It proceeds from an uncommon magnanimity of soul, which sets at defiance pain, grief, and death itself. I have more than once seen some broken on the wheel, and others tormented by the most dreadful machines inventive cruelty could produce, without their giving vent to one murmur or shedding one tear. I saw a Negro burnt, who was so far from being affected, that he called for a little lighted

tobacco on his way to the place of execution; and I observed him smoke with great calmness at the moment his feet were consuming in the midst of the flames. There were two Negroes condemned; the one to the gallows, the other to be whipped by the hand of the executioner. The Priest, in a mistake, confessed him who was not to have died. They did not perceive it till the moment the executioner was going to throw him off; they made him descend; the other was confessed; and although he expected only to be whipped, he mounted the ladder with as much indifference as the first descended from it, and as if the choice of either fate was alike to him."

How grievous must be the unfortunate destiny of those Negroes, when they possess a soul so great, and sentiments so sublime! Atkins, examining once some slaves, observed one of a noble stature, who appeared to him not less vigorous than imperious; he glanced on his companions, whenever they murmured or wept, looks of reproach and disdain. He never turned his eyes on the overseer; and if commanded to rise or to stretch his leg, he did not by any means immediately obey. His exasperated master wearied himself with lashing his naked body with his rod. He was going to dispatch him in his fury, had it not been observed to him, that if he sold him he might get an uncommon price

for a slave of his appearance. The Negro supported this persecution with heroic intrepidity: he preserved a rigid silence; a tear or two only trickled down his cheek; when, as if he blushed for his weakness, he turned aside to hide them. "I learnt," Atkins writes, "that he was a Chief of some villages who had just come from opposing the slave traffick of the English." Mr. Mackenzie, in one of his novels, has described this scene with the pen of a master; and certainly draws the picture after the description of Atkins.

Many European nations abandon the Negroes to the caprice of their masters, or to the despotic decision of the magistrate. They have reduced them to the degree of brutes, and treated them with more inhumanity. Whatever the arbitrary decrees of a planter, concludes our philosophical compiler, may perform, these cannot deprive the Negroes of the human figure nor the human voice; some Europeans seem, indeed, exasperated to find that they bear an affinity to their own species.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

I HAVE heard an ingenious invention, which in the Talmud some Rabbin has attributed to Solomon; and this story shews that there are

some pleasing inventions in that immense compilation.

The power of the Monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendour of his reputation, visited this poetical King at his own court; there, one day to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the foot of the throne; in each hand she held a wreath of flowers, the one composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimetic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues of nature; so that at the distance it was held by the Queen for the inspection of the King, it was deemed impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which wreath was the production of nature, and which the work of art. The sagacious Solomon seemed perplexed; yet to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David, he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions "from the cedar to the hyssop," to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of paper and glazed paintings! The honour of the Monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished; and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the

King; and it must be confessed worthy of the Natural Philosopher. Observing a cluster of Bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened: it was opened; the Bees rushed into the Court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical Tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral; that *the Bee* only *rests* on the natural beauties, and never *fixes* on the *painted flowers*, however inimitably the colours may be laid on. Applied to the *Ladies*, this would give it pungency. In the "Practical Education" of the Edgeworths, the reader will find a very ingenious conversation of the children on this story.

HELL.

OLDHAM, in his "Satires upon the Jesuits," a work which would admit a curious commentary, alludes to their "lying legends," that is the golden legend of Jacques de Voragine, and the innumerable impositions they practised on the credulous. I quote a few lines in which he has collected some of those legendary miracles,

which I have noticed in the present volume, Art. LEGENDS, and the amours of the Virgin Mary are detailed in Vol. II.

> Tell, how *blessed Virgin* to come down was seen,
> Like play-house punk descending in machine,
> How she writ *Billet-doux*, and *love-discourse*,
> Made *assignations*, *visits*, and *amours*;
> How Hosts distrest, her *smock* for *banner* wore,
> Which vanquished foes!—
> ——— how *fish* in conventicles met,
> And *mackerel* were with *bait of doctrine* caught:
> How cattle have judicious hearers been!—
> How *consecrated hives* with bells were hung,
> And *bees* kept mass, and holy *anthems sung!*
> How *pigs* to th' *rosary* kneel'd, and *sheep* were taught
> To bleat *Te Deum* and *Magnificat*;
> How *fly-flap*, of church-censure houses rid
> Of insects, which at *curse of Fryar* died.
> How *ferrying cowls* religious pilgrims bore
> O'er waves, without the help of sail or oar;
> How *zealous crab*, the *sacred image* bore,
> And swam a Catholic to the distant shore.
> With shams like these the giddy rout mislead,
> Their folly, and their superstition feed.

All these are allusions to the extravagant fictions in the Golden Legend. Among other gross impositions to deceive the mob, Oldham likewise attacks them for certain publications on topics not less singular. The tales he has recounted, Oldham says, are only baits for children, like toys at a fair; but they have

their profounder and higher matters for the learned and the inquisitive. He goes on:

> One undertakes by scales of miles to tell
> The bounds, dimensions, and extent of HELL;
> How many German leagues that realm contains!
> How many chaldrons Hell each year expends
> In coals for roasting Hugonots and friends!
> Another frights the rout with useful stories
> Of wild Chimeras, Limbo's PURGATORIES!
> Where bloated souls, in smoaky durance hung,
> Like a Westphalia Gammon or neat's tongue,
> To be redeemed with masses and a song.
>
> Satyr IV.

The readers of Oldham, for Oldham must ever have readers among the curious in our poetry, have been greatly disappointed in the pompous edition of a Captain Thompson, which illustrates none of his allusions. In the above lines Oldham alludes to some singular works of the learned which deserve to be chronicled.

Treatises and topographical descriptions of HELL, PURGATORY, and even HEAVEN, were once the favourite researches among certain zealous defenders of the Romish church, who exhausted their ink-horns in building up a Hell to their own taste, or for their particular purpose. We have a treatise of Cardinal Bellarmin, a jesuit, on *Purgatory;* he seems to have the science of a surveyor, among all the secret tracks, and

the formidable divisions of "the bottomless pit."

Bellarmin informs us that there are beneath the earth four different places, or a profound place divided into four parts. The deepest of these places is *Hell;* it contains all the souls of the damned, where will be also their bodies after the Resurrection, and likewise all the Demons. The place nearest Hell is *Purgatory*, where souls are purged, or rather where they appease the anger of God by their sufferings. He says that the same fires and the same torments, alike inflict in both these places, and that the only difference between *Hell* and *Purgatory* consists in their duration. Next to *Purgatory* is the *Limbo* of those *Infants* who die without having received the Sacrament; and the fourth place is the *Limbo* of the *Fathers;* that is to say, of those *just men* who died before the death of Jesus Christ. But since the days of the Redeemer, this last division is empty, like an apartment to be let. I shall just observe here that a later Catholic Theologist, the well-known Tillemont, condemns *all the illustrious Pagans* to the *eternal torments of Hell!* because they lived before the time of Jesus, and therefore could not be benefited by the Redemption! Speaking of young Tiberius, who was compelled to fall on his own sword, Tillemont adds. "Thus by his own hand

he ended his miserable life, *to begin another the misery of which will never end!*" Observe, however, that history records nothing bad of this Prince. Jortin observes that he added this *reflection* in his later edition, so that the good man as he grew older grew more uncharitable in his religious notions. It is in this manner too that the Benedictine Editor of Justin Martyr speaks of the illustrious Pagans. This Father, after highly applauding Socrates, and a few more who resembled him, seems not to think that they are fixed in *Hell.* But the Benedictine Editor takes great pains to clear the good father from the shameful imputation of supposing that a *virtuous Pagan might be saved* as well as a Benedictine Monk. For a curious specimen of this *Odium Theologicum,* see the censure of the Sorbonne on Marmontel's Belisarius.

The adverse party, who were either philosophers or reformers, received all such information with great suspicion. Anthony Cornellius, a lawyer in the 16th century, wrote a small tract, which was so effectually suppressed, as a monster of atheism, that a copy is now only to be found in the hands of the curious. This author ridiculed the absurd and horrid doctrine of *infant damnation,* and was instantly decried as an atheist, and the Printer prosecuted till he was

ruined! Cælius Secundus Curio, a noble Italian, published a treatise *De Amplitudine beati regni Dei*, to prove that *Heaven* has more inhabitants than *Hell*, or in his own phrase that the *elect* are more numerous than the *reprobate*. However we may incline to smile at such works as these two, their design was benevolent. They were the first streaks of the morning light of the Reformation. Even such works assisted mankind to examine more closely, and hold in greater contempt, the extravagant and pernicious doctrines of the Papistical Church.

THE ABSENT MAN.

With the character of Bruyere's Absent Man the reader is well acquainted. It is translated in the Spectator, and it has been exhibited on the Theatre. The general opinion runs that it is a fictitious character, or at least one the Author has too highly coloured. It was well known however to his contemporaries to be the Count De Brancas. The present Anecdotes concerning the same person, have been unknown to, or forgotten by, Bruyere; and are to the full as extraordinary as those which characterize *Menalcas*, or the Absent Man.

The Count was reading by the fire-side, (but

Heaven knows with what degree of attention,) when the nurse brought him his infant child. He throws down the book; he takes the child in his arms. He was playing with her, when an important visitor was announced. Having forgot he had quitted his book, and that it was his child he held in his hands, he hastily flung the squalling innocent on the table.

The Count was walking in the street, and the Duke de la Rochefoucault crossed the way to speak to him.—"God bless thee, poor man!" exclaimed the Count. Rochefoucault smiled, and was beginning to address him:—"Is it not enough,"—cried the Count, interrupting him, and somewhat in a passion—"is it not enough that I have said, at first, I have nothing for you? Such lazy beggars as you hinder a gentleman from walking the streets." Rochefoucault burst into a loud laugh, and awakening the Absent Man from his lethargy, he was not a little surprised, himself, that he should have taken his friend for an importunate mendicant! La Fontaine is recorded to have been one of the most absent of men; and Furetiere relates a circumstance which, if true, is one of the most singular distractions possible. La Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and some time afterwards he called to visit him. At first he was shocked at the informa-

tion of his death, but recovering from his surprise, he observed—"It is true enough! for now I recollect I went to his burial!"

WAX-WORK.

WAX-WORK has been brought sometimes to a wonderful perfection. We have heard of many curious deceptions occasioned by the imitative powers of this plastic material. A series of anatomical sculptures in coloured wax was projected by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, under the direction of Fontana. Twenty apartments have been filled with those curious imitations. They represented in every possible detail, and in each successive stage of denudation the organs of sense and reproduction; the muscular, the vascular, the nervous, and the boney system. They imitate equally well the form, and more exactly the colouring of nature than injected preparations; and they have been employed to perpetuate many transient phenomena of disease, of which no other art could have made so lively a record.

But there is a pleasing species of the Wax-work, which, though it can claim none of the honours of the fine arts, is adapted to afford us much pleasure. I mean figures of Wax, large as life. There have been several exhibitions in

London, which have pretended to an excellence they did not attain. It must be confessed that a saloon, occupied by figures that represent eminent personages, forms a grand idea. To approach Voltaire, Franklin, or the great Frederick, yields to their admirers a delightful sensation; to see departed geniuses, in an assemblage, appear wanting nothing but that language and those actions which a fine imagination can instantaneously bestow!

A work of this kind Menage has noticed, which must have appeared a little miracle. In the year 1675, the Duke de Maine received a gilt cabinet, about the size of a moderate table. On the door was inscribed, "*The Apartment of Wit.*" The inside exhibited an alcove and a long gallery. In an arm-chair was seated the figure of the Duke himself composed of wax, the resemblance the most perfect imaginable. On one side stood the Duke de la Rochefoucault, to whom he presented a paper of verses for his examination. Mr. De Marcillac, and Bossuet Bishop of Meaux, were standing near the arm-chair. In the alcove, Madame de Thianges and Madame de la Fayette sat retired reading a book. Boileau, the satirist, stood at the door of the gallery, hindering seven or eight bad poets from entering. Near Boileau stood Racine, who seemed to beckon

to La Fontaine to come forwards. All these figures were formed of wax; and this philosophical baby-house, interesting for the personages it imitated, might induce a wish in some philosophers to play once more with one.

PASQUIN AND MARFORIO.

All the world have heard of these *Statues:* they have served as vehicles for the keenest satire in a land of the most uncontrouled despotism. The *Statue of Pasquin* (from whence the word *Pasquinade)* and that of *Marforio* are placed in Rome in two different quarters. *Marforio's* is an ancient *Statue* that lies at its whole length: either *Panarium Jovum;* or the River *Rhine.* That of *Pasquin* is a marble *Statue,* greatly mutilated, which stands at the corner of the Palace of the Ursinos, supposed to be the figure of a Gladiator. Whatever they may have been is now of little consequence: it is certain that to one or other of these *Statues* are affixed, during the concealment of the night, those satires or lampoons which the authors wish should be dispersed about Rome without any danger to themselves. When *Marforio* is attacked, *Pasquin* comes to his succour; and when *Pasquin* is the sufferer, he finds in *Marforio* a constant defender. Thus,

by a thrust and a parry, the most serious matters are disclosed; and the most illustrious personages are attacked by their enemies, and defended by their friends.

Misson, in his travels in Italy, gives the following account of the origin of the name of the Statue of *Pasquin*:—

A satirical Taylor, who lived at Rome, and whose name was *Pasquin*, amused himself with severe raillery, liberally bestowed on those who passed by his shop; which in time became the lounge of the News-mongers. The Taylor had precisely the talents to head a regiment of satirical wits, and had he had time to *publish*, he would have been the Peter Pindar of his day; but his genius seems to have been satisfied to rest on his shop-board. When any lampoons or amusing bon-mot were current at Rome, they were usually distinguished from his shop, as *Pasquinades*. After his death there was found under the pavement of his shop this statue of an ancient Gladiator. It was soon set up; and by universal consent was inscribed with his name; and they still attempt to raise him from the dead, and keep the caustic Taylor alive, in the marble gladiator of wit.

There is a very rare work, that bears this title:—"Pasquillorum, Tomi Duo." The first containing the verse, and the second the prose

pasquinades. It was published at Basle, 1544. The rarity of this collection of satirical pieces was entirely owing to the arts of the Papal Government. Sallengre in his Literary Memoirs, Vol. ii. p. 203, has given an account of this work; the copy he had, once belonged to Daniel Heinsius, who, in two verses written in his hand, describes its rarity and the price it cost:

Roma meos fratres igni dedit, unica Phœnix
Vivo, aureisque veneo centum Heinsio.

"Rome gave my brothers to the flames, but I survive a solitary Phœnix. Heinsius bought me for a hundred golden Ducats."

This collection contains a great number of pieces composed at different times, and by different authors against the Popes, Cardinals, &c. They are not indeed materials for the historian, and they must be taken with grains of allowance; but Mr. Roscoe might have discovered in these Epigrams and Puns, that of his hero Leo X. and the more than infamous Lucretia of Alexander VI.; even the corrupt Romans of the day were capable of expressing themselves with the utmost freedom *. Of these

* It appears by a note in Mr. Roscoe's Catalogue of his Library, that three of the sarcastic Epigrams here cited, are given in the Life of Leo X. At this distance of time I cannot

three respectable personages we find several Epitaphs. Of Alexander VI. we have an apology for his conduct.

Vendit Alexander Claves, altaria, Christum,
Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest.

"Alexander *sells* the keys, the altars, and Christ;
As he *bought* them first, he had a right to *sell them!*"

On Lucretia:—

Hoc tumulo dormit Lucretia nomine, sed re
Thais; Alexandri filia, sponsa, nurus!

"Beneath this stone sleeps Lucretia by name, but by nature Thais; the daughter, the wife, and the daughter-in-law of Alexander!"

Leo X. was a frequent butt for the arrows of Pasquin:—

Sacra sub extremâ, si forte requiritis, horâ
Cur Leo non potuit sumere; vendiderat.

account for my own inadvertency. It has been, however, the occasion of calling down from Mr. Roscoe an admirable reflection, which I am desirous of preserving, as a Canon of Criticism. "It is much safer, in general, to speak of the contents of books *positively* than *negatively*, as the latter requires that *they should first be read.*" I regret that our elegant and nervous writer should have considered a casual inadvertence as worth his attention.—Certain it is, however, that I was among the first eager purchasers of the four quartos, which I still retain with the hope one day to read more carefully—the fault of this omission cannot possibly lie with the Author!

"Do you ask why the Lion did not take the sacrament on his death-bed?—How could he? He had sold it!"

Many of these satirical touches depend on puns. Urban VII, one of the *Barberini* family, pillaged the Pantheon of Brass to make Cannon, on which occasion Pasquin was made to say:—

Quod non fecerunt *Barbari* Romæ, fecit *Barberini*.

On Clement VII, whose death was said to be occasioned by the prescriptions of his Physician:

Curtius occidit Clementem, Curtius auro
Donandus, per quem publica parta salus.

"Dr. Curtius has killed the Pope by his remedies; he ought to be paid as a man who deserves well of the State."

Another calls Dr. Curtius, "The Lamb of God who annuls or takes away all worldly sins."

The following, on Paul III, are singular conceptions:—

Papa Medusæum caput est, coma turba Nepotum:
Perseu cæde caput, Cæsaries periit.

"The Pope is the head of Medusa; the horrid tresses are his nephews: Perseus, cut off the head, and then we shall be rid of these serpent-locks."

Another is sarcastic—

Ut canerent data multa olim sunt Vatibus æra:
Ut taceam, quantum tu mihi, Paule, dabis?

"Heretofore money was given to poets that they might sing: how much will you give me, Paul, to be silent?

This collection contains, among other classes, passages from the Scriptures which have been applied to the Court of Rome; to different nations and persons; and one of "*Sortes Virgilianæ per Pasquillum collectæ*,"—passages from Virgil frequently applied in a very ingenious and happy manner; and those who are curious of the history of those times, will find this portion very interesting.—The book itself is not quite so rare as Daniel Heinsius imagined; but a great number of these "Sortes" are collected in Sallengre's "Memoires de Literature." Vol. II. part II. p. 226.

Marforio is a statue of *Mars*, found in the *Forum;* which the people have corrupted into *Marforio.* These statues are placed at opposite ends of the town, so that there is always sufficient time to make Marforio reply to the gibes and jeers of Pasquin, in walking from one to the other. I am obliged for this information to my friend Mr. Duppa, the elegant biographer of Michael Angelo.

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENT.

THE Ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The black-

est teeth are esteemed the most beautiful in Guzurat, and in some parts of America. In Greenland the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she-goats; and to render them thus, their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and if there was any competition between two Princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries, the mothers break the noses of their children; and in others press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair: the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The Indian Beauty is thickly smeared with bear's fat; and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silks nor wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

In China small eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows that they may be small and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eye-brows. It

is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose-colour.

An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; such as green crystal, gold, stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

The female head-dress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese Fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the person: the wings spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Myantses is far more

ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad: with this they cover their hair, and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck very straight; and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

To this curious account, extracted from Du-halde, we must join that of the inhabitants of the Land of Natal. They wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually anoint the head with a purer grease, which mixing with the hair, fastens these *bonnets* for their lives.

MODERN PLATONISM.

Erasmus in his age of religious revolution expressed an alarm, which in some shape has been since realized. He strangely, yet acutely observes, that "*Literature* began to make a great and happy progress; but," he adds, "I fear two things, that the study of *Hebrew* will promote *Judaism*, and the study of *Philology*

will revive PAGANISM.' He speaks to the same purpose in the Adages, c. 189, as Jortin observes p. 90. Blackwell in his curious Life of Homer, after shewing that the ancient oracles were the fountains of knowledge, and that the *God* of *Delphi* actually was believed by the votaries, from the oracle's perfect acquaintance with the country, parentage, and fortunes of the suppliant, and many predictions having been verified; that besides all this, the oracles that have reached us discover a wide knowledge of every thing relating to Greece;—he is at a loss to account for a knowledge that he thinks has something divine in it: it was a knowledge to be found no where in Greece but among the Oracles. He would account for this phenomenon, by supposing there existed a succession of learned men devoted to this purpose. He says, "Either we must admit the knowledge of the priests, or turn *converts to the ancients*, and believe in the *Omniscience of Apollo, which in this age I know nobody in hazard of.*" Yet to the astonishment of this writer, were he now living, he would have witnessed this incredible fact! Even Erasmus himself might have wondered.

We discover the origin of MODERN PLATONISM, as it may be distinguished, among the Italians. About the middle of the fifteenth century, some time before the Turks had become masters of

Constantinople, a great number of philosophers flourished. *Gemisthus Pletho* was one distinguished by his genius, his erudition, and his fervent passion for *Platonism.* Mr. Roscoe notices Pletho; "His discourses had so powerful an effect upon Cosmo de Medici, who was his constant auditor, that he established an academy at Florence for the sole purpose of cultivating this new and more elevated species of philosophy." The learned Marsilio Ficino translated Plotinus, that great archimage of *Platonic Mysticism.* Such were Pletho's eminent abilities, that in his old age those whom his novel system had greatly irritated, either feared or respected him. He had scarcely breathed his last when they began to abuse Plato and our Pletho. The following account is written by George of Trebizond.

Lately has arisen amongst us a second Mahomet: and this second, if we do not take care, will exceed in greatness the first, by the dreadful consequences of his wicked doctrine, as the first has exceeded Plato. A disciple and rival of this philosopher in philosophy, in eloquence, and in science, he had fixed his residence in the Peloponnese. His common name was *Gemisthus*, but he assumed that of *Pletho.* Perhaps Gemisthus, to make us believe more easily that he was descended from heaven, and to engage

us to receive more readily his doctrine and his new law, wished to change his name, according to the manner of the ancient patriarchs; of whom it is said, that at the time the name was changed they were called to the greatest things. He has written with no vulgar art, and with no common elegance. He has given new rules for the conduct of life, and for the regulation of human affairs; and at the same time has vomited forth a great number of blasphemies against the Catholic religion. He was so zealous a Platonist that he entertained no other sentiments than those of Plato, concerning the nature of the Gods, Souls, Sacrifices, &c. I have heard him myself, when we were together at Florence, say, that in a few years all men on the face of the earth would embrace with one common consent, and with one mind, a single and simple religion, at the first instructions which should be given by a single preaching. And when I asked him if it would be the religion of Jesus Christ, or that of Mahomet? he answered, "Neither one nor the other; but a *third*, which will not greatly differ from *Paganism*." These words I heard with so much indignation, that since that time I have always hated him: I look upon him as a dangerous viper; and I cannot think of him without abhorrence."

The pious writer of this account is too violently agitated: he might, perhaps, have bestowed a smile of pity or contempt; but the bigots of religion are not less insane than the impious themselves.

It was when Pletho died full of years and honours, that the malice of his enemies collected all its venom. A circumstance that seems to prove that his abilities must have been great indeed to have kept such crowds silent: and it is not improbable, this scheme of impiety was less impious than some people imagined. Not a few Catholic writers lament that his book was burnt, and greatly regret the loss of Pletho's work; which, they say, was not meant to subvert the Christian religion, but only to unfold the system of Plato, and to collect what he and other philosophers had written on religion and politicks. At the same time, however, we must recollect the express words of Pletho, as given by George of Trebizond.

Of his religious scheme, the reader may judge by this summary account. The general title of the volume ran thus: "This Book treats of the Laws of the best Form of Government, and what all men must observe in their public and private stations, to live together in the most perfect, the most innocent, and the most happy manner." The whole was divided into Three

Books. The titles of the chapters where Paganism was openly inculcated, are reported by Gennadius, who condemned it to the flames, but who has not thought proper to enter into the manner of his arguments, &c. The impiety and the extravagance of this new legislator appeared above all, in the articles which concerned Religion. He acknowledges a plurality of Gods: some superior, whom he placed above the heavens; and the others inferior, on this side the heavens. The first existing from the remotest antiquity; the others younger, and of different ages. He gave a king to all these gods; and he called him ΖΕΥΣ, or *Jupiter*, as the Pagans named this power formerly. According to him, the Stars had a Soul; the Demons were not malignant Spirits; and the World was Eternal. He established Polygamy, and was even inclined to a community of women. All his work was filled with such reveries; and with not a few impieties, which my pious author will not venture to give.

What the intentions of Pletho were, it would be rash to determine. If the work was only an arrangement of Paganism, or the Platonic philosophy, it might have been an innocent, if not a curious volume. He was learned and humane, and had not passed his life entirely in the solitary recesses of his study.

To strain human curiosity to the utmost limits of human credibility, a *Modern Pletho* has arisen in Mr. *Thomas Taylor*, who, consonant to the Platonic philosophy, in the present day religiously professes *Polytheism!* At the close of the eighteenth century, be it recorded, were published many volumes, in which the author affects to avow himself a zealous Platonist, and asserts he can prove that the Christian religion is a "bastardized and barbarized Platonism!" The divinities of Plato are the divinities to be adored, and we are to be taught to call God Jupiter; the Virgin, Venus; and Christ, Cupid! And the Iliad of Homer allegorized, is converted into a Greek bible of the arcana of Nature! Extraordinary as this literary lunacy may appear, we must observe, that it stands not singular in the annals of the history of the human mind. The Florentine Academy which Cosmo founded, had, no doubt, some classical enthusiasts; but who, perhaps according to the political character of their country, were prudent and reserved. The Platonic furor, however, appears to have reached other countries. The following remarkable anecdote has been given by St. Foix, in his curious "Essais historiques sur Paris." In the reign of Lewis XII, a scholar named Hemon de la Fosse, a native of Abbeville, by continually reading and admiring

the Greek and Latin writers, became [illegible] enough to persuade himself that it was impossible that the religion of such great genius as Homer, Cicero, and Virgil was a false [illegible] On the 25th of August, 1503, being at church, he suddenly snatched the host from the hands of the priest, at the moment it was raised, exclaiming; "what! always this folly!" He was immediately seized and put in prison. In the hope that he would abjure his extravagant errors, they delayed his punishment; but no exhortation nor intreaties availed. He persisted in maintaining that Jupiter was the sovereign God of the universe, and that there was no other paradise than the Elysian fields. He was burnt alive, after having first had his tongue pierced, and his hand cut off. Thus perished an ardent and learned youth, who ought only to have been condemned as a Bedlamite.

Dr. More is the most rational of our modern Platonists, not however that he does not abound with the most extravagant reveries, and was inflated with egotism and enthusiasm, as much as any of his mystic predecessors. His works are easily procurable. He conceived that he held an intercourse with the divinity itself! that he had been shot as a fiery dart into the world, and he hoped he had hit the mark. He carried his self-conceit to such extravagance, that he

thought his urine smelt like violets, and his body in the spring season had a sweet odour; a perfection peculiar to himself. These visionaries indulge such fancies!

ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

A VOLUME on this subject might be made very curious and entertaining, for our ancestors were not less vacillating, and perhaps more capriciously grotesque, though with infinitely less taste than the present generation. Were a philosopher and an artist, as well as an antiquary, to compose such a work, much diversified entertainment, and some curious investigation of the progress of the arts and taste, would doubtless be the result; the subject otherwise appears of trifling value; the very farthing pieces of history.

The origin of many fashions was in the endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor; hence the cushions, ruffs, hoops, and other monstrous devices. If a reigning beauty chanced to have an unequal hip, those who had very handsome hips, would load them with that false rump which the other was compelled by the unkindness of nature to substitute. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Ed-

ward VI. by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Duvalle, whose name they perpetuated, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the head, it became a prevailing fashion at court. Others on the contrary adapted fashions to set off their peculiar beauties, as Isabella of Bavaria, remarkable for her gallantry and the fairness of her complexion, introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

Fashions have frequently originated from circumstances as silly as the following one. Isabella, daughter of Philip II. and wife of the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken; this siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed colour of the Archduchess's linen gave rise to a fashionable colour, hence called *L'Isabeau*, or the Isabella; a kind of whitish-

yellow-dingy. Or sometimes they originate in some temporary event: as after the battle of Steenkirk, where the Allies wore large cravats, by which the French frequently seized them, (a circumstance perpetuated on the medals of Louis XIV.,) cravats were called Steenkirks; and after the battle of Ramillies, wigs received that denomination.

The *Court* in all ages and in every country are the modellers of fashions, so that all the ridicule, of which these are so susceptible, must fall on them, and not upon the *Citizens,* who are here but servile imitators. These latter, however, have ever made themselves sufficiently ridiculous by aping their betters, and transplanting the Court follies into their muddy soil. This complaint is made even so far back as in 1586, by Jean des Caures, an old French moralist, who, in declaiming against the fashions of his day, notices one, of the ladies carrying *mirrors fixed to their waists,* which seemed to employ their eyes in perpetual activity. From this mode will result, according to honest Des Caures, their eternal damnation. "Alas! (he exclaims,) in what an age do we live; to see such depravity which we see, that induces them even to bring into church these *scandalous mirrors hanging about their waists!* Let all histories divine, human, and prophane

be consulted; never will it be found that these objects of vanity were ever thus brought into public by the most meretricious of the sex. It is true, at present none but the ladies of the Court venture to wear them; but long it will not be before *every Citizen's daughter*, and every *female servant*, will wear them. Such in all times has been the rise and decline of fashion; and the absurd mimickry of the *Citizens*, even of the lowest classes, to their very ruin, in straining to rival the *newest fashion*, has mortified and galled the Courtier.

On this subject old Camden, in his Remains, relates a story of a trick played off on a citizen, which I shall give in the plainness of his own venerable style. "Sir Philip Calthrop purged John Drakes, the *Shoemaker of Norwich*, in the time of King Henry VIII. of the *proud humour* which our *people have to be of the gentlemen's cut*. This knight bought on a time as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to the taylor's to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker of that town, coming to this said taylor's, and seeing the knight's gown cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the taylor to buy him as much of the same cloth and price to the same intent, and further bade him to *make it of the same fashion, that the knight would have his made of*. Not

long after, the knight coming to the taylor's to take measure of his gown, perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked of the taylor whose it was? Quoth the taylor, it is John Drakes the *shoemaker*, who will have it *made of the self-same fashion that your's is made of!* Well! said the knight, in good time be it! I will have mine made as *full of cuts as thy shears can make it.* It shall be done! said the taylor; whereupon, because the time drew near, he made haste to finish both their garments. John Drakes had no time to go to the taylor's till Christmas day, for serving his customers, when he hoped to have worn his gown; perceiving the same to be *full of cuts*, began to swear at the taylor, for the making his gown after that sort. I have done nothing, quoth the taylor, but that you bid me, for as Sir Philip Calthrop's garment is, even so have I made your's. By my latchet! quoth John Drakes, *I will never wear gentlemen's fashions again!*"

Sometimes fashions are quite reversed in their use in one age from another. Bags, when first in fashion in France, were only worn *en dishabille*; in visits of ceremony, the hair was tied by a ribband and floated over the shoulders, which is exactly contrary to the present fashion. In the year 1735 the men had no hats but a little chapeau de bras; in 1745

they wore a very small hat; in 1755 they wore an enormous one, as may be seen in Jeffery's curious "Collection of Habits in all Nations." Old Puttenham, in his very rare work, "The Art of Poesie," p. 239, on the present topic gives some curious information. "Henry VIII. caused his own head, and all his courtiers to be *polled*, and his *beard* to be *cut short*; *before that time* it was thought *more decent*, both for old men and young, to be *all shaven*, and weare *long haire*, either rounded or square. Now *again at this time* (Elizabeth's reign,) the young gentlemen of the court have *taken up the long haire* trayling on their shoulders, and think this more decent; for what respect I would be glad to know."

When the fair-sex were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited feelings of horror and aversion; as much indeed as, in this less heroic age, would a gallant whose luxuriant beard should

"Stream like a meteor to the troubled air."

When Louis VII. to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair, and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the

Count of Anjou, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guyenne; and this was the origin of those wars, which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All which, probably, had never occurred, had Louis VII. not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of our Queen Eleanor.

We cannot perhaps sympathize with the feelings of her majesty, though at Constantinople she might not be considered quite unreasonable. There must be something more powerful in *beards* and *mustachios* than we are quite aware of; for when these were in fashion, with what enthusiasm were they not contemplated! When *mustachios* were in general use, an author, in his Elements of Education, published in 1640, thinks that "hairy Excrement," as Armado in "Love's Labour Lost" calls it, contributed to make men valorous. He says, "I have a favourable opinion of that young gentleman who is *curious in fine mustachios*. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them, is no lost time; for the more he contemplates his mustachios, the more his mind will cherish, and be animated by masculine and courageous notions." The best reason that

could be given for wearing the *longest and largest beard* of any Englishman, was that of a worthy clergyman in Elizabeth's reign, "that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance."

The grandfather of the Mrs. Thomas, the Corinna of Cromwell, the literary friend of Pope, by her account, "was very nice in the mode of that age, his valet being some hours every morning in *starching his beard*, and *curling his whiskers;* during which time he was always read to." Taylor, the water poet, humorously describes the great variety of beards in his time, which extract may be found in Grey's Hudibras, Vol. I. p. 300. The *beard*, says Granger, dwindled gradually under the two Charles's, till it was reduced into *whiskers*, and became extinct in the reign of James II. as if its fatality had been connected with that of the house of Stuart.

The hair has in all ages been an endless topic of the declamation of the moralist, and the favourite object of fashion. If the *beau monde* wore their hair luxuriant, or their wig enormous, the preachers (as in Charles II. reign) instantly were seen in the pulpit with their hair cut shorter, and their sermon longer, in consequence; respect was however paid by the world to the size of the *wig*, in spite of the

hair-cutter in the pulpit. Our judges, and till lately our physicians, well knew its magical effect. In the reign of Charles II. the hair-dress of the ladies was very elaborate; it was not only curled and frizzled with the nicest art, but set off with certain artificial curls, then too emphatically known by the pathetic term of *heart-breakers*. So late as William and Mary, lads, and even children wore wigs, and if they had not wigs they curled their hair to resemble this fashionable ornament. Women then were the hair-dressers.

It is observed by the lively Vigneul de Marville, that there are flagrant follies in fashion which must be endured while they reign, and which never appear ridiculous till they are out of fashion. In the reign of Henry III. of France, they could not exist without an abundant use of comfits. All the world, the grave and the gay, carried in their pockets a *comfit-box*, as we do snuff-boxes. They used them even on the most solemn occasions: when the Duke of Guise was shot at Blois, he was found with his comfit-box in his hand.—Fashions indeed have been carried to so extravagant a length as to have become a public offence, and to have required the interference of government. Short and tight breeches were so much the rage in France that Charles V. was com-

pelled to banish this disgusting mode by edicts which may be found in Mezeray. An Italian author of the fifteenth century supposes an Italian traveller of nice modesty would not pass through France, that he might not be offended by seeing men whose cloaths rather exposed their nakedness, than hid it. It is curious that the very same fashion was the complaint in the remoter period of our Chaucer, who declares in his Parson's Tale, that their short tight dresses do not cover certain horrid swollen parts that look like the malady of Hernia, and their buttocks behind like the hinder part of a she-ape in the full of the moon;—but the venerable Bard gets less refined. These railleries were not without justice.

In the reign of our Elizabeth the reverse of all this took place; then the mode of enormous breeches was pushed to a most laughable excess. The bucks of the day stuffed out their breeches with rags, feathers, and other light matters, till they brought them out to a most enormous size. They resembled wool-sacks, and in a public spectacle, they were obliged to raise scaffolds for the seats of these ponderous beaus. To accord with this fantastical taste the ladies invented large hoop farthingales.—Two lovers could surely never have taken one another by the hand aside. In a preceding

reign the fashion ran on square-toes; insomuch that a proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes above six inches square at the toes! Then succeeded picked-pointed shoes! The nation was again, in the reign of Elizabeth, put under the royal authority. "In that time, (says honest John Stowe,) he was held the greatest gallant that had the *deepest ruff* and *longest rapier:* the offence to the eye of the one, and hurt unto the life of the subject that came by the other—this caused her Majestie to *make proclamation against them both,* and to *place selected grave citizens at every gate, to cut the ruffes, and breake the rapiers points* of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers, and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffes." These "grave citizens," at every gate cutting the ruffes and breaking the rapiers, must doubtless have encountered in their ludicrous employment some stubborn opposition; but this regulation was in the spirit of that age, despotic and effectual. The late Emperor of Russia ordered the soldiers to stop every passenger who wore pantaloons, and with their hangers to cut off, upon the leg, the offending part of these superfluous breeches; so that a man's legs depended greatly on the adroitness and humanity of a Russ or a Cossack; however this war against *pantaloons* was very successful,

and obtained a complete triumph in favour of the *breeches* in the course of the week.

A shameful extravagance in dress has been a most venerable folly. In the reign of Richard II. their dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than 52 new suits of cloth of gold tissue. The Prelates indulged in all the ostentatious luxury of dress. Chaucer says, they had "chaunge of clothing everie daie." Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II. of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice; this was told him by her majesty's own *tailleur*, who from a poor man soon became as rich as any one he knew. Our own Elizabeth left no less than three thousand different habits in her wardrobe when she died. She was possessed of the dresses of all countries.

The catholic religion has, in truth, ever considered the pomp of the clerical habit as not the slightest part of its religious ceremonies; their devotion is addressed to the eye of the people. Hence is it, that in much later times, in the reign of our catholic Queen Mary, the dress of a priest was costly indeed; and the sarcastic and good-humoured Fuller gives, in his Worthies, the will of a priest, to shew the wardrobe of men of his order, and desires that the priest may not be jeered for the gallantry of his

splendid apparel. He bequeaths to various parish churches and persons, "My vestment of crimson sattin — my vestment of crimson velvet—my stole and fanon set with pearl—my black gown faced with taffeta, &c."

Chaucer has minutely detailed in "The Persone's Tale," the grotesque and the costly fashions of his day; and the simplicity of the venerable satirist will interest the antiquary and the philosopher. Much, and curiously, have his caustic severity or lenient humour descanted on the "moche superfluitee," and "wast of cloth in vanitee," as well as "the disordinate scantnesse." In the spirit of the good old times he calculates "the coste of the enbrouding or embroidering; endenting or baring; ounding or wavy; paling or imitating pales; and winding or bending; the costlewe furring in the gounes; so much pounsouing of chesel to maken holes (that is punched with a bodkin); so moche dagging of sheres (cutting into slips); with the superfluitee in length of the gounes trailing in the dong and in the myre, on horse and eke on foot, as wel of man as of woman—that all thilke trailing," he verily believes, which wastes, consumes, wears threadbare, and is rotten with dung, are all to the damage of "the poor folk," who might be clothed only out of the flounces and draggle-tails of these children of Vanity.

But then his Parson is not less bitter against "the horrible disordinat scantnesse of cloth-ing," and very copiously he describes, though perhaps in terms, and with a humour too coarse for me to transcribe, the consequences of these very tight dresses. Of these persons, among other offensive matters, he sees "the buttokkes behind as if they were the hinder part of a sheape in the ful of the mone." He notices one of the most grotesque of all modes; that one they then had of wearing a parti-coloured dress: one stocking, part white and part red; so that they looked as if they had been flayed; or white and blue; or white and black; or black and red; that this variety of colours seems as if their members had been corrupted by St. Anthony's fire, or by cancer, or other mischance!

The modes of dress during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were so various and ridiculous, that they afforded perpetual food for the eager satirist. Extravagant as some of our fashions are, they are regulated by a better taste.

Walsingham appears to date the introduction of French fashions among us, from the taking of Calais in 1347; but we appear to have possessed such a rage for imitation in dress, that an English beau was actually a fantastical compound of all the fashions in Europe, and even

Asia, in the reign of Elizabeth. In Chaucer's time the prevalence of French fashions was a common topic with our satirist; and he notices the affectation of our female citizens in speaking the French language: a stroke of satire which after more than four centuries is not yet quite obsolete. A superior education and a residence at the West-end of the town, begin however to give another character to the daughters of our citizens. In the prologue to the Prioresse, Chaucer has these humorous lines:—

> Entewned in her voice full seemly,
> And French she spake full feteously;
> *After the Scole of Stratford at Bowe,*
> The *French of Paris* was to her unknowe.

A buck of the reign of Henry IV. has been made out by the laborious Henry. I shall only observe that they wore then long-pointed shoes, to such an immoderate length that they could not walk till they were fastened to their knees with chains. Luxury improving on this ridiculous mode, these chains, the English beau of the fourteenth century had made of gold and silver; but the grotesque fashion did not finish here; for the tops of their shoes were carved in the manner of a church window. The ladies of that period were not less fantastical.

The wild variety of dresses worn in the reign

of Henry VIII. is alluded to in a print of a naked Englishman holding a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of shears in his left hand. It was invented by Andrew Borde, a facetious wit of those days. The print bears the following inscription :

> I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
> Musing in my mind, what rayment I shall were;
> For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
> And now I will were, what I cannot tell what.

At a lower period, about the reign of Elizabeth, we are presented with a curious picture of a man of fashion. I make this extract from Puttenham's very scarce work on The Arte of Poetry, p. 250. This author was a travelled courtier, and has interspersed his curious work with many lively anecdotes, and correct pictures of the times.—This is his fantastical beau in the reign of Elizabeth. " May it not seeme enough for a courtier to know how to *weare a feather* and *set his cappe* aflaunt; his *chain en echarpe;* a straight *buskin, al Inglese;* a loose *à la Turquesque;* the cape *alla Spaniola;* the breech *à la Françoise*, and by twentie maner of new-fashioned garments, to disguise his body and his face with as many countenances, whereof it seems there be many that make a very arte and studie, who can shew himselfe most fine,

I will not say most foolish or ridiculous." So that a beau of those times wore in the same dress a grotesque mixture of all the fashions in the world. About the same period the *ton* ran in a different course in France.—There, fashion consisted in an affected negligence of dress; for Montaigne honestly laments in Book i. Cap. 25. —"I have never yet been apt to imitate the *negligent garb* which is yet observable among the *young men* of our time; to wear my *cloak on one shoulder*, my *bonnet on one side*, and *one stocking* in something *more disorder than the other*, meant to express a manly disdain of such exotic ornaments, and a contempt of art."

The fashions of the Elizabethan age have been chronicled by honest John Stowe. Stowe was originally a *Taylor*, and when he laid down the shears, and took up the pen, the taste and curiosity for *dress* was still retained. He is the grave chronicler of matters not grave. The chronology of ruffs, and tufted taffetas; the revolution of steel poking-sticks instead of bone or wood used by the laundresses; the invasion of shoe-buckles, and the total rout of shoe-roses; that grand adventure of a certain Flemish lady, who introduced the art of starching the ruffs with a yellow tinge into Britain; while Mrs. Montague emulated her in the royal favour, by presenting her Highness the Queen

with a pair of black silk stockings, instead of her cloth hose, which her Majesty now for ever rejected; the heroic atchievements of the Right Honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who first brought from Italy the whole mystery and craft of perfumery, and costly washes; and among other pleasant things, besides a perfumed jerkin, a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed with roses; in which the Queen took such delight, that she was actually pictured with those gloves on her royal hands, and for many years after, they were called the Earl of Oxford's Perfume. These, and occurrences as memorable, receive a pleasant kind of historical pomp in the important, and not incurious, narrative of the antiquary and the taylor. The toilet of Elizabeth was indeed an altar of devotion, of which she was the idol, and all her ministers were her votaries: it was the reign of coquetry, and the golden age of millinery! But of grace and elegance, they had not the slightest feeling! There is a print by Vertue, of Queen Elizabeth going in a procession to Lord Hunsdon. This procession is led by Lady Hunsdon, who no doubt was the leader likewise of the fashions; but it is impossible, with our ideas of grace and comfort, not to commiserate this unfortunate lady, whose standing-up wire ruff, rising above her head: whose stays, or boddice, so long waisted

as to reach to her knees, and the circumference of her large hoop farthingale, which seems to inclose her in a capacious tub, mark her out as one of the most pitiable martyrs of ancient modes. The amorous Sir Walter Rawleigh must have found some of her maids of honour the most impregnable fortification his gallant spirit ever assailed: a *coup de main* was impossible.

I shall transcribe from old Stowe, a few extracts, which may amuse the reader:—

"In the second yeere of Queen Elizabeth 1560, her *silke woman*, Mistris Mountague, presented her Majestie for a new yeere's gift, *a paire of black knit silk stockings*, the which, after a few days wearing, pleased her Highnesse so well, that she sent for Mistris Mountague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more, who answered, saying, "I made them very carefully of purpose only for your Majestie, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand." "Do so, (quoth the Queene,) for *indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more* CLOTH-STOCKINGS—and from that time unto her death the Queene never wore any more *cloth hose*, but only silke stockings, for you shall understand that King Henry

the Eight did weare onely cloath hose, or hose cut out of ell-broade taffaty, or that by great chance there came a paire of *Spanish silk-stockings* from Spain. King Edward the Sixt had a *payre of long Spanish silke stockings* sent him for a *great present.*—Dukes' daughters then wore gownes of satten of Bridges (Bruges) upon solemne dayes. Cushens, and window pillows of welvet and damaske, formerly only princely furniture, now be very plenteous in most citizens' houses."

"Milloners or haberdashers had not then any *gloves imbroydered*, or trimmed with gold, or silke; neither gold nor imbroydered girdles and hangers, neither could they *make any costly wash* or *perfume*, until about the fifteenth yeere of the Queene the Right Honourable Edward de Vere, Earle of Oxford, came from *Italy*, and brought with him gloves, sweete bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other *pleasant things*; and that yeere the Queene had a *paire of perfumed gloves* trimmed onely with four tuffes, or *roses of coloured silk.* The Queene took such pleasure in those gloues, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her handes, and for many years after, it was called "*The Earl of Oxford's perfume.*"

In such a chronology of fashions, an event not less important surely was the origin of *starch-*

ing; and here we find it treated with the utmost historical dignity.

" In the year 1564, Mistris Dinghen Van den Plasse, borne at Tænen in Flaunders, daughter to a worshipfull knight of that province, with her husband came to London for their better safeties, and there professed herselfe a *starcher*, wherein she excelled, unto whom her owne nation presently repaired, and payed her very liberally for her worke. Some very few of the best and most curious wives of that time, observing the *neatnesse and delicacy of the Dutch for whitenesse and fine wearing of linen*, made them *Cambricke Ruffs*, and sent them to Mistris Dinghen to *starch*, and after awhile they made them *ruffes of lawn*, which was at that time a stuff most strange, and wonderfull, and thereupon rose a *general scoffe* or *by-word*, that shortly they would make *ruffs of a spider's web;* and then they began to send their daughters and nearest kinswomen, to Mistris Dinghen to *learne how to starche;* her usuall price was at that time foure or five pound, to teach them *how to starch*, and twenty shillings how to *seeth starch.*"

Thus Italy, Holland, and France, supplied us with such fashions and refinements. But in those days they were, as I have shewn from Puttenham, as *extravagant dressers* as any of

their present supposed degenerate descendants. Stowe affords us another curious extract. "Divers noble personages made them *ruffes, a full quarter of a yeard deepe,* and two lengthe in one ruffe. This *fashion* in *London* was called the *French fashion;* but when Englishmen came to *Paris,* the *French* knew it not, and in derision called it *the English monster.*" An exact parallel this of many of our own Parisian modes in the present day; and a circumstance which shews the same rivality in fashion in the reign of Elizabeth, as in that of George III.

This was the golden period of cosmetics. The beaux of that day, it is evident, used the abominable art of painting their faces as well as the women. Our old comedies abound with perpetual allusions to oils, tinctures, quintessences, pomatums, perfumes, paint white and red, &c. One of their prime cosmetics was a frequent use of the *Bath,* and the application of *Wine.* Strutt quotes from an old MS. a recipe to make the face of a beautiful red colour. The person was to be in a bath that he might perspire, and afterwards wash his face with wine, and "so should be both faire and roddy." In Mr. Lodge's "Illustrations of British History," I observe a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had the keeping of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. The Earl

notices that the Queen *bathed in Wine*, and complains of the expence, and requires a further allowance. A learned Scotch professor informed me on my pointing out this passage, that *white wine* was used for these purposes. They also made a bath of *milk*. Elder beauties *bathed in wine*, to get rid of their wrinkles; and perhaps not without reason, wine certainly being a great astringent. Unwrinkled beauties *bathed in milk*, to preserve the softness and smoothness of the skin. Our venerable beauties of the Elizabethan age were initiated coquettes; and the mysteries of their toilette might be worth unveiling.

The reign of Charles II. was the dominion of French fashions. In some respects the taste was a little lighter, but the moral effect of dress, and which no doubt it has, was much worse. The dress of this French Queen was very inflammatory; and the nudity of the beauties of the portrait-painter, Sir Peter Lely, has been observed. The Queen of Charles II. exposed her breast and shoulders without even the glass of the lightest gauze; and the tucker, instead of standing up on her bosom, is with licentious boldness turned down, and lies upon her stays. This custom of baring the bosom was much exclaimed against by the authors of that age. That honest divine,

Richard Baxter, wrote a preface to a book, entitled "A just and seasonable reprehension of *naked breasts and shoulders.*" In 1672 a book was published, entitled, "New instructions unto youth for their behaviour, and also a discourse upon some innovations of habits and dressing; *against powdering of hair*, *naked breasts*, *black spots* (or patches), and other unseemly customs." The author has prefixed *two ladies' heads*; the one representing *virtue*, and the other *vice*. *Virtue* is a lady modestly habited, with a black velvet hood, and a plain white kerchief on her neck, with a border. *Vice* wears no handkerchief, her stays cut low, so that they display great part of the breasts; and various black patches on her face.

The innovations of fashions in the reign of Charles II. were watched with a jealous eye by the remains of those strict Puritans, who now could only pour out their bile in such solemn admonitions. They affected all possible plainness and sanctity. When courtiers wore monstrous wigs, they cut their hair short; when they adopted hats, with broad plumes, they clapped on round black caps, and screwed up their pale religious faces; and when shoe-buckles were revived, they wore strings to their shoes. The sublime Milton, perhaps, exulted in his intrepidity of still wearing latchets! The

Tatler ridicules Sir William Whitlocke for his singularity in still affecting them. "Thou dear *Will Shoestring*, how shall I draw thee? Thou dear outside, will you be *combing your wig*, playing with your *box*, or picking your teeth, &c." *Wigs* and *snuff-boxes* were then the rage. Steele's own wig, it is recorded, made at one time a considerable part of his annual expenditure. His large black perriwig cost him, even at that day, no less than forty guineas!—We wear nothing at present in this degree of extravagance. But such a wig was the idol of fashion, and they were performing perpetually their worship with infinite self-complacency; then combing their wigs in public was the very spirit of gallantry and rank. The hero of Richardson, youthful and elegant as he wished him to be, is represented waiting at an assignation, and describing his sufferings in bad weather by lamenting that "his *wig* and his linen were dripping with the hoar frost dissolving on them." Even Betty, Clarissa's lady's maid, is described as "tapping on her *snuff-box*," and frequently taking *snuff*. At this time nothing was so monstrous as the head-dresses of the ladies in Queen Anne's reign: they formed a kind of edifice of three stories high; and a fashionable lady of that day much resembles the mythological figure of Cybele,

the mother of the gods, with three towers on her head.

It is not worth noticing the changes in fashion, unless to ridicule them. However, there are some who find amusement in these records of luxurious idleness; these thousand and one follies! Modern fashions (till very lately a purer taste has obtained among our females, but not among our men) are generally mere copies of obsolete ones, and very rarely can we discern something originally fantastical. The dress of *some* of our *beaux* will only be known in a few years hence by their *Caricatures;* though even caricatures themselves cannot caricature a perfect Bond-street lounger. It must be confessed they have shewn such skill in their fooleries, that folly cannot add a stroke of her own to their picture. A satirical writer has described a buck about thirty years ago; one could hardly have suspected such a gentleman to have been one of our contemporaries. "A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings, but no legs: a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of sixpence on a block not worth a farthing."

As this article may probably arrest the volatile eyes of my fair readers, let me be permitted to felicitate them on their improvement in elegance in the forms of their dress; and the taste and knowledge of art which they frequently exhibit. But let me remind them that there are certain principles independent of all fashions, which must be cherished at all times. Tacitus remarks of Poppea, the consort of Nero, that she concealed *a part of her face*; to the end that, the imagination having fuller play by irritating curiosity, they might think higher of her beauty, than if the whole of her face had been exposed. The sentiment is beautifully expressed by Tasso, and it will not be difficult to remember it:—

"Non copre sue bellezze, e non l'espose."

Some apology is needful for concluding with a poem, written in youth, but which I venture to preserve, because the great poet of this age has honoured it by placing it in "The English Minstrelsy."

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO LAURA, INTREATING HER NOT TO PAINT, TO POWDER, OR TO GAME, BUT TO RETREAT INTO THE COUNTRY.

AH, LAURA! quit the noisy town,
And FASHION's persecuting reign;
Health wanders on the breezy down,
And Science on the silent plain.

How long from Art's reflected hues
Shalt thou a mimick charm receive?
Believe, my Fair! the faithful Muse,
They spoil the blush they cannot give.

Must ruthless Art with torturous steel
Thy artless locks of gold deface,
In serpent folds their charms conceal,
And spoil, at every touch, a grace?

Too sweet thy youth's enchanting bloom,
To waste on Midnight's sordid crews:
Let wrinkled Age the night consume:
For Age has but its hoards to lose!

Sacred to love and sweet repose,
Behold that trellis'd bower is nigh!
That bower the lilac walls inclose,
Safe from pursuing Scandal's eye.

There, as in every lock of gold
Some flower of pleasing hue I weave,
A goddess, shall the Muse behold,
And many a votive sigh shall heave.

So the rude Tartar's holy rite
A feeble MORTAL once array'd;
Then trembled in that mortal's sight,
And own'd DIVINE the power he made.*

* The *Lama*, or God of the Tartars, is composed of such frail materials as mere Mortality; contrived, however, by the power of Priestcraft, to appear immortal; the succession of Lamas never failing!

A SENATE OF JESUITS.

In a book intituled "Interêts et Maximes des Princes et des Etats Souverains, Par M. Le Duc de Rohan; Cologne, 1666," an anecdote is recorded concerning the Jesuits; so much the more curious, as neither Puffendorf nor Vertot have noticed it in their Histories, though its authority cannot be higher.

When Sigismond, King of Sweden, was elected King of Poland, he made a treaty with the States of Sweden, by which he obliged himself to pass every fifth year in that kingdom. By his wars with the Ottoman Court, with Muscovy, and Tartary, obliged to remain in Poland to encounter such powerful enemies; he failed, during fifteen years, of accomplishing his promise. To remedy this in some shape, by the advice of the Jesuits, who had gained the ascendant over him, he created a Senate to reside at Stockholm, composed of forty chosen Jesuits, to decide on every affair of state. He published a declaration in their favour; and presented them with letters-patent, by which he arrayed them with the Royal authority.

While this Senate of Jesuits was at Dantzic, waiting for a fair wind to set sail for Stockholm, he published an edict, that they should receive

them as his own Royal person. A public Council was immediately held. Charles, the uncle of Sigismond, the prelates, and the Lords, resolved to prepare for them a splendid and magnificent entry.

But in a private Council, they came to very contrary resolutions: for the Prince said, he could not bear that a Senate of Priests should command, in preference to all the honours and authority of so many Princes and Lords, natives of the country. All the others agreed with him in rejecting this Holy Senate. The Archbishop rose, and said, "Since Sigismond has disdained to be our King, so also we must not acknowledge him as such; and from this moment we should no more consider ourselves as his subjects. His authority is *in suspenso*, because he has bestowed it on the Jesuits who form this Senate. The People have not yet acknowledged them. In this interval of resignation on the one side, and assumption of the other, I absolve you all of the fidelity the king may claim from you as his Swedish subjects." When he had said this, the Prince of Bithynia addressing himself to Prince Charles, uncle of the King, said, "I own no other King than you; and I believe you are now obliged to receive us as your affectionate subjects, and to assist us to chase these vermin from the state." All the

others joined him, and acknowledged Charles as their lawful Monarch.

Having resolved to keep their declaration for some time secret, they deliberated in what manner they were to receive and to precede this Senate in their entry into the harbour, who were now on board a great galleon, which had anchored two leagues from Stockholm, that they might enter more magnificently in the night, when the fireworks they had prepared would appear to the greatest advantage. About the time of their reception, Prince Charles, accompanied by twenty-five or thirty vessels, appeared before the Senate. Wheeling about and forming a caracol of ships, they discharged a volley, and emptied all their cannon on the galleon of this Senate, which had its sides pierced through with the balls. The galleon immediately filled with water and sunk, without one of the unfortunate Jesuits being assisted; on the contrary, their assailants cried to them that this was the time to perform some miracle, such as they were accustomed to do in India and Japan; and if they chose, they could walk on the waters!

The report of the cannon and the smoke which the powder occasioned, prevented either the cries or the submersion of the holy fathers from being observed: and as if they were con-

ducting the Senate to the town, Charles entered triumphantly; went into the church, where they sung *Te Deum;* and to conclude the night, he partook of the entertainment which had been prepared for this ill-fated Senate.

The Jesuits of the city of Stockholm having come, about midnight, to pay their respects to the Fathers of the Senate, perceived their loss. They directly posted up *placards* of excommunication against Charles and his adherents, who had caused the Senate of Jesuits to perish. They solicited the people to rebel; but they were soon expelled the city, and Charles made a public profession of Lutheranism.

Sigismond, King of Poland, began a war with Charles in 1604, which lasted two years. Disturbed by the invasions of the Tartars, the Muscovites, and the Cossacs, a truce was concluded; but Sigismond lost both his crowns, by his bigoted attachment to Roman Catholicism.

THE LOVER'S HEART.

The following tale is recorded in the Historical Memoirs of Champagne, by Bougier. It has been a favourite narrative with the old romance writers; and the principal incident, however objectionable, has been displayed in several mo-

dern poems. It is probable, that the *true* history will be acceptable, for its tender and amorous incident, to the fair reader.

I find it in some shape related by Howel, in his "Familiar Letters," in one addressed to Ben Jonson. He recommends it to him as a subject "which peradventure you may make use of in your way;" and concludes by saying, "In my opinion, which vails to your's, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your loom, and make a curious web of."

The Lord De Coucy, vassal to the Count De Champagne, was one of the most accomplished youths of his time. He loved, with an excess of passion, the lady of the Lord Du Fayel, who felt a reciprocal affection. With the most poignant grief this lady heard from her lover, that he had resolved to accompany the King and the Count De Champagne to the wars of the Holy Land; but she would not oppose his wishes, because she hoped that his absence might dissipate the jealousy of her husband. The time of departure having come, these two lovers parted with sorrows of the most lively tenderness. The lady, in quitting her lover, presented him with some rings, some diamonds, and with a string that she had woven herself of his own hair, intermixed with silk and buttons of large pearls, to serve him, according to the fashion of those

days, to tie a magnificent hood which covered his helmet. This he gratefully accepted.

In Palestine, at the siege of Acre, in 1191, in gloriously ascending the ramparts he received a wound, which was declared mortal. He employed the few moments he had to live in writing to the Lady Du Fayel; and he poured forth the fervour of his soul. He ordered his Squire to embalm his heart after his death, and to convey it to his beloved mistress, with the presents he had received from her hands in quitting her.

The Squire, faithful to the dying injunction of his master, returned to France, to present the heart and the presents to the Lady of Du Fayel. But when he approached the castle of this lady, he concealed himself in the neighbouring wood, till he could find some favourable moment to complete his promise. He had the misfortune to be observed by the husband of this lady, who recognized him, and who immediately suspected he came in search of his wife with some message from his master. He threatened to deprive him of his life, if he did not divulge the occasion of his return. The Squire assured him that his master was dead; but Du Fayel not believing it, drew his sword to murder him. This man, frightened at the peril in which he found himself, confessed every thing; and put into

his hands the heart and letter of his master. Du Fayel, prompted by the fellest revenge, ordered his cook to mince the heart; and having mixed it with meat, he caused a ragout to be made, which he knew pleased the taste of his wife, and had it served to her. The lady ate heartily of the dish. After the repast, Du Fayel inquired of his wife if she had found the ragout according to her taste: she answered him that she had found it excellent. "It is for this reason," he replied, "that I caused it to be served to you, for it is a kind of meat which you very much liked. You have, Madam," the savage Du Fayel continued, "eaten the heart of the Lord De Coucy." But this she would not believe, till he shewed her the letter of her lover, with the string of his hair, and the diamonds she had given him. Then shuddering in the anguish of her sensations, and urged by the darkest despair, she told him—"It is true that I loved that heart, because it merited to be loved: for never could it find its superior; and since I have eaten of so noble a meat, and that my stomach is the tomb of so precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth shall ever be mixed with it." Grief and passion choaked her utterance. She retired to her chamber: she closed the door for ever; and refusing to accept of consolation or food, the amiable victim expired on the fourth day.

THE HISTORY OF GLOVES.

THE present learned and curious dissertation is compiled from the papers of an ingenious Antiquary, from the "Present State of the Republic of Letters." Vol. X. p. 289.

We first inquire into the antiquity of this part of dress; and secondly, shew its various uses in the several ages of the world.

Some have given them a very early origin, imagining they are noticed in the 108th Psalm, where the Royal Prophet declares, he will cast his *Shoe* over Edom. They go still higher; supposing them to be used in the times of the Judges, Ruth iv. 7, where it is said, it was the custom for a man to take off his *Shoe* and give it to his neighbour, as a token of redeeming or exchanging any thing. They tell us, *the word* which in these two texts is usually translated *Shoe*, is by the Chaldee paraphrast in the latter, rendered *Glove*. Casaubon is of opinion that *Gloves* were worn by the Chaldeans, because the word here mentioned is in the Talmud Lexicon explained, *the clothing of the hand*. But these are mere conjectures, and the Chaldean paraphrast has taken an unallowable liberty in his version.

Let us then be content to begin with the authority of *Xenophon*. He gives a clear and distinct account of *Gloves*. Speaking of the manners of the Persians, he gives as a proof of their effeminacy, that not satisfied with covering their head and their feet, they also guarded their hands against the cold with *thick Gloves*. *Homer*, speaking of Laertes at work in his garden, represents him with *Gloves on his hands, to secure them from the thorns*. *Varro*, an ancient writer, is an evidence in favour of their antiquity among the Romans. In Lib. ii. Cap. 55. *de Re Rustica*, he says, that olives gathered by the naked hand, are preferable to those gathered with *Gloves*. *Athenæus* speaks of a celebrated glutton who always came to table with *Gloves* on his hands, that he might be able to handle and eat the meat while hot, and devour more than the rest of the company.

These authorities shew, that the ancients were not strangers to the use of *Gloves*, though, perhaps, their use might not be so common as amongst us. When the ancient severity of manners declined, the use of *Gloves* prevailed among the Romans; but not without some opposition from the Philosophers. *Musonius*, a Philosopher, who lived at the close of the first century of Christianity, among other in-

vectives against the corruption of the age, says, *It is a shame, that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings.* Their convenience, however, soon made the use general. *Pliny* the younger informs us, in his account of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that his secretary sat by him ready to write down whatever occurred remarkable; and that he had *Gloves* on his hands, that the coldness of the weather might not impede his business.

In the beginning of the ninth century, the use of *Gloves* was become so universal, that even the Church thought a regulation in that part of dress necessary. In the reign of *Lewis le Debonnaire*, the Council of Aix ordered that the Monks should only wear *Gloves* made of sheep-skin.

That time has made alterations in the form of this, as in all other apparel, appears from the old pictures and monuments.

Let us now proceed to point out the various uses of *Gloves* in several ages; for, beside their original design for a covering of the hand, they have been employed on several great and solemn occasions: as in the ceremony of *Investitures*, in bestowing lands; or in conferring *dignities*. Giving possession by the delivery of a *Glove*, prevailed in several parts of Christen-

dom in later ages. In the year 1002, the Bishops of Paderborn and Moncerco were put into possession of their sees by receiving a *Glove*. It was thought so essential a part of the episcopal habit, that some Abbots in France presuming to wear *Gloves*, the Council of Poitiers interposed in the affair, and forbad them the use, on the same principle as the ring and sandals; these being peculiar to Bishops.

Favin observes, that the custom of blessing *Gloves* at the Coronation of the Kings of France, which still subsists, is a remain of the Eastern practice of Investiture by *a Glove*. A remarkable instance of this ceremony is recorded in the German History. The unfortunate *Conradin* was deprived of his crown and his life by the usurper *Mainfroy*. When having ascended the scaffold, the injured Prince lamented his hard fate, he asserted his right to the Crown; and as a token of Investiture, threw his *Glove* among the crowd; intreating it might be conveyed to some of his relations, who would revenge his death. It was taken up by a Knight, who brought it to Peter King of Arragon, who was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

As the delivery of *Gloves* was once a part of the ceremony used in giving possession; so the depriving a person of them, was a mark of di-

vesting him of his office, and of degrading him. The Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward the Second, impeached of holding a correspondence with the Scots, was condemned to die as a traitor. Walsingham, relating other circumstances of his degradation, says, "His spurs were cut off with a hatchet; and his *Gloves* and shoes were taken off, &c."

Another use of *Gloves* was in a duel; on which occasion he who threw one down, was thereby understood to give defiance; and he who took it up, to accept the challenge.

The use of single combat, at first designed only for a trial of innocence, like the ordeal fire and water, was in succeeding ages practised for deciding right and property. Challenging by the *Glove* was continued down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as appears by an account given by Spelman of a duel appointed to be fought in Tothill Fields, in the year 1571. The dispute was concerning some lands in the county of Kent. The Plaintiffs appeared in Court, and demanded single combat. One of them threw down his *Glove*, which the other immediately took up, carried off on the point of his sword, and the day of fighting was appointed; but the matter was adjusted by the Queen's judicious interference.

Though such combats are now no longer in

use, one ceremony still remains in which the challenge is given by a *Glove*, viz. at the Coronation of the Kings of England: on which occasion, his Majesty's champion, completely armed, and well mounted, enters Westminster Hall, and proclaims that, if any man shall deny the prince's title to the crown, he is ready to maintain and defend it by single combat. After which declaration he throws down his *Glove* or gauntlet, as a token of defiance.

Challenging by the *Glove* is still in use in some parts of the world. In Germany, on receiving an affront, to send a *Glove* to the offending party, is a challenge to a duel.

The last use of *Gloves* to be mentioned here was for carrying the *Hawk*, which is very ancient. In former times, princes and other great men took so much pleasure in carrying the hawk on their hand, that some of them have chosen to be represented in this attitude. There is a monument of Philip the First of France still remaining; on which he is represented at length, on his tomb, holding a *Glove* in his hand.

Chambers says that, formerly, judges were forbid to wear *Gloves* on the bench. No reason is assigned for this prohibition. Our judges lie under no such restraint; for both they and the rest of the court make no difficulty of receiving

Gloves from the sheriffs, whenever the session or assize concludes without any one receiving sentence of death, which is called a *Maiden assize.* This custom is of great antiquity.

Our curious antiquary has also preserved a very singular anecdote concerning *Gloves.* Chambers informs us, that it is not safe at present to enter the stables of princes without pulling off the *Gloves.* He does not, indeed, tell us in what the danger consists; but it is an ancient established custom in Germany, that whoever enters the stables of a prince, or great man, with his *Gloves* on his hands, is obliged to forfeit them, or redeem them by a fee to the servants. The same custom is observed in some places at the death of the stag; in which case the *Gloves,* if not taken off, are redeemed by money given to the huntsmen and keepers. This is practised in France, and the late king never failed of pulling off one of his *Gloves* on that occasion. The reason of this ceremony is not known.

We meet with the term *Glove-money* in our old records; by which is meant, money given to servants to buy *Gloves.* This, no doubt, gave rise to the saying of *giving a pair of Gloves,* to signify making a present for some favour or service.

RELICS OF SAINTS.

From the valuable volumes of the "Literary History of France," I have collected whatever I could find curious respecting the relics of Saints; to which I shall add some anecdotes from other sources.

When relics were first introduced, a strong passion prevailed to possess them; while, not satisfied to buy and sell them, they made no scruple to *steal* them. It is entertaining to observe the singular ardour and grasping avidity of some, to enrich themselves with these religious morsels; their little discernment; the curious impositions of the vender, and the good faith and sincerity of the purchaser. The prelate of the place sometimes ordained a fast to be held to implore God that they might not be cheated with the relics of Saints, which he sometimes purchased for the holy benefit of the village or town.

Guibert de Nogen wrote a treatise on the relics of Saints; acknowledging there are many false ones, as well as false legends, he reprobates the inventors of these lying miracles. He wrote his treatise on the occasion of *a tooth* of our Lord's, by which the monks of St. Medard de

Soissons pretended to operate miracles.—He asserts that this pretension is as chimerical, as that of several persons, who believed they possessed the navel, and other parts less decent, of—the body of Christ!

A monk of Bergsvinck has given an history of the translation of Saint Lewin, a virgin and a martyr, which was made of her relics from England to Bergs. He collected with religious care the facts from his brethren, especially from the person who had brought these relics from England.

After the history of the translation, and a panegyric of the Saint, he relates the miracles performed in Flanders since the arrival of her relics. The prevailing passion of the times to possess such fragments of Saints is well marked, when the author particularizes, with a certain complacency, all the knavish modes they used to carry off those in question. None then objected to this robbery; because it had become usual to gratify the reigning passion.

A monk of Cluny has given a history of the translation of the body of St. Indalece, one of the earliest Spanish bishops; written by order of the Abbot of de St. Juan de la Penna. He protests he advances nothing but facts; having himself seen, or learnt from ocular testimonies, all he relates. It was not difficult for him to be

well informed, since it was to the monastery of St. Juan de la Penna that the holy relics were transported, and those who brought them were two monks of that house. He has authenticated his minute detail of circumstances by giving the names of persons and places. His account was written for the great festival immediately instituted in honour of this translation. He informs us of the miraculous manner by which they were so fortunate as to discover the body of this bishop, and the different plans they concerted to carry it off. He gives the itinerary of the two monks who accompanied the holy remains. They were not a little cheered in their long journey by visions and miracles.

Another has written a history of what he calls, the translation of the relics of Saint Majean to the monastery of Villemagne. *Translation* with him, is in fact only a robbery of the relics of the Saint committed by two monks, who carried them off secretly to enrich their monastery; and they did not hesitate at any artifice, or lye, to complete their design. They thought every thing permitted to acquire these fragments of mortality, which had now become a branch of commerce. They even regarded their possessors with an hostile eye. Such was the religious opinion from the ninth to the twelfth century. Our Canute commissioned his agent at Rome

to purchase *Saint Augustine's arm* for one hundred talents of silver and one of gold! a much greater sum (observes Granger) than the finest statue of antiquity would have then sold for.

Another monk describes a strange act of devotion attested by several contemporary writers. —When the Saints did not readily comply with the prayers of their votaries, they flogged their relics with rods, in a spirit of impatience which they conceived was proper to make them bend into compliance.

Theofroy, abbot of Epternac, in one of his writings, to raise our admiration, relates the daily miracles performed by the relics of Saints, their ashes, their cloaths, or other mortal spoils, and even by the instruments of their martyrdom. He inveighs against that luxury of ornaments which was indulged under a religious pretext: "It is not to be supposed that the Saints are desirous of such profuseness of gold and silver. They wish not that we should raise to them such magnificent churches, where is exhibited that ingenious order of pillars that shine with gold; nor those rich ceilings, nor altars sparkling with jewels. They desire not the purple parchment of price for their writings, the liquid gold to embellish the letters, nor the precious stones to decorate their covers; while you have such little care for the ministers of the altar."

The pious writer has not forgotten *himself* in this partnership-account with *the Saints*.

The Roman church not being able to deny, says Bayle, that there have been false relics, which have operated miracles, as they assure us, to this reply; that the good intentions of those believers who have recourse to them obtained from God this reward for their good faith! In the same spirit, when it was shewn that two or three bodies of the same saint are said to exist in different places, and that therefore they all could not be authentic; it was answered, that they were all genuine! for God had multiplied and miraculously reproduced them for the comfort of the faithful! A curious specimen how far the intolerance of good sense can and will go among certain persons.

When the Reformation was spread in Lithuania, Prince Radzivil was so affected by it, that he went in person to pay the Pope all possible honours. His holiness on this occasion presented him with a precious box of relics. The Prince having returned home, some monks in[illegible] permission to try the effects of these relics on a demoniac, who had hitherto resisted every kind of exorcism. They were brought into the church with solemn pomp, deposited on the altar, accompanied by an innumerable crowd. After the usual conjurations, which

were unsuccessful, they applied the relics. The demoniac instantly recovered. The people called out *a miracle!* and the prince, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, felt his faith confirmed. In this transport of pious joy, he observed that a young gentleman, who was keeper of this treasure of relics, smiled, and by his motions ridiculed the miracle. The prince, with violent indignation, took our young keeper of the relics to task; who, on promise of pardon, gave the following *secret intelligence* concerning them. In travelling from Rome he had lost the box of relics; and not daring to mention it, he had procured a similar one, which he had filled with the small bones of dogs and cats, and other trifles similar to what were lost. He hoped he might be forgiven for smiling, when he found that such a collection of rubbish was idolized with such pomp, and had even the virtue of expelling demons. It was by the assistance of this box, that the prince discovered the gross impositions of the monks and the demoniacs, and he afterwards became a zealous Lutheran.

The elector Frederic, surnamed *the wise!* was an unwearied collector of relics. After his death, one of the monks employed by him, solicited payment for several parcels he had purchased for our *wise* elector; but the times

had changed! They advised him to give over this business; that for the relics for which he desired payment, they were willing *to return them*; that the price had fallen considerably since the Reformation of Luther; and that they would be more esteemed, and find a *better market* in Italy than in Germany!

Stephens, in his Traité preparatif à l'Apologie pour Herodote, c. 39, says, "A monk of St. Anthony having been at Jerusalem, saw there several relics, among which were a bit of the finger of the Holy Ghost, as sound and entire as it had ever been; the snout of the seraphim that appeared to St. Francis; one of the nails of a cherubim; one of the ribs of the *verbum caro factum* (the word made flesh); some rays of the star which appeared to the three kings in the East; a vial of St. Michael's sweat when he was fighting against the devil; a hem of Joseph's garment, which he wore when he cleaved his wood, &c.:" all which things, observes our treasurer of relics, I have brought very devoutly with me home. Our Henry III. who was deeply tainted with the vilest superstition, summoned all the great in the kingdom to meet in London. This summons excited the most general curiosity, and multitudes appeared. The King then acquainted them that the Great Master of the Knights Templars had

sent him a phial containing *a small portion of the precious blood of Christ* which he had shed upon the *cross!* and *attested to be genuine* by the seals of the Patriarch of Jerusalem and others. He commanded a procession the following day, and the historian adds, that though the road between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey was very deep and miry, the King kept his eyes constantly fixed on the phial. Two monks received it, and deposited the phial in the Abbey, "which made all England shine with glory, dedicating it to God, and St. Edward."

Lord Herbert, in his Life of Henry VIII. notices the *great fall of the price of relics* at the dissolution of the monasteries. "The respect given to relics, and some pretended miracles, fell; insomuch, as I find by our records, that *a piece of St. Andrew's finger*, (covered only with an ounce of silver) being laid to pledge by a monastry for forty pounds, was left unredeemed at the dissolution of the said house; the king's commissioners (who upon surrender of any foundation undertook to pay the debts thereof) refusing to return the price again." That is, they did not choose to repay the *forty pounds*, to receive *a piece of the finger of St. Andrew.*

It was indeed about this time that the property of relics suddenly sunk to nothing. It was then the artifice of the Rood of Grace, at Boxley in Kent, was fully exhibited to the eye of the populace; and a far-famed relic at Hales in Gloucestershire, of the blood of Christ, was at the same time exhibited. It was shewed in a phial, and it was believed that none could see it who were in mortal sin; and after many trials usually repeated to the same person, the deluded pilgrims at length went away fully satisfied. This relic was the *blood of a duck*, renewed every week, and put in a phial; one side was *opaque*, and the other *transparent*; the monk turned either side to the pilgrim as he thought proper. The success of the pilgrim depended on the generous oblations he made; those who were scanty in their offerings were the longest to get a sight of the blood: when a man was in despair, he usually became more generous!

PERPETUAL LAMPS OF THE ANCIENTS.

No. 379, of the Spectator, relates an anecdote of a person having opened the sepulchre of the famous Rosicrucius. There he discovered a lamp burning, which a statue of clock-work struck into pieces. Hence the dis-

ciples of this visionary said, that he made use of this method to shew "that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients."

Many writers have made mention of these wonderful lamps; and the following observation by Marville, appears to give a satisfactory reason of the nature of these flames.

It has happened (he says) frequently, that inquisitive men, examining with a flambeau ancient sepulchres which had been just opened, the fat and gross vapours, engendered by the corruption of dead bodies, kindled as the flambeau approached them, to the great astonishment of the spectators, who frequently cried out *a miracle!* This sudden inflammation, although very natural, has given room to believe that these flames proceeded from *perpetual lamps*, which some have thought were placed in the tombs of the ancients, and which, they said, were extinguished at the moment that these tombs opened, and were penetrated by the exterior air.

Carlencas observes on this subject, that the accounts of the perpetual lamps which ancient writers give, has occasioned several ingenious men to search after their composition. Licetus, who possessed more erudition than love of truth, has given two receipts for making this eternal fire by a preparation of certain minerals.

An opinion in vogue amongst those who are pleased with the wonderful, or who only examine things superficially. More credible writers maintain, that it is possible to make lamps perpetually burning, and an oil at once inflammable and inconsumable; but (which solves this strange problem) Boyle, assisted by several experiments made on the air-pump, has found that these lights, which some tell us they have seen in opening tombs, may have proceeded from the collision of fresh air. This reasonable observation conciliates all, and does not compel us to deny the accounts.

The story of the lamp of Rosicrusius, even if it ever had the slightest foundation, only owes its origin to the spirit of party, which at the time would have persuaded the world, that Rosicrusius had at least discovered something; but there is nothing certain in this amusing invention.

The reason adduced by Marville is satisfactory for his day; and for the opening of sepulchres with flambeaux. But it was reserved for the modern discoveries made in natural philosophy, as well as those in chemistry, to prove that air was not only necessary for a medium to the existence of the flame, which indeed the air-pump had already shewn; but also as a constituent part of the inflammation,

and without which a body otherwise very inflammable in all its parts, cannot however burn but in its superficies, which alone is in contact with the ambient air.

NATURAL PRODUCTIONS RESEMBLING ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITIONS.

Some stones are preserved by the curious, for representing distinctly figures traced by Nature alone, and without the aid of Art.

Pliny mentions an agate, in which appeared, formed by the hand of Nature, Apollo amidst the nine Muses holding a harp. Majolus assures us, that at Venice another is seen, in which is naturally formed the perfect figure of a man. At Pisa, in the church of St. John, there is a similar natural production, which represents an old hermit in a desert, seated by the side of a stream, and who holds in his hands a small bell, as St. Anthony is commonly painted. In the temple of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, there was formerly, on a white marble, the image of St. John the Baptist covered with the skin of a camel, with this only imperfection, that nature had given but one leg. At Ravenna, in the church of St. Vital, a Cordelier is seen on a dusky stone.

They found in Italy a marble, in which a crucifix was so elaborately finished, that there appeared the nails, the drops of blood, and the wounds, as perfectly as the most excellent painter could have performed. At Sneilberg, in Germany, they found in a mine a certain rough metal, on which was seen the figure of a man, who carried a child on his back. In Provence they found in a mine, a quantity of natural figures of birds, trees, rats, and serpents; and in some places of the western parts of Tartary, are seen on divers rocks, the figures of camels, horses, and sheep *. Pancirollus, in his Lost Antiquities, attests, that in a church at Rome, a marble perfectly represented a priest celebrating mass, and raising the host. Paul III. conceiving that art had been used, scraped the marble to discover whether any painting had been employed: but nothing of the kind was discovered.

* "I have seen, writes a friend, many of these curiosities. They are *always helped out* by art. In my father's house was a grey marble chimney-piece, which abounded in portraits, landscapes, &c. the greatest part of which was made by myself." Another friend possesses a very curious collection, many certainly untouched by art. One stone appears like a perfect Cameo of a Minerva's head. An old man's so beautifully designed, that it seems to have come from the hand of Raphael. Both these stones are transparent.

There is preserved in the British Museum, a black stone, on which Nature has sketched a resemblance of the portrait of Chaucer. Stones of this kind are rare, possessing a sufficient degree of resemblance; but I have seen several in which no art appears to have been used. "There is a species of the orchis found in the mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Kent, &c. Nature has formed a bee, apparently feeding in the breast of the flower, with so much exactness, that it is impossible at a very small distance to distinguish the imposition." Hence the plant derives its name, and is called the BEE-FLOWER. This is elegantly expressed by Langhorne, who thus notices its appearance:

"See on that flowret's velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
Th' ambrosial gold that swells his thighs.

"Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs;—we 'll set the captive free—
I sought the LIVING BEE to find,
And found the PICTURE of a BEE.*

* The late Mr. Jackson of Exeter wrote to me on this subject: "This orchis is common near our sea-coasts; but instead of being exactly like a BEE, *it is not like it at all.* It has a general resemblance to a *fly*, and by the help of imagination, may be supposed to be a fly pitched upon the flower. The mandrake very frequently has a forked root, which may be fancied to resemble thighs and legs. I have seen it helped out with nails on the toes."

Another curious specimen of the playful operations of Nature is the mandrake; a plant indeed, when it is bare of leaves, perfectly resembling that of the human form. The ginseng tree is noticed for the same appearance. This object the same poet has noticed:

"Mark how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands;
Oft, as his shapely form he rears,
Aghast the frighted ploughman stands."

He closes this beautiful fable with the following stanza, not unapposite to the curious subject of this article:

"Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
Still many a shining pebble bear:
Where Nature's studious hand engraves
The PERFECT FORM, and leaves it there."

THE POETICAL GARLAND OF JULIA.

HUET has given a charming description of a present made by a lover to his mistress; a gift

An ingenious botanist, a stranger to me, having read this note, was so kind as to send me specimens of the *Fly* orchis, *Ophrys Muscifera*, and of the *Bee* orchis, *Ophrys Apifera*. Their resemblance to these insects when in full flower is the most perfect conceivable; they are distinct plants. The poetical eye of Langhorne was equally correct and fanciful; and that too of Jackson, who differed so positively. Many controversies have been carried on, from a want of a little more knowledge; like that of the BEE *Orchis* and the FLY *Orchis*; both parties prove to be right.

which romance has seldom equalled for its gallantry, ingenuity, and novelty. It was called the Garland of Julia. To understand the nature of this gift, it will be necessary to give the history of the parties.

The beautiful Julia d'Angennes was in the flower of her youth and fame, when the celebrated Gustavus, king of Sweden, was making war in Germany with the most splendid success. Julia expressed her warm admiration of this hero. She had his portrait placed on her toilette, and took pleasure in declaring that she would have no other lover than Gustavus. The Duke de Montausier was, however, her avowed and ardent admirer. A short time after the death of Gustavus, he sent her, as a new-year's gift, the POETICAL GARLAND, of which the following is a description.

The most beautiful flowers were painted in miniature by an eminent artist, on pieces of vellum, all of an equal size. Under every flower a sufficient space was left open for a madrigal on the subject of that flower there painted. He solicited the wits of the time, with most of whom he was well acquainted, to assist in the composition of these little poems, reserving a considerable number for the effusions of his own amorous muse. Under every flower he had its madrigal written by a penman, who was cele-

brated for beautiful writing. They were magnificently bound, and then inclosed in a bag of rich Spanish leather. This gift, when Julia awoke on new-year's day, she found lying on her toilette.

Of this Poetical Garland, thus formed by the hands of Wit and Love, Huet says, "As I had long heard of it, I frequently expressed a wish to see it: at length the duchess of Uzez gratified me with the sight. She locked me in her cabinet one afternoon with this garland; she then went to the queen, and at the close of the evening liberated me. I never passed a more agreeable afternoon."

One of the prettiest inscriptions of these flowers is the following, composed [illegible]

THE VIOLET.

Modeste en ma couleur, modeste en mon sejour,
Franche d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe;
Mais, si sur votre front je puis me voir un jour,
La plus humble des fleurs, sera la plus superbe.

Modest my colour, modest is my place,
Pleased in the grass my lowly form to hide;
But mid your tresses might I wind with grace,
The humblest flower would feel the loftiest pride.

The following is some additional information respecting "the Poetical Garland of Julia."

The garland exists at present. At the sale of the library of the Duke de la Valliere, among its numerous literary curiosities this garland appeared. It was actually sold for the extravagant sum of 14,510 livres! It is described in his catalogue as a quarto volume. composed of twenty-nine flowers painted by one Robert, under which are inserted madrigals by various authors. The prime cost of this garland was only 700 livres! The Abbe Rive, who was the superintendant of this celebrated library, published in 1779, a curious notice of this garland; of which however the best madrigal is inserted above.

It is also embellished by a frontispiece, which represents a garland composed of these twenty-nine flowers; and in the following page a Cupid is painted.

Since the revolution of France, this literary curiosity has found its passage into this country. It was for some time in the care of a bookseller, who offered it for sale at the enormous price of £500 sterling. No curious collector has been discovered to purchase this unique; which is most remarkable for the extreme folly of the purchaser who gave the 14,510 livres for indifferent poetry and indifferent painting.

TRAGIC ACTORS.

MONTFLEURY, a French player, was one of the greatest actors of his time for characters highly tragic. He died of the violent efforts he made in representing Orestes in the Andromache of Racine. The author of the "Parnasse reformé" makes him thus express himself in the shades. There is something extremely droll in his lamentations, with a severe raillery on the inconveniencies to which tragic actors are so liable.

"Ah! how sincerely do I wish that tragedies had never been invented! I might then have been yet in a state capable of appearing on the stage; and if I should not have attained the glory of sustaining sublime characters, I should at least have trifled agreeably, and have worked off my spleen in laughing! I have wasted my lungs in the violent emotions of jealousy, love, and ambition. A thousand times have I been obliged to force myself to represent more passions than Le Brun ever painted or conceived. I saw myself frequently obliged to dart terrible glances; to roll my eyes furiously in my head, like a man insane; to frighten others by extravagant grimaces; to imprint on my countenance the redness of indig-

hation and hatred; to make the paleness of fear and surprise succeed each other by turns; to express the transports of rage and despair; to cry out like a demoniac; and consequently to strain all the parts of my body to render them fitter to accompany these different impressions. The man then who would know of what I died, let him not ask if it were of the fever, the dropsy, or the gout; but let him know that it was of *the Andromache!*"

Rapin, the Jesuit, informs us, that when Mondory acted Herod in the Mariamne of Tristan, the spectators quitted the theatre mournful and thoughtful; so tenderly were they penetrated with the sorrows of the unfortunate heroine. In this melancholy pleasure, he says, we have a rude picture of the strong impressions which were made by the Grecian tragedians. Mondory indeed felt so powerfully the character he assumed, that it cost him his life.

Most readers will recollect the death of Bond, who felt so exquisitely the character of Lusignan in Zara, which he personated, that Zara, when she addressed the old man, found him *dead* in his chair!

The asumption of a variety of characters, by a person of irritable and delicate frame, has often a very serious effect on the mental faculties. This remark is founded on sufficient evi-

dence. It would not be difficult to draw up a list of ACTORS, who have fallen martyrs to their tragic characters. The reader may recollect several modern instances.

Baron, who was the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession; he used to say, that tragic actors should be nursed on the lap of queens! Nor was his vanity inferior to his enthusiasm for his profession; for, according to him, the world might see once in a century a *Cæsar*, but that it required a thousand years to produce a *Baron!* A variety of little anecdotes testify the admirable talents he displayed. Whenever he meant to compliment the talents or merit of distinguished characters, he always pointed one of the most striking passages of the play, fixing his eye on them. An observation of his respecting actors is not less applicable to poets and to painters. RULES, said this sublime actor, may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if PASSION carries them, it will be well done; PASSION KNOWS MORE THAN ART.

Betterton, when he performed Hamlet, although his countenance was ruddy and sanguine when the ghost appeared, through the violent and sudden emotion of amazement and horror, turned instantly, in the presence of his father's spirit, as white as his neckcloth, while

his whole body seemed to be affected with a strong tremor: had his Father's ghost actually risen before him, he could not have been seized with more real agonies. This struck the spectators so forcibly, that they felt a shuddering in their veins, and participated in the astonishment and the horror so apparent in the actor. Davies in his Dramatic Miscellanies records this fact; and in the Richardsoniana, we find that the first time Booth attempted the Ghost, when Betterton acted Hamlet, that actor's look at him struck him with such horror that he was disconcerted to such a degree, he could not speak his part. No want of evidence seems here for the powers of such marvellous acting—and these facts deserve a philosophical investigation.

Le Kain, a modern French actor, who retired in 1762 from the Parisian stage, covered with glory and gold, was one day congratulated by a company on the retirement which he was preparing to enjoy. As to glory, modestly replied this actor, I do not flatter myself to have acquired much. This kind of reward is always disputed by many, and you yourselves would not allow it, were I to assume it. As to the money, I have not so much reason to be satisfied; at the Italian theatre their share is far more considerable than mine; an actor there may g-

twenty to twenty-five thousand livres, and my share amounts at the most to ten or twelve thousand. How! the Devil (exclaimed a rude chevalier of the order of St. Louis, who was present.) How the Devil! a vile stroller is not content with twelve thousand livres annually, and I, who am in the King's service, who sleep upon a cannon and lavish my blood for my country, I must consider myself as fortunate in having obtained a pension of one thousand livres. And do you account as nothing, Sir, the liberty of addressing me thus? replied Le Kain, with all the sublimity and conciseness of an irritated Orosmane.

The Memoirs of Mad^lle^ Clairon display her exalted feeling of the character of a sublime actress; she was of opinion, that in common life the truly sublime actor should be the hero, or heroine of the stage. "If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman during twenty hours of the day, whatever effort I may make, I shall only be an ordinary and vulgar woman in Agrippina, or Semiramis, during the remaining four." In Society she was nicknamed the Queen of Carthage, from her admirable personification of Dido in a tragedy of that name.

JOCULAR PREACHERS.

These Preachers, whose works are exclusively rare, form a race unknown to the general reader. I shall sketch the characters of these pious buffoons, before I introduce them to his acquaintance. They, as it has been said of Sterne, seemed to have wished, every now and then, to have thrown their wigs into the faces of their auditors.

These Preachers flourished in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; we are therefore to attribute their extravagant mixture of grave admonition with facetious illustration, comic tales which have been occasionally adopted by the most licentious writers, and minute and lively descriptions, to the great simplicity of the times, when the grossest indecency was never concealed under a gentle periphrasis, but every thing was called by its name. All this was enforced by the most daring personalities, and seasoned by those temporary allusions which neither spared, nor feared even the throne. These ancient sermons therefore are singularly precious, to those whose inquisitive pleasures are gratified by tracing the *Manners* of former ages. When Henry Stephens, in his apology for Herodotus, describes the irregular

ties of the age, and the minutiæ of national manners, he effects this chiefly by extracts from these sermons. Their wit is not always the brightest, nor their satire the most poignant; but there is always that prevailing *naiveté* of the age, running through their rude eloquence, which interests the reflecting mind. In a word, these sermons were addressed to the multitude; and therefore they shew good sense and absurdity; fancy and puerility; satire and insipidity; extravagance and truth.

Oliver Maillard, a famous Cordelier, died in 1502. This Preacher having pointed some keen traits in his sermons at Louis XI. the irritated monarch had our Cordelier informed that he would throw him into the river. He replied undaunted, and not forgetting his satire: "The King may do as he chooses; but tell him that I shall sooner get to Paradise by water, than he will arrive by all his post-horses." He alluded to travelling by post, which this monarch had lately introduced into France. This bold answer, it is said, intimidated Louis; it is certain that Maillard continued as courageous and satirical as ever in his pulpit.

The following extracts are descriptive of the manners of the times.

In attacking rapine and robbery, under the first head he describes a kind of usury, which I

believe is as much practised in the present day as in the times of Maillard. This, says he, is called a palliated usury. It is thus. When a person is in want of money, he goes to the treasurer (a kind of banker or merchant,) on whom he has an order for 1000 crowns; the treasurer tells him that he will pay him in a fortnight's time, when he is to receive the money. The poor man cannot wait. Our good treasurer tells him, I will give you half in money and half in goods. So he passes his goods that are worth 100 crowns for 200. He then touches on the bribes which these treasurers and clerks in office took, excusing themselves by alleging the little pay they otherwise received. All these practices be sent to the devils! cries Maillard, in thus addressing himself to the *ladies*. It is for *you* all this damnation ensues. Yes! yes! you must have rich sattins, and girdles of gold out of this accursed money. When any one has any thing to receive from the husband, he must first make a present to the wife of some fine gown, or girdle, or ring. If you ladies and gentlemen who are battening on pleasures, and wear scarlet clothes, I believe if you were closely put in a good press, we should see the blood of the poor gush out, with which your scarlet is dyed."

Maillard notices the following curious particulars of the mode of *cheating in trade* in his times:

He is violent against the apothecaries for their cheats. They mix ginger with cinnamon, which they sell for real spices; they put their bags of ginger, pepper, saffron, cinnamon, and other drugs in damp cellars, that they may weigh heavier; they mix oil with saffron, to give it a colour, and to make it weightier. He does not forget those tradesmen who put water in their wool, and moisten their cloth that it may stretch; tavern-keepers, who sophisticate and mingle wines; to the very butchers who blow up their meat, and who mix hog's lard with the fat of their meat. He terribly declaims against those who buy with a great allowance of measure and weight, and then sell with a small measure and weight; and curses those who, when they weigh, press the scales down with their finger. But it is time to conclude with Master Oliver. His catalogue is, however, by no means exhausted; and it may not be amiss to observe that the present age have retained every one of the crimes which are here alleged.

The following extracts are from Menot's sermons, which are written like Maillard's, in a barbarous Latin mixed with old French.

Michael Menot died in 1518. I think he has more wit than Maillard, and occasionally displays a brilliant imagination. The same sin-

gular mixture of grave declamation and farcical absurdities: but it is not without some slight foundation, that he is called in the title-page the *golden-tongued*. It runs thus, *Prelibatoria qui lingua aurea, sua tempestate nuncupatus est, Sermones quadragesimales, ab ipso olim Turonis declamati. Paris*, 1525, 8vo.

When he compares the church with a vine, he says, "There were once some Britons and Englishmen who would have carried away all France into their country, because they found our wine better than their beer; but as they well knew that they could not always remain in France, nor carry away France into their country, they would at least carry with them several stocks of vines; they planted some in England; but these stocks soon degenerated, because the soil was not adapted to them."

I am much pleased with the following beautiful figure, descriptive of those children who live careless of their aged parents, who cherished them into prosperity. "See the trees flourish and recover their leaves; it is their root that has produced all; but when the branches are loaded with flowers and with fruits, they yield nothing to the root. This is an image of those children who prefer their own amusements, and to game away their fortunes, than to give to their old parents the cares which they want."

He acquaints us with the following circumstances of the immorality of that age: "Who," says he, "has not got a mistress besides his wife? The poor wife eats the fruits of bitterness, and even makes the bed for the mistress." Oaths were not unfashionable in his day. "Since the world," says he, "has been world, this crime was never greater. There was once pillories for these swearers; but now this crime is so common, that the child of five years can swear; and even the old dotard of eighty, who has only two teeth remaining, can use them for an oath."

On the power of the fair sex of his day, he observes, "A father says, my son studies; he must have a bishoprick, or an abbey of 500 livres. Then he will have dogs, horses, and mistresses, like others. Another says, I will have my son placed at court, and have many honourable dignities. To succeed well, both employ the mediation of women; unhappily the Church and the Law are entirely at their disposal. We have artful Dalilahs who shear us close. For twelve crowns and an ell of velvet given to a woman, you get the worst law-suit, and the best living."

In his last Sermon, Menot recapitulates the various topics he had touched on during Lent. This extract will present a curious picture, and

fully serve to impress the mind with a just notion of the versatile talents of these Preachers.

"I have told *Ecclesiastics* how they should conduct themselves; not that they are ignorant of their duties; but I must ever repeat to girls, not to suffer themselves to be duped by them. I have told these ecclesiastics that they should imitate the lark; if she has a grain she does not remain idle, but feels her pleasure in singing, and in singing, always is ascending towards heaven. So they should not amass; but elevate the hearts of all to God; and not do as the frogs, who are crying out day and night, and think they have a fine throat, but always remain fixed in the mud.

"I have told the *Men of the Law* that they should have the qualities of the eagle. The first is, that this bird when it flies fixes its eye on the sun; so all Judges, Counsellors, and Attorneys, in judging, writing, and signing, should always have God before their eyes. And secondly, this bird is never greedy; it willingly shares its prey with others. So all lawyers, who are rich in crowns after having had their bills paid, should distribute some to the poor, particularly when they are conscious that their money arises from their prey.

"I have spoken of the *Marriage State*, but all that I have said has been disregarded.

See those villains who break the hymeneal chains, and abandon their wives! they pass their holidays out of their parishes, because if they remained at home they must have joined their wives at church; they like their prostitutes better; and it will be so every day in the year! I would as well dine with a Jew or a Heretic as with them. What an infected place is this! Mistress Lubricity has taken possession of the whole city; look in every corner, and you'll be convinced.

"For you *Married Women!* If you have heard the nightingale's song, you must know that she sings during three months, and that she is silent when she has young ones. So there is a time in which you may sing and take your pleasures in the marriage state, and another time to watch your children. Don't damn yourselves for them; and remember it would be better to see them drowned, than damned.

"As to *Widows*, I observe, that the turtle withdraws and sighs in the woods, whenever she has lost her companion; so must they retire into the wood of the cross, and having lost their temporal husband, take no other but Jesus Christ.

"And to close all, I have told *Girls* that they must fly from the company of men, and

not permit them to embrace, nor even touch them. See the rose, it has a delightful odour; it embalms the place in which it is placed; but if you grasp it underneath, it will prick you till the blood issues. The beauty of the rose is like the beauty of the girl. The beauty and perfume of the first invite to smell and to handle it, but when it is touched underneath it pricks sharply; the beauty of a girl likewise invites the hand; but you, my young ladies! you must never suffer this, for I tell you that every man who does this, designs to make you harlots."

These ample extracts will, I hope, convey the same pleasure to the reader, which I have received by collecting them from their scarce originals, which are very little known even to the curious. Menot, it cannot be denied, displays a poetic imagination, and a fertility of conception, which distinguishes him among his rivals. The same taste and popular manner came into our country, and were suited to the simplicity of the age. In 1527, our Bishop Latimer preached a sermon, in which he expresses himself thus:—"Now, ye have heard what is meant by this *first card*, and how ye ought to *play*. I purpose again to *deal* unto you another *card of the same suit*; for they be of so nigh affinity, that one cannot be well *played*, without the other." It is curious to

observe about a century afterwards, as Fuller informs us, that when a country clergyman imitated these familiar allusions, the taste of the congregation had so changed that he was interrupted by peals of laughter!

Even in more modern times have Menot and Maillard found an imitator in little Father André, as well as others. His character has been variously drawn. He is by some represented as a kind of buffoon in the pulpit; but others more judiciously observe, that he only indulged his natural genius, and uttered humorous and lively things (as the good father observes himself) to keep the attention of his audience awake. He was not always laughing, "He told many a bold truth (says the author of Guerre des Auteurs anciens et modernes) that sent bishops to their dioceses, and made many a coquette blush.—He possessed the art of biting when he smiled; and more ably combated vice by his ingenious satire, than by those vague apostrophes, which no one takes to himself. While others were straining their minds to catch at sublime thoughts, which no one understood, he lowered his talents to the most humble situations, and to the minutest things. From them he drew his examples and his comparisons; and the one and the other never failed of success." Marville says, that

"his expressions were full of shrewd simplicity. He made very free use of the most popular proverbs. His comparisons and figures are always borrowed from the most familiar and lowest things."

To ridicule effectually the reigning vices, he willingly employed quirks or puns rather than sublime thoughts, and he was little solicitous of his choice of expression. Mrs. Piozzi observes on Gasparo Gozzi, that his power consisted chiefly in drawing unexpected inferences from vulgar and common occurrences. It was by this art WHITEFIELD obtained so many followers. She gives an instance of Gozzi's manner in the British Synonymes, Vol. II. p. 205. In the time of Charles II. it became fashionable to introduce humour into sermons; and it has been observed that Sterne seems to have introduced it anew in his sermons. South's are well known to sparkle perpetually with wit and pun.

Far different, however, are the characters of the sublime preachers, of whom the French have preserved the following descriptions of their powerful address.

We have not any more, Bourdaloue, La Rue, and Massillon; but the idea which still exists of their manner of addressing their auditors may serve instead of lessons. Each had his own peculiar mode, always adapted to place, time, or

cumstance, to their auditors, their style and their subject.

Bourdaloue, with a collected air, had little action; with eyes generally half closed, he penetrated the hearts of the people by the sound of a voice uniform and solemn. The tone with which a sacred orator pronounced the words, *Tu es ille vir*, "Thou art the man," in suddenly addressing them to one of the Kings of France, struck more forcibly, than their application. Madame De Sevigné, describes our preacher, by saying, Father Bourdaloue thunders at Notre Dame.

La Rue appeared to be a prophet. His manner was irresistible, full of fire, intelligence, and force. He had strokes perfectly original. The writer tells us that several old men still shuddered at the recollection of the expression which he employed in an apostrophe to the God of vengeance, *Evaginare gladium tuum*, "Draw forth thy glaive or sword."

The person of Massillon is still present to many. It seems, say his admirers, that he is yet in the pulpit with that air of simplicity, that modest demeanour, those eyes humbly declining, those careless gestures, that passionate tone, that mild countenance of a man penetrated with his subject, and conveying to the mind the most brilliant light, and to

the heart the most tender emoti… coming out from a sermon, truth … his lips a confession humiliating t… "My friend, (said he to one of his … this is an *orator!* and we are only *a*…"

MASTERLY IMITATORS.

THERE have been found occasionally some Artists who could so perfectly imitate the spirit, the taste, the character, and the peculiarities of great masters, that they have not unfrequently deceived the most skilful connoisseurs. Michael Angelo sculptured a sleeping Cupid, of which having broke off an arm, he buried the statue in a place where he knew it would soon be found. It was found accordingly, and the critics were never tired in admiring it, as one of the most precious relics of antiquity. It was sold to the Cardinal of St. George, to whom Michael Angelo discovered the whole mystery, by joining to the Cupid the arm which he had reserved.

An anecdote of Peter Mignard is more singular. This great man painted a Magdalen on a canvas fabricated at R… A broker in concert with Mignard, wen… to the Chevalier de Clairville, and told him as… secret that he was to receive from Italy a Mag…dalen of Guido's…

his master-piece. The Chevalier caught the bait, begged the preference, and purchased the picture at a very high price.

He was informed he had been imposed upon, and that the Magdalen was painted by Mignard. Mignard himself caused the alarm to be given, but the amateur would not believe it; all the connoisseurs agreed it was a Guido, and the famous Le Brun corroborated this opinion.

The Chevalier came to Mignard:—Some persons assure me that my Magdalen is your work! —Mine! they do me great honour.—I am sure that Le Brun is not of this opinion. Le Brun swears it can be no other than a Guido. You shall dine with me, and meet several of the first connoisseurs.

On the day of meeting, the picture was more closely inspected than ever. Mignard hinted his doubts whether the piece was the work of that great master; he insinuated that it was possible to be deceived; and added, that if it was Guido's, he did not think it in his best manner. "It is a Guido, Sir, and in his very best manner," replied Le Brun with warmth; and all the critics unanimously agreed with him. Mignard then spoke in a firm tone of voice: "And I, gentlemen, will wager three hundred louis that it is not a Guido." The dispute now became violent: Le Brun was desirous of accepting the wager. In

a word the affair became such as could add nothing more to the glory of Mignard. "No, Sir," (replied the latter,) I am too honest to bet when I am certain to win. Monsieur le Chevalier, this piece cost you 2000 crowns: the money must be returned,—the painting is mine. Le Brun would not believe it. The proof (Mignard continued) is easy.—On this canvas, which is a Roman one, was the portrait of a cardinal, I will shew you his cap.—The Chevalier did not know which of the rival artists to believe. The proposition alarmed him. "He who painted the picture shall mend it," said Mignard. He took a pencil dipped in oil, and rubbing the hair of the Magdalen, discovered the cap of the cardinal.—The honour of the ingenious painter could no longer be disputed; Le Brun vexed, satirically exclaimed, "always paint Guido, but never Mignard."

There is a collection of engravings by that most ingenious artist Bernard Picart, which has been published under the title of *The Innocent Impostors*. Picart had long been vexed at the taste of his day, which ran wholly in favour of antiquity, and no one would look at, much less admire, the modern masters. He published a pretended collection, of a set of prints, from the designs of the great painters, in which he imitated the etchings and engravings of the an-

rious masters, and much were these prints admired as the works of Guido, Rembrandt, and others. Having had his joke, they were published under the title of *Impostures Innocens.* The connoisseurs however are strangely divided in their opinion of the merit of this collection. Gilpin classes these "Innocent Impostors," among the most entertaining of his works, and is delighted by the happiness with which he has out-done, in their own excellences, the artists whom he copied; but Strutt, too grave to admit of jokes that twitch the connoisseurs, declares that they could never have deceived an experienced judge, and reprobates such kinds of ingenuity, played off at the cost of the venerable brotherhood of the cognoscenti!

The same thing was however done by Goltzius, who being disgusted at the preference given to the works of Albert Durer, Lucas of Leyden, and others of that school, and having attempted to introduce a better taste, which was not immediately relished, he published what was afterwards called his *master-pieces.* These are six prints in the style of these masters, merely to prove that Goltzius could imitate their works, if he thought proper. One of these, the Circumcision, he had painted on soiled paper, and to give it the brown tint of antiquity, had carefully smoked it, by which means it was

sold as a curious performance, and deceived some of the most capital connoisseurs of the day, one of whom bought it as one of the finest engravings of Albert Durer. Even Strutt acknowledges the merit of Goltzius's *masterpieces!*

To these instances of artists I will add others of celebrated authors. Muretus rendered Joseph Scaliger, a great stickler for the ancients, highly ridiculous by an artifice which he practised. He sent some verses which he pretended were copied from an old manuscript. The verses were excellent, and Scaliger was credulous. After having read them, he exclaimed they were admirable, and affirmed that they were written by an old comic poet, Trabeus. He quoted them, in his commentary on Varro *de Re Rustica*, as one of the most precious fragments of antiquity. It was then, when he had fixed his foot firmly in the trap, that Muretus informed the world of the little dependance to be placed on the critical sagacity of one so prejudiced in favour of the ancients, and who considered his judgment as infallible.

The Abbé Regnier Desmarais, having written an ode, or, as the Italians call it, an Italian song (canzone) sent it to the Abbé Strozzi at Florence, who employed it to impose on three or four academicians of Della Crusca. He

gave out that Leo Allatius, librarian of the Vatican, in examining carefully the MSS. of Petrarch preserved there, had found two pages slightly glued, which having separated, he had discovered this ode. The fact was not at first easily credited; but afterwards the similarity of style and manner rendered it highly probable. When Strozzi undeceived the public, it procured the Abbé Regnier a place in the academy, as an honourable testimony of his ingenuity.

Pere Commire, when Louis the XIVth resolved on the conquest of Holland, composed a Latin fable, intitled "The Sun and the Frogs," in which he assumed with such felicity the style and character of Phædrus, that the learned German critic Wolfius was deceived, and innocently inserted it in his edition of that fabulist.

Faminius Strada would have deceived most of the critics of his age, if he had given as the remains of antiquity the different pieces of history and poetry which he composed on the model of the ancients, in his *Prolusiones Academicæ*. To preserve probability (says D'Artigné) he might have given out that he had drawn them from some old and neglected library; he had then only to have added a good commentary, tending to display the conformity of the style and manner of these fragments

with the works of those authors to whom he ascribed them.

Sigonius was a great master of the style of Cicero, and ventured to publish a treatise *de consolatione*, as a composition of Cicero recently discovered; many were deceived by the counterfeit, which was performed with great dexterity, and was long received as genuine; but he could not deceive Lipsius, who after reading only ten lines, threw it away, exclaiming, "*Vah! non est Ciceronis!*" The late Mr. Burke succeeded more skilfully in his "Vindication of Natural Society," which for a long time passed as the composition of Lord Bolingbroke: so perfect is this ingenious imposture of the spirit, manner, and course of thinking, of the noble author. I believe it was written for a wager, and fairly won.

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

Our Edward the Fourth was a gay and voluptuous Prince; and probably owed his crown to his enormous debts and passion for the fair sex. He had not *one* Jane Shore, but *many*. Hear honest Philip de Comines, his contemporary. He says, that what greatly contributed to his entering London as soon as he appeared at its gates, was the great debts this Prince had

contracted, which made his creditors gladly assist him; and the high favour in which he was held by the *Bourgeoises*, into whose good graces he had frequently glided, and who gained over to him their husbands, who, I suppose, for the tranquillity of their lives, were glad to depose, or to raise monarchs."

These are De Comines's words. "Many ladies and rich citizens' wives, of whom formerly he had great privacies and familiar acquaintance, gained over to him their husbands and relations."

This is the description of his voluptuous life; we must recollect, that the writer had been an eye-witness, and was an honest man; while modern Historians only view objects through the coloured medium of their imagination, and do not always merit the latter appellation.

"He had been during the last twelve years more accustomed to his ease and pleasure than any other Prince who lived in his time. He had nothing in his thoughts but *les dames*, and of them more than was *reasonable*; and hunting-matches, good eating, and great care of his person. When he went in their seasons to these hunting-matches, he always caused to be carried with him great pavilions for *les dames;* and at the same time gave splendid entertainments; so that it is not surprizing that his per-

son was as jolly as any one I ever saw. He was then young, and as handsome as any man of his age; but he has since become enormously fat."

Since I have got old Philip in my hand, the reader will not, perhaps, be displeased, if he attends to a little more of his *naiveté*, which will appear in the form of a *conversazione* of the times. He now relates what passed between Edward and the King of France:

"When the ceremony of the oath was concluded, our king, who was desirous of being friendly, began to say to the King of England, in a laughing way, that he must come to Paris, and be jovial amongst our ladies; and that he would give him the Cardinal de Bourbon for his confessor, who would very willingly absolve him of any *sin* which perchance he might commit. The King of England seemed well pleased at the invitation, and laughed heartily; for he knew that the said cardinal was *un fort bon compagnon*. When the king was returning, he spoke on the road to me; and said, that he did not like to find the King of England so much inclined to come to Paris. "He is (said he) a very *handsome* king: he likes the women too much. He may, probably, find one at Paris that may make him like to come too often, or stay too long. His predecessors have already

been too much at Paris and in Normandy;" and that "his company was not agreeable *this side of the sea*; but that, beyond the sea, he wished to be *bon frere et amy*."

I have called Philip de Comines *honest*. The old writers, from the simplicity of their style, usually receive this honourable epithet; but I fear they deserve it as little as most modern memoir-writers. No enemy is indeed so terrible as a man of genius. Comines's violent enmity to the Duke of Burgundy, which appears in these Memoirs, has been traced by the minute researchers of anecdotes; and the cause is not honourable to the memoir-writer, whose resentment was implacable. De Comines was born a subject of the Duke of Burgundy, and for seven years had been a favourite; but one day returning from hunting with the Duke, (then Count de Charolois) in familiar jocularity he sat himself down before the Prince, and ordered the Prince to pull off his boots. The Count laughed and did this, but in return for Comines's princely amusement, dashed the boot on Comines's nose, which bled. From that time he was mortified in the Court of Burgundy by the nickname of the *booted head*. Comines long felt a rankling wound in his mind; and after this family quarrel, for it was nothing more, but we know its irritation is sometimes

eternal; he went over to the King of France, and poured out his bile against the Duke of Burgundy in those "Memoirs," which give posterity a caricature likeness of that Prince, whom he is ever censuring for presumption, obstinacy, pride, and cruelty. This Duke of Burgundy however, it is said, had but one great vice, the vice of sovereigns, that of ambition; he had too, many virtues!

The impertinence of Comines had not been chastised with great severity; but the nick-name was never forgiven; unfortunately for the Duke, Comines was a man of genius. When we are versed in the history of the times, we shall often discover that memoir-writers have some secret poison in their hearts. Many, like Comines, have had the boot dashed on their nose. Personal rancour wonderfully enlivens our style. Memoirs are often dictated by its fiercest spirit; and then histories are composed from Memoirs. Where is TRUTH? Not in Histories and Memoirs!

ELIZABETH.

MARVILLE says of this great Queen, that she passionately admired handsome persons; and he was already far advanced in her favour who

approached her with beauty and grace. She had so unconquerable an aversion for ugly and ill-made men, who had been treated unfortunately by Nature, that she could not endure their presence.

"When she issued from her palace, her guards were careful to disperse from before her eyes hideous and deformed people, the lame, the hunch-backed, &c. in a word, all those whose appearance might shock her fastidious sensations.

"There is this singular and admirable in the conduct of Elizabeth, that she made her pleasures subservient to her politics, and she maintained her affairs by what in general occasions the ruin of princes. So secret were her amours, that even to the present day their mysteries cannot be penetrated; but the utility she drew from them is public, and always operated for the good of her people. Her lovers were her ministers, and her ministers were her lovers. Love commanded, Love was obeyed; and the reign of this princess was happy, because it was a reign of *Love*, in which its chains and its slavery are liked!"

The origin of Raleigh's advancement in the queen's graces, was by an action of gallantry, to which her majesty could not be insensible. He found the queen taking a walk; and a wet

place incommoding her royal footsteps, Raleigh immediately spread his new plush cloak across the miry place. The queen stepped cautiously on it, and passed over dry; but not without a particular observation of his gallantry. Captain Raleigh soon became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the queen's favour.

Hume has furnished us with ample proofs of the *passion* which her courtiers feigned for her, and which, with others I shall give, confirm the opinion of Vigneul Marville, who did not know probably the *reason* why her amours were never discovered; which, indeed, never went further than mere gallantry. Hume has preserved in his notes, a letter written by Raleigh. It is a perfect amorous composition. After having exerted his poetic talent to exalt *her charms* and *his affection*, he concludes, by comparing her majesty, who was then *sixty*, to Venus and Diana. Sir Walter was not her only courtier who wrote in this style. Even in her old age she affected a strange fondness for music and dancing, and a kind of childish drollery, by which however her Court seemed a Court of Love, and she the sovereign. A curious anecdote in a letter of the times has reached us. Secretary Cecil, the youngest son of Lord Burleigh, seems to have perfectly entered into her character. Lady Derby wore about her neck

and in her bosom a portrait; the Queen espying it, asked after it, but her ladyship was anxious to conceal it. The Queen would have it, and discovering it to be the portrait of young Cecil, she snatched it away, and tying it upon her shoe, walked long with it; afterwards she pinned it on her elbow, and wore it some time there also. Secretary Cecil hearing of this, composed some verses and got them set to music; this music the Queen insisted on hearing. In his verses Cecil sung that he repined not, though her majesty was pleased to grace others; he contented himself with the favour she had given him, by wearing his portrait on her feet and her elbow! The writer of the letter adds, "All these things are very secret." In this manner she however contrived to lay the fastest hold on her able servants.

Those who are intimately acquainted with the private anecdotes of those times, know what encouragement this royal coquette gave to most who were near her person. Dodd, in his Church History, says, that the Earls of Arran and Arundel, and Sir William Pickering, "were not out of hopes of gaining Queen Elizabeth's affections in a matrimonial way."

She encouraged every person of eminence: she even went so far on the anniversary of her coronation, as publicly to take a ring from her

finger, and put it on the Duke of Alençon's hand. She also ranked amongst her suitors, Henry the Third of France, and Henry the Great.

She never forgave Buzenval for ridiculing her bad pronunciation of the French language; and when Henry IV. sent him over on an embassy, she would not receive him. So nice was the irritable pride of this great Queen, that she made her private injuries matters of state.

"This Queen," writes Du Maurier, in his *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Hollande*, "who displayed so many heroic accomplishments, had this foible, of wishing to be thought beautiful by all the world. I heard from my father, that having been sent to her, at every audience he had with her majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times to display her hands, which indeed were very beautiful and very white."

Another anecdote, not less curious, relates to the affair of the Duke of Anjou and our Elizabeth, and one more proof of her partiality for handsome men. The writer was Lewis Guyon, a contemporary of the times he notices.

"Francis Duke of Anjou being desirous of marrying a crowned head, caused proposals of marriage to be made to Elizabeth Queen of England. Letters passed betwixt them, and their

portraits were exchanged. At length her majesty informed him, that she would never contract a marriage with any one who sought her, if she did not first *see his person.* If he would not come, nothing more should be said on the subject. This prince, over-pressed by his young friends, (who were as little able of judging as himself,) paid no attention to the counsels of men of maturer judgment. He passed over to England without a splendid train. The said lady contemplated his *person:* she found him *ugly,* disfigured by deep scars of the *small-pox,* and that he also had an *ill-shaped nose,* with *swellings in the neck!* All these were so many reasons with her, that he could never be admitted into her good graces."

Puttenham, in his very rare book of the "Art of Poesie," p. 248, notices the grace and majesty of Elizabeth's demeanour, "her stately manner of walk, with a certaine granditie rather than gravitie, marching with leysure, which our sovereign ladye and mistresse is accustomed to doe generally, unless it be when she walketh apace for her pleasure, or to catch her a heate in the cold mornings."

By the following extract from a letter from one of her gentlemen, one may discover that her usual habits, though studious, were not of the gentlest kind, and that the service she

exacted from her attendants was not borne without concealed murmurs. The writer groans in secrecy to his friend. It is thus Sir John Stanhope writes to Sir Robert Cecil in 1598. "I was all the afternowne with her majestie, *at my booke*, and then thinking to rest me, went in agayne with your letter. She was pleased with the Filosofer's stone, and hath ben *all this daye reasonably quyett*. Mr. Grevell is absent, and I am tyed so as I cannot styrr, but shall be *at the wourse* for yt, these two dayes!"

Puttenham, p. 249, has also recorded an honourable anecdote of Elizabeth, and characteristic of that high majesty which was in her thoughts, as well as in her actions. When she came to the crown, a knight of the realm who had insolently behaved to her when Lady Elizabeth, fell upon his knees to her, and besought her pardon, suspecting to be sent to the Tower: she replied mildly, "Do you not know that we are descended of the *Lion*, whose nature is not to harme or prey upon the Mouse, or any other such small vermin?"

Queen Elizabeth was taught to write by the celebrated *Roger Ascham*. Her writing is extremely beautiful and correct, as may be seen by examining a little manuscript book of prayers, preserved in the British Museum. I have seen her first writing-book preserved at

Oxford in the Bodleian Library; the gradual improvement of her majesty's hand-writing, is very honourable to her diligence; but the most curious thing is the paper on which she tried her pens; this she usually did by writing the name of her beloved brother Edward; a proof of the early and ardent attachment she formed to that amiable Prince.

The education of Elizabeth had been severely classical; she thought, and she wrote in all the spirit of the great characters of antiquity; and her speeches and her letters are studded with apophthegms, and a terseness of ideas and language, that give an exalted idea of her mind. In her evasive answers to the Commons, in reply to their petition to her majesty to marry, she has employed an energetic word. Were I (said she) to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an *answer*, ANSWERLESS!

THE CHINÉSE LANGUAGE.

THE Chinese language is like no other on the globe; it is said to contain not more than about 330 words, but it is by no means monotonous,

for it has four accents, the even, the raised, the lessened, and the returning, which multiply every word into four; as difficult (says Mr. Astle) for an European to understand, as it is for a Chinese to comprehend the six pronunciations of the French E. In fact they can so diversify their monosyllabic words by the different *tones* which they give them, that the same character differently accented, signifies sometimes ten or more different things.

From the Twenty-ninth volume of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* I take the present critically humorous account of this language.

P. Bourgeois, one of the missionaries, attempted, after ten months residence at Pekin, to preach in the Chinese language. These are the words of the good father. "God knows how much this first Chinese sermon cost me! I can assure you, this language resembles no other. The same word has never but one termination; and then adieu to all that in our declensions distinguishes the gender, and the number of things we would speak; adieu, in the verbs, to all which might explain the active person, how and in what time it acts, if it acts alone or with others: in a word, with the Chinese the same word is substantive, adjective, verb, singular, plural, masculine, feminine, &c. It is the person who hears who must arrange

the circumstances, and guess them. Add to all this, that all the words of this language are reduced to three hundred and a few more; that they are pronounced in so many different ways, that they signify eighty thousand different things, which are expressed by as many different characters. This is not all: the arrangement of all these monosyllables appears to be under no general rule; so that to know the language after having learnt the words, we must learn every particular phrase: the least inversion would make you unintelligible to three parts of the Chinese.

"I will give you an example of their words. They told me *chou* signifies a *book*: so that I thought whenever the word *chou* was pronounced, a *book* was the subject. Not at all! *Chou*, the next time I heard it, I found signified a *tree*. Now I was to recollect, *chou* was a *book*, or a *tree*. But this amounted to nothing: *chou*, I found, expressed also *great heats*; *chou* is to *relate*; *chou* is the *Aurora*; *chou* means to be *accustomed*; *chou* expresses the *loss of a wager*, &c. I should not finish, were I to attempt to give you all its significations.

"Notwithstanding these singular difficulties, could one but find a help in the perusal of their books, I should not complain. But this is im-

possible! Their language is quite different from that of simple conversation. What will ever be an unsurmountable difficulty to every European, is the pronunciation: every word may be pronounced in five different tones; yet every tone is not so distinct that an unpractised ear can easily distinguish it. These monosyllables fly with amazing rapidity; then they are continually disguised by elisions, which sometimes hardly leave any thing of two monosyllables. From an aspirated tone, you must pass immediately to an even one; from a whistling note to an inward one; sometimes your voice must proceed from the palate; sometimes it must be guttural, and almost always nasal. I recited my sermon at least fifty times to my servant, before I spoke it in public: and yet I am told, though he continually corrected me, that, of the ten parts of the sermon, (as the Chinese express themselves) they hardly understood three. Fortunately, the Chinese are wonderfully patient; and they are astonished that any ignorant stranger should be able to learn two words of their language."

It is not less curious to be informed, as Dr. Hager tells us in his Elementary Characters of the Chinese, that "Satires are often composed in China, which, if you attend to the *characters*, their import is pure and sublime; but if

you regard the *tone* only, they contain a meaning ludicrous or obscene." He adds, "In the Chinese *one word* sometimes corresponds to three or four thousand characters; a property quite opposite to that of our language, in which *myriads* of different *words* are expressed by the *same letters*."

MUSIC.

In the Philosophical Magazine for May 1806, we find that "several of the Medical Literati on the Continent are at present engaged in making inquiries and experiments upon the *influence of Music in the cure of Diseases*." The learned Dusaux is said to lead the band of this new tribe of *Amateurs* and *Cognoscenti*.

The subject having excited my curiosity, though I since have found that it is no new discovery, the reader ought to receive indulgently the profit of my discoveries; all which I do not wish to pass on him for more than they are worth.

There is a curious article in Dr. Burney's History of Music, "On the Medicinal Powers attributed to Music by the Ancients," which that pleasing writer has derived from the learned labours of a modern physician, M. Burette,

who doubtless could play a tune to, as well as prescribe a purge to his patient. He conceives that music can relieve the pains of the sciatica, and that, independent of the greater or less skill of the musician; by flattering the ear, and diverting the attention, and occasioning certain vibrations of the nerves, it can remove any obstructions which occasion this disorder. M. Burette, and many modern physicians and philosophers, have believed that music has the power of affecting the mind, and the whole nervous system, so as to give a temporary relief in certain diseases, and even a radical cure. De Mairan, Bianchini, and other respectable names, have pursued the same career. But the ancients record miracles!

The late Rev. Dr. Mitchell of Brighthelmstone printed a dissertation, "*De Arte Medendi, apud Priscos Musices ope atque Carminum,*" printed for J. Nichols 1783. He writes under the assumed name of Michael Gaspar; but whether this learned dissertator be grave or jocular, more than one critic has not been able to resolve me. I suspect it to be a satire on the parade of learning of certain German *eruditi*, who prove any point by the weakest analogies and the most fanciful conceits. The following summary will convey an idea of this dissertation.

Amongst barbarous or half-civilized nations, diseases have been generally attributed to the influence of evil spirits. The depression of mind which is generally attendant on sickness, and the delirium accompanying certain stages of disease, seem to have been considered as especially denoting the immediate influence of a demon. The effect of music in raising the energies of the mind, or what we commonly call animal spirits, was obvious to early observation. Its power of attracting strong attention, may in some cases have appeared to affect even those who laboured under a considerable degree of mental disorder. The accompanying depression of mind was considered as a part of the disease, (perhaps rightly enough,) and music was prescribed as a remedy to remove the symptom; when experience had not ascertained the probable cause. Homer, whose heroes exhibit high passions, but not refined manners, represents the Grecian army as employing music to stay the raging of the plague. The Jewish nation, in the time of King David, appear not to have been much further advanced in civilization; accordingly we find David employed in his youth to remove the mental derangement of Saul by his harp. The method of cure was suggested as a common one in those days, by Saul's servants; and the success is not men-

tioned as a miracle. Pindar, with poetic licence, speaks of Æsculapius healing acute disorders with soothing songs; but Æsculapius whether man or deity, or between both, is a physician of the days of barbarism and fable. Pliny scouts the idea that music should affect real bodily injury, but quotes Homer on the subject; mentions Theophrastus as suggesting a tune for the cure of the hip gout, and Cato, as entertaining a fancy that it had a good effect when limbs were out of joint, and that Varro thought it good for the gout. Aulus Gellius cites a work of Theophrastus, which recommends music as a specific for the bite of a viper. Boyle and Shakspeare mention the effects of music super vesicam. Athanasius Kircher's Musurgia, and Swinburne's Travels, relate the effects of music on those who are bitten by the tarantula. Sir W. Temple seems to have given credit to the stories of the power of music over diseases.

The ancients indeed record miracles; at least none in the golden legend of Voragine appear to be more so than the tales they relate of the medicinal powers of music. A fever is removed by a song, and deafness is cured by a trumpet, and the pestilence is chased away by the sweetness of an harmonious lyre. That deaf people can hear best in a great noise, is a fact alleged

by some moderns, in favour of the ancient story of curing deafness by a trumpet. Dr. Willis tells us (says Dr. Burney) of a lady who could *hear* only while *a drum was beating*, insomuch that her husband, the account says, hired a drummer as her servant, in order to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation.

Music and the sounds of instruments, says the lively Vigneul de Marville, contribute to the health of the body and the mind, they assist the circulation of the blood, they dissipate vapours, and open the vessels so that the action of perspiration is freer. He tells a story of a person of distinction, who assured him, that once being suddenly seized by violent illness, instead of a consultation of physicians, he immediately called a band of musicians, and their violins played so well in his inside, that his bowels became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours were harmoniously becalmed. I once heard a story of Farinelli the famous singer, who was sent for to Madrid, to try the effect of his magical voice on the King of Spain. His majesty was buried in the profoundest melancholy, nothing could raise an emotion in him; he lived in a total oblivion of life; he sate in a darkened chamber, entirely given up to the most distressing kind of madness. The physicians ordered Farinelli at first to sing in an

outer room; and for the first day or two this was done, without any effect on the royal patient. At length it was observed, the king awakening from his stupor, seemed to listen; on the next day tears were seen starting in his eyes; the day after he ordered the door of his chamber to be left open—and at length the perturbed spirit entirely left our modern Saul, and the *medicinal voice* of Farinelli effected what no other medicine could.

I now prepare to give the reader some facts which he may consider as a trial of credulity.—Their authorities are however not contemptible.—Naturalists assert that animals and birds (as well as "knotted oaks," as Congreve affirms to us,) are exquisitely sensible to the charms of Music. This may serve as an instance.—An officer was confined in the Bastile. He begged the governor to permit him the use of his lute, to soften, by the harmonies of his instrument, the rigours of his prison. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly astonished to see frisking out of their holes great numbers of mice; and descending from their woven habitations, crowds of spiders, who formed a circle about him, while he continued breathing his soul-subduing instrument. His surprize was at first so great, that he was petrified with astonishment; when

having ceased to play, the assembly, who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his instrument. At length, having conquered, for the novelty of his company, his dislike of them, he recommenced his concert; when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first; and in the course of farther time, he found himself surrounded by a hundred *musical amateurs.* Having thus succeeded in attracting this company, he treacherously contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpose he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put in a cage, and let loose at the very instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill he displayed.

Marville has given us the following curious anecdote on this subject. He says, that doubting the truth of those who say it is natural for for us to love music, especially the sound of instruments, and that beasts themselves are touched with it, being one day in the country I inquired into the truth; and, while a man was playing on the trump marine, made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard, under a window on which

I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was the least affected, and I even judged, by her air, that she would have given all the instruments in the world for a mouse, sleeping in the sun all the time; the horse stopped short from time to time before the window, raising his head up now and then, as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing, as though they had been acquainted with us, went forward to some little birds who were in an aviary, and others on the trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the buck who minded only his hens, and the hens, who were solely employed in scraping a neighbouring dunghill, did not shew in any manner that they took the least pleasure in hearing the trump marine.

A modern traveller assures us, that he has repeatedly observed in the Island of Madeira, that the lizards are attracted by the notes of music, and that he has assembled a number of them by the powers of his instrument. He tells us also, that when the Negroes catch them, for

food, they accompany the chace by whistling some tune, which has always the effect of drawing great numbers towards them. Stedman, in his expedition to Surinam, describes certain sibyls among the negroes, who among several singular practices can charm or conjure down from the tree certain serpents, who will wreath about the arms, neck, and breast of the pretended sorceress, listening to her voice. The sacred writers speak of the charming of adders and serpents; and nothing, says he, is more notorious than that the Eastern Indians will rid the houses of the most venomous snakes, by charming them with the sound of a flute, which calls them out of their holes. These anecdotes, which to some persons may not appear credible, seem to be fully confirmed by the elegant observations of Sir William Jones, in his curious dissertation on the musical modes of the Hindus. The passage is so entertaining, that it admits of transcription.

"After food, when the operations of digestion and absorption give so much employment to the vessels, that a temporary state of mental repose must be found, especially in hot climates, essential to health, it seems reasonable to believe that a few agreeable airs, either heard or played without effort, must have all the good effects of sleep, and none of its disadvantages; *putting*

the soul in tune, as Milton says, for any subsequent exertion; an experiment often successfully made by myself. I have been assured by a credible eye-witness, that two wild antelopes used often to come from their woods to the place where a more savage beast, Sirâjuddaulah, entertained himself with concerts, and that they listened to the strains with an appearance of pleasure, till the monster, in whose soul there was no music, shot one of them to display his archery. A learned native told me, that he had frequently seen the most venomous and malignant snakes leave their holes upon hearing tunes on a flute, which, as he supposed, gave them peculiar delight. An intelligent Persian declared he had more than once been present, when a celebrated lutenist, surnamed Bulbul, (i.e. the nightingale) was playing to a large company, in a grove near Schiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician, sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument, and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of extacy, from which they were soon raised, he assured me, by a change of the mode."

Some of the anecdotes in this article have a ludicrous air; yet those of the modern travellers

seem to confirm them; while the effects of music, as detailed by Sir William Jones, on the softer animals and birds, may not appear less strange, though their veracity cannot be equally doubtful.

Jackson of Exeter, in reply to the question of Dryden, "What passion cannot music raise or quell?" sarcastically returns, "What passion *can* music raise or quell?" Would not a savage, who had never listened to a musical instrument, feel certain emotions at listening to one for the first time? But civilized man is, no doubt, particularly affected by *association of ideas*, as all pieces of national music evidently prove.

The RANS DES VACHES, mentioned by Rousseau, in his Dictionary of Music, though without any thing striking in the composition, has such a powerful influence over the Swiss, and impresses them with so violent a desire to return to their own country, that it is forbidden to be played in the Swiss Regiments, in the French service, on pain of death. There is also a Scotch tune, which has the same effect on some of our North Britons. In one of our recent battles in Calabria, a bagpiper of the 78th Highland Regiment, when the light infantry charged the French, posted himself on their right, and remained in his solitary situation during the whole

of the battle, encouraging the men with a famous Highland charging-tune; and actually upon the retreat and complete rout of the French changed it to another, equally celebrated in Scotland upon the retreat of and victory over an enemy. His next-hand neighbour guarded him so well that he escaped unhurt. This was the spirit of the "Last Minstrel," who infused courage among his countrymen, by possessing it in so animated a degree and in so venerable a character.

MINUTE WRITING.

The Iliad of Homer in a nutshell, which Pliny says that Cicero once saw, it is pretended might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. Ælian notices an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he inclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Antiquity, and modern times record many such penmen, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet, and another, more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole Iliad in so confined a space, that it could be inclosed in a nutshell. Menage mentions

he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the microscope; and pictures and portraits, which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown down at random; one of them formed the face of the Dauphiness, with the most pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem, in praise of this princess, containing some thousands of verses, written by an officer in a space of a foot and a half. This species of curious idleness has not been lost in our own country; about a century ago, this minute writing was a fashionable curiosity. A drawing of the head of Charles I. is in the library of St. John's College at Oxford. It is wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of engraving. The lines of the head, and the ruff, are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. In the British Museum we find a drawing representing the portrait of Queen Anne, not much above the size of the hand. On this drawing appear a number of lines and scratches, which the librarian assures the marvelling spectator, includes the entire contents of a thin *folio*, which on this occasion is carried in the hand.

On this subject it may be worth noticing, that the learned Huet asserts that he, like the rest

of the world, for a long time considered as a fiction the story of that industrious writer who is said to have inclosed the Iliad in a nutshell. But having examined the matter more closely, he thought it possible. One day in company at the Dauphin's, this learned man trifled half an hour in proving it. A piece of vellum, about ten inches in length and eight in width, pliant and firm, can be folded up and inclosed in the shell of a large walnut. It can hold in its breadth one line, which can contain 30 verses, and in its length 250 lines. With a crow-quill the writing can be perfect. A page of this piece of vellum will then contain 7500 verses, and the reverse as much; the whole 15,000 verses of the Iliad. And this he proved in their presence, by using a piece of paper, and with a common pen. The thing is possible to be effected; and if some occasion should happen, when paper is excessively rare, it may be useful to know, that a volume of matter may be contained in a very small space.

NUMERAL FIGURES.

The learned, after many contests, have at length agreed that the numeral figures 1, 2,

4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, usually called *Arabic*, are of *Indian* origin. The Arabians do not pretend to have been the inventors of them, but borrowed them from the Indian nations. The numeral characters of the Bramins, the Persians, and the Arabians, and other eastern nations, are similar. They appear afterwards to have been introduced into several European nations, by their respective travellers, who returned from the east. They were admitted into Calendars and Chronicles, but they were not introduced into charters, says Mr. Astle, before the sixteenth century. The Spaniards, no doubt, derived their use from the Moors who invaded them. In 1240, the Alphonsean astronomical tables were made by the order of Alphonsus X. by a Jew, and an Arabian; they used these numerals, from whence the Spaniards contend that they were first introduced by them.

They were not generally used in Germany until the beginning of the fourteenth century; but in general the forms of the cyphers were not permanently fixed there till after the year 1531. The Russians were strangers to them, before Peter the Great had finished his travels in the beginning of the present century.

The origin of these useful characters with the Indians and Arabians, is attributed to their great skill in the arts of astronomy and of arith-

metic, which required more convenient characters than alphabetic letters, for the expressing of numbers.

Before the introduction into Europe of these Arabic numerals, they used alphabetical characters, or *Roman numerals*. The learned authors of the Nouveau Traité Diplomatique, the most valuable work on every thing concerning the arts and progress of writing, have given some curious notices on the origin of the Roman numerals. They say, that originally men counted by their fingers; thus to mark the first four numbers they used an I, which naturally represents them. To mark the fifth, they chose a V, which is made out by bending inwards the four middle fingers, and stretching out only the thumb and the little finger; and for the tenth they used an X, which is a double V, one placed topsyturvy under the other. From this the progression of these numbers is always from one to five, and from five to ten. The hundred was signified by the capital letter of that word in Latin C—centum. The other letters D for 500, and M for a 1000, were afterwards added. They subsequently abbreviated their characters, by placing one of these figures before another; and the figure of less value before a higher number, denotes that so much must be deducted from the greater number;

stance, IV signifies five less one, that is four; IX ten less one, that is nine; but these abbreviations are not found amongst the most ancient monuments. These numerical letters are still continued by us, in recording accounts in our Exchequer.

That men counted originally by their fingers, is no improbable supposition; it is still naturally practised by the vulgar of the most enlightened nations. In more uncivilized states, small stones have been used, and the etymologists dérive the words *calculate* and *calculation* from *calculus*, which is the Latin term for a pebble-stone, and by which they denominated their counters used for arithmetical computations.

Professor Ward, in a learned dissertation on this subject in the Philosophical Transactions, concludes, that it is easier to falsify the Arabic cyphers than the Roman alphabetic numerals; when 1375 is dated in Arabic cyphers, if the 3 is only changed, three centuries are taken away; if the 3 is made into a 9 and take away the 1, four hundred years are added. Such accidents have assuredly produced much confusion among our ancient manuscripts, and still do in our printed books; which is the reason that Dr. Robertson in his histories has always preferred writing his dates in *words*, rather than confide

them to the care of a negligent printer. Gibbon observes, that some remarkable mistakes have happened by the word *Mil.* in MSS, which is an abbreviation for *soldiers*, or *thousands*; and to this blunder he attributes the incredible numbers of martyrdoms, which cannot otherwise be accounted for by historical records.

ENGLISH ASTROLOGERS.

A BELIEF in judicial astrology can now only exist in the people, who may be said to have no belief at all; for the sentiments of those who are incapable of *reflection*, can hardly be said to amount to a *belief*. But a faith in this ridiculous system in our country is of very late existence; it was a favourite superstition with the learned, and as the ingenious Tenhove observes, whenever an idea germinates in a learned head, it shoots with additional luxuriances.

When Charles the First was confined, Lilly the astrologer was consulted for the hour which would favour his escape.

A story, which strongly proves how greatly Charles the Second was bigotted to Judicial Astrology, and whose mind was certainly not unenlightened, is recorded in Burnet's History of his Own Times.

The most respectable characters of the age, Sir William Dugdale, Elias Ashmole, Dr. Grew, &c. were members of an Astrological Club. Congreve's character of Foresight, in Love for Love, was then no uncommon person.

Dryden cast the nativities of his sons; and, what is remarkable, his prediction relating to his son Charles took place. This incident is of so late a date, one might hope it would have been cleared up: but, if it is a fact, we must allow it affords a rational exultation to its irrational adepts.

In 1670, the passion for horoscopes and expounding the stars, prevailed in France among the first rank. The new-born child was usually presented naked to the astrologer, who read the first lineaments in its forehead, and the transverse lines in its hand, and hence wrote down its future destiny. We find an anecdote that Catherine de Medicis brought Henry IV, then a child, to old Nostradamus, whom antiquaries esteem more for his chronicle of Provence, than his vaticinating powers. The sight of the reverend seer, with a beard which "streamed like a meteor in the air," terrified the future hero, who dreaded a whipping from so grave a personage. Will it be credited that one of these magicians having assured Charles IX. that he should live as many days as he should turn about

on his heels in an hour, standing on one leg, that his majesty every morning performed that solemn exercise for an hour. The principal officers of the court, the judges, the chancellors, and generals, likewise, in compliment, standing on one leg and turning round!

It has been known, or at least confidently reported of several famous for their astrologic skill, that they have suffered a voluntary death merely to verify their own predictions. This is related of *Cardan*, and *Burton*, the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy. It may appear an improbable circumstance: but who can limit the extravagance of a false zeal in any cause whatever?

It is curious to observe the shifts to which astrologers are put when their predictions are not verified. Great *winds* were predicted, by a famous adept, about the year 1586. No unusual storms however happened. Bodin, to save the reputation of the Art, applied it as a *figure* to some *revolutions* in the *state*; and of which there were instances enough at that moment. Among their lucky and unlucky days, they pretend to give those of various illustrious persons and of families. One is very striking.—Thursday was the unlucky day of our Henry VIII. He, his son Edward VI, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, all died on a Thursday.

This fact had, no doubt, great weight in this controversy of the astrologers with their adversaries.

The life of Lilly the astrologer, written by himself, is a very curious work. He is the Sidrophel of Butler. It contains so much artless narrative, and at the same time so much palpable imposture, that it is difficult to know when he is speaking what he really believes to be the truth. In a sketch of the state of astrology in his day, those adepts, whose characters he has drawn, were the lowest miscreants of the town. They all speak of each other as rogues and impostors. Such were Booker, George Wharton, Gadbury, who gained a livelihood by practising on the credulity of even men of learning so late as in 1650, to the eighteenth century. In Ashmole's Life an account of these artful impostors may be found. Most of them had taken the air in the pillory, and others had conjured themselves up to the gallows. This seems a true statement of facts. But Lilly informs us, that in his various conferences with *angels*, their voice resembled that of the *Irish*!

The work is curious for the anecdotes of the times it contains. The amours of Lilly with his mistress are characteristic. He was a very artful man, by his own accounts; and admirably

managed matters which required deception and invention.

Astrology greatly flourished in the time of the Civil Wars. The royalists and the rebels had their *astrologers*, as well as their *soldiers*! and the predictions of the former had a great influence over the latter.

On this subject, it may gratify curiosity to notice three or four works which bear an excessive price. The price cannot entirely be occasioned by their rarity, and I am induced to suppose that we have still adepts, whose faith must be strong, or whose scepticism weak.

These Chaldean sages were nearly put to the rout by a quarto park of artillery, fired on them by Mr. John Chamber in 1691. Apollo did not use Marsyas more inhumanly than his scourging pen this mystical race, and his personalities made them feel more sore. However, a Norwich Knight, the very Quixote of Astrology, arrayed in the enchanted armour of his occult authors, encountered this pagan in a most stately carousal. He came forth with "A Defence of Judiciall Astrologye, in answer to a treatise lately published by Mr. John Chamber. By Sir Christopher Heydon, Knight, printed at Cambridge 1603." This is a handsome quarto of about 500 pages. Sir Christopher is a learned and lively writer, and a knight worthy to defend

a better cause. But his Dulcinea had wrought most wonderfully on his imagination. This defence of this fanciful science, if science it may be called, demonstrates nothing, while it defends every thing. It confutes, according to the Knight's own ideas: it alleges a few scattered facts in favour of astrological predictions, which may be picked up in that immensity of fabling which disgraces history. He strenuously denies, or ridicules, what the greatest writers have said against this fanciful art, while he lays great stress on some passages from obscure authors, or what is worse, from authors of no authority. The most pleasant part is at the close, where he defends the art from the objections of Mr. Chamber by recrimination. Chamber had enriched himself by medical practice, and when he charges the astrologers with merely aiming to gain a few beggarly pence, Sir Christopher catches fire, and shews by his quotations, that if we are to despise an art, by its professors attempting to subsist on it, or for the objections which may be raised against its vital principles, we ought by this argument most heartily to despise the medical science and medical men! He gives here all he can collect against physic and physicians, and from the confessions of Hippocrates and Galen, Avicenna, and Agrippa, medicine appears to be a

vainer science than even astrology! Sir Christopher is a shrewd and ingenious adversary; but when he says he means only to give Mr. Chamber Oil for his Vinegar, he has totally mistaken its quality.

This defence was answered by Thomas Vicars *in his* "Madnesse of Astrologers."

But the great work is by Lilly; and entirely devoted to the adepts. He defends nothing, for this oracle delivers his diction, and details every event as matters not disputable. He sits on the tripod; and every page is embellished with a horoscope, which he explains with the utmost facility. This voluminous monument of the folly of the age, is a thick quarto valued at about three guineas! It is entitled "Christian Astrology, modestly treated of in three books, by William Lilly, student in Astrology, 2d edition, 1659." The most curious part of this work is "a Catalogue of most astrological authors." There is also a portrait of this arch rogue, and astrologer! an admirable illustration for *Lavater!*

Lilly's opinions, and his pretended science, were such favourites with the age, that the learned Gataker wrote professedly against this popular delusion. Lilly, at the head of his star-expounding friends, not only formally replied to, but persecuted Gataker annually in

his predictions, and even struck at his ghost, when beyond the grave. Gataker died in July 1654, and Lilly having written in his almanack of that year for the month of August this barbarous Latin verse :—

Hoc in tumbo, jacet presbyter et Nebulo.

Here in this tomb lies a presbyter and knave!

he had the impudence to assert that he had predicted Gataker's death! But the truth is, it was an epitaph like lodgings to let: it stood empty ready for the first passenger to inhabit. Had any other of that party of any eminence died in that month, it would have been as appositely applied to him. But Lilly was an exquisite rogue, and never at a fault. Having prophesied in his almanack for 1650, that the parliament stood upon a tottering foundation, &c. when taken up by a messenger, during the night he contrived to cancel the page, printed off another, and shewed his copies before the committee, assuring them that the others were none of his own, but forged by his enemies.

ALCHYMY.

I HAVE seen an advertisement in a newspaper, from a pretender of the Hermetic Art. With the assistance of "a *little money*," he could

"*positively*" assure the lover of this science, that he would repay him "*a thousand-fold!*" This science, if it merits to be distinguished by the name, has hitherto been doubtless an imposition, which, striking on the feeblest part of the human mind, has so frequently been successful in carrying on its delusions.

As late as the days of Mrs. Manly, the authoress of the Atalantis, there are on record a most singular delusion of Alchymy [illegible] circumstances it is very probable the sage was not less deceived than his patroness.

An infatuated lover of this delusive art, met with one who pretended to have the power of transmuting lead to gold: that is, in their language, the *imperfect* metals to the *perfect one*. This hermetic philosopher required only the materials, and time, to perform his golden operations. He was taken to the country residence of his patroness. A long laboratory was built, and, that his labours might not be impeded by any disturbance, no one was permitted to enter into it. His door was contrived to turn on a pivot; so that, unseen, and unseeing, his meals were conveyed to him, without distracting the sublime contemplations of the sage.

During a residence of two years, he never condescended to speak but two or three times in the year to his infatuated patroness. When

she was admitted into the laboratory, she saw, with pleasing astonishment, stills, immense cauldrons, long flues, and three or four Vulcanian fires blazing at different corners of this magical mine; nor did she behold with less reverence the venerable figure of the dusty philosopher. Pale and emaciated with daily operations and nightly vigils, he revealed to her, in unintelligible jargon, his progresses; and having sometimes condescended to explain the mysteries of the arcana, she beheld, or seemed to behold, streams of fluid, and heaps of solid ore, scattered around the laboratory. Sometimes he required a new still, and sometimes vast quantities of lead. Already this unfortunate lady had expended the half of her fortune in supplying the demands of the philosopher. She began now to lower her imagination to the standard of reason. Two years had now elapsed, vast quantities of lead had gone in, and nothing but lead had come out. She disclosed her sentiments to the philosopher. He candidly confessed he was himself surprised at his tardy processes; but that now he would exert himself to the utmost, and that he would venture to perform a laborious operation, which hitherto he had hoped not to have been necessitated to employ. His patroness retired, and the golden visions of expectation resumed all their lustre.

One day as they sat at dinner, a terrible shriek, and one crack followed by another, loud as the report of cannon, assailed their ears. They hastened to the laboratory.—Two of the greatest stills had burst; one part of the laboratory was in flames, and the deluded philosopher scorched to death!

Henry VI. was so reduced by his extravagancies, that Evelyn observes, in his Numismata, he endeavoured to recruit his empty [illegible] *Alchymy*. The *Record* of this singular proposition contains "the most solemn and serious account of the feasibility and virtues of the *Philosopher's Stone*, encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and prohibitions to the contrary." This record was very probably communicated (says an ingenious antiquary) by Mr. Selden, to his beloved friend Ben Jonson, when he was writing his comedy of the Alchymist.

After this patent was published, many promised to answer the king's expectation, effectually (the same writer adds) that the next year, he published *another patent*; wherein he tells his subjects, that the *happy hour* was drawing nigh, and by means of the STONE, which he should soon be master of, he would pay all the debts of the nation in real *gold and silver*. The persons picked out for his new

operators, were as remarkable as the patent itself, being a most "miscellaneous rabble" of friars, grocers, mercers, and fishmongers!

This patent was likewise granted *Authoritate Parliamenti.*

Prynne, who has given this patent in his *Aurum Reginæ*, p. 135, concludes with this sarcastic observation—"A project never so seasonable and necessary as now!" And this we repeat, and our successors will no doubt imitate us.

Alchymists were formerly called *multipliers;* as appears from a statute of Henry IV. repealed in the preceding record. The statute being extremely short, I give it for the reader's satisfaction.

"None from henceforth shall use to *multiply* gold or silver, or use the *craft of multiplication;* and if any the same do, he shall incur the pain of Felony."

Every philosophical mind must be convinced that Alchymy is not an art, which some have fancifully traced to the *remotest times;* it may be rather regarded, when opposed to such a distance of time, as a modern imposture. Cæsar commanded the treatises of Alchymy to be burnt throughout the Roman dominions: Cæsar, who is not less to be admired as a philosopher than as a monarch.

Mr. Gibbon has this succinct passage relative to Alchymy: "The ancient books of Alchymy, so liberally ascribed to Pythagoras, to Solomon, or to Hermes, were the pious frauds of more recent adepts. The Greeks were inattentive either to the use or to the abuse of Chymistry. In that immense region, where Pliny has deposited the discoveries, the arts, and the errors of mankind, there is not a [illegible] mention of the transmutations of [illegible] tion of Dioclesian [illegible] the history of Alchymy. The conquest of Egypt, by the Arabs, diffused that vain science over the globe. Congenial to the avarice of the human heart, it was studied in China, as in Europe, with equal eagerness and equal success. The darkness of the middle ages ensured a favourable reception to every tale of wonder; and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and suggested more specious arts to deception. Philosophy, with the aid of experience, has at length banished the study of Alchymy; and the present age, however desirous of riches, is content to seek them by the humbler means of commerce and industry.

Elias Ashmole writes in his diary—"May 16, 1653. My Father Backhouse (an astrologer, who had adopted him for his son—a common practice with these men) lying sick in Fleet-

Street, over against Saint Dunstan's church, and not knowing whether he should live or die, about eleven of the clock, told me in *syllables* the true matter of the *philosopher's stone*, which he bequeathed to me as a *legacy*." By this we learn that a miserable wretch knew the art of *making gold*, yet always lived a beggar; and that Ashmole really imagined he was in possession of the *syllables of a secret!* he has however preserved a curious monument of the learned folly of the last age, in his "Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum." Though Ashmole is rather the historian of this vain science, than an adept, it may amuse literary leisure to turn over this quarto volume, in which he has collected the works of several English alchymists, subjoining his commentary. It affords a curious specimen of Rosicrucian mysteries; and Ashmole relates stories, which vie for the miraculous, with the wildest fancies of Arabian invention. Of the philosopher's stone he says, he knows enough to hold his tongue, but not enough to speak. This stone has not only the power of transmuting any imperfect earthy matter into its utmost degree of perfection, and can convert the basest metals into gold, flints into stone, &c. but it has still more occult virtues, when the arcana have been entered into, by the choice fathers of hermetick mysteries.

The vegetable stone has power over the natures of man, beast, fowls, fishes, and all kinds of trees and plants, to make them flourish and bear fruit at any time. The magical stone discovers any person whenever he is, or was concealed, while the angelical stone gives the apparitions of angels, and a power of conversing with them. These great mysteries are supported by occasional [illegible] illustrated, by prints of the most di[illegible] designs, which howe[illegible] ligible to the initiated. [illegible] however, how liable ev[illegible] der on these mysterio[illegible] Ashmole, in one of his chemical works, prefixed a frontispiece, which, in several compartments, exhibited Phœbus on a lion, and opposite to him a lady, who represented Diana, with the moon in one hand and an arrow in the other, sitting on a crab. Mercury on a tripod, with the scheme of the heavens in one hand, and his caduceus in the other. These were intended to express the materials of the stone, and the season for the process. Upon the altar is the bust of a man, his head covered by an astrological scheme dropped from the clouds; and on the altar are these words, Mercuriophilus Anglicus, i. e. the English lover of hermetic philosophy. There is a tree, and a little creature gnawing

the root, a pillar adorned with musical and mathematical instruments, and another with military ensigns. This strange composition created great inquiry among the chemical sages. Deep mysteries were conjectured to be veiled by it. Verses were written in the highest strain of the Rosicrucian language. *Ashmole* confessed he meant nothing more than a kind of *pun* on his own name, for the tree was the *ash*, and the creature was a *mole*. One pillar tells his love of music and free-masonry, and the other his military preferment, and astrological studies. He afterwards regretted that no one added a second volume to his work, from which he himself had been hindered, for the honour of the family of Hermes, and "to shew the world what excellent men we had once of our nation, famous for this kind of philosophy, and masters of so transcendant a secret."

Modern chemistry is not without a *hope*, not to say a *certainty*, of verifying the golden visions of the Alchemists. Dr. Girtanner of Gottingen, has lately adventured the following prophecy: "In the *nineteenth century* the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised. Every Chemist and every Artist will *make gold*; Kitchen utensils will be of silver, and even gold, which will contribute more than any thing else to *prolong life*, poisoned at

present by the oxyds of copper, lead, and iron, which we daily swallow with our food." Phil. Mag. vol. vi. p. 383. This sublime chemist, though he does not venture to predict that universal *elixir*, which is to prolong life at pleasure, yet approximates to it. A chemical friend writes to me, that "The *metals* seem to be *composite bodies*, which nature is perpetually preparing; and it may be reserved for the future researches of science to trace, and perhaps to imitate, some of these curious operations."

TITLES OF BOOKS.

If it were inquired of an ingenious writer what page of his work had occasioned him most perplexity, he would often point to the *title page*. That curiosity which we would excite, is most fastidious to gratify. Yet such is the perversity of man, that a modest simplicity will fail to attract; we are only to be allured by paint and patches, and yet we complain that we are duped!

Among those who appear to have felt this irksome situation, are most of our periodical writers. The "Tatler" and the "Spectator" enjoying priority of conception, have adopted titles with characteristic felicity; but perhaps the invention of the authors begins to fail in the

"Reader," the "Lover," and the "Theatre!" Succeeding writers were as unfortunate in their titles, as their works; such are the "Universal Spectator," and the "Lay Monastry." The copious mind of Johnson could not discover an appropriate title, and indeed in the first "Idler," acknowledged his despair. The "Rambler" was so little understood, at the time of its appearance, that a French journalist has translated it "*Le Chevalier Errant*," and when it was corrected to *L'Errant*, a foreigner drank Johnson's health one day, by innocently addressing him by the appellation of Mr. Vagabond. The "Adventurer" cannot be considered as a fortunate title; it is not appropriate to those pleasing miscellanies, for any writer is an adventurer. The "Lounger," the "Mirror," and even the "Connoisseur," if examined accurately, present nothing in the titles, descriptive of the works. As for the "World," it could only have been given by the fashionable egotism of its authors, who considered the world as merely a little circuit round Saint James's Street. When the celebrated father of all Reviews, *Le Journal des Sçavans*, was first published, the very title repulsed the public. The author was obliged in his succeeding volumes to soften it down, by explaining its general tendency. He there assures the curious, that not only men of learning and taste, but the

humblest mechanic may find a profitable amusement. An English novel, published with the title of "The Champion of Virtue," could find no readers; it was quaint, formal, and sounded like "The Pilgrim's Progress." It afterwards passed through several editions under the happier invitation of "The Old English Baron." "The Concubine," a poem by Mickle, could never find purchasers, till it assumed the more delicate title of "Sir Martyn," and it is now considered as one of the few good imitations of Spenser.

As a subject of literary curiosity, some amusement may be gathered from a glance at what has been doing in the world, concerning this important portion of every book. Baillet, in his "Decisions of the Learned," has made very extensive researches, for the matter was important to a student of Baillet's character. With some notices from this laborious collector, and a few additional ones, I can afford the present article.

The Jewish and many oriental authors, were fond of allegorical titles, which always shews the most puerile age of taste. The titles were usually adapted to their obscure works. It might exercise an able enigmatist to explain their allusions; for we must understand by "The Heart of Aaron," that it is a commentary on several of the prophets. "The Bones of Joseph" is an

introduction to the Talmud. "The Garden of Nuts," and "The Golden Apples," are theological questions, and "The Pomegranate with its Flower," is a treatise of ceremonies, not any more practised. Jortin gives a title, which he says of all the fantastical titles he can recollect, is one of the prettiest. A Rabbin published a catalogue of Rabbinical writers, and called it *Labia Dormientium*, from Cantic. vii. 9. "Like the best wine of my beloved that goeth down sweetly, causing *the lips of those that are asleep to speak.*" It hath a double meaning, of which he was not aware, for most of his Rabbinical brethren talk very much like *men in their sleep.*

Almost all their works bear such titles as bread —gold—silver—roses—eyes—&c. in a word, any thing that signifies nothing.

Affected title-pages were not peculiar to the Orientalists; but the Greeks and the Romans have shewn a finer taste. They had their Cornucopias or horns of abundance.—Limones or Meadows—Pinakidions or Tablets—Pancarpes or all sorts of fruits; Titles not unhappily adapted for the miscellanists. The nine books of Herodotus, and the nine epistles of Æschines, were respectively honoured by the name of a Muse; and three orations of the latter, by those of the Graces.

The modern fanatics have had a most barbarous taste for titles. We could produce numbers from abroad, and at home. Some works have been called, "Matches lighted at the divine fire"—and one "The Gun of Penitence:" a collection of passages from the fathers, is called "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary:" we have "The Bank of Faith," and "The Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit:" one of these works bears the following elaborate one; "Some fine baskets baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation." Sometimes their quaintness has some humour. One Sir Humphrey Lind, a zealous puritan, published a work which a Jesuit answered by another, intitled "A pair of Spectacles for Sir Humphry Lind." The doughty knight retorted, by "A Case for Sir Humphry Lind's Spectacles."

Some of these obscure titles have an entertaining absurdity; as "The three daughters of Job," which is a treatise on the three virtues of patience, fortitude, and pain. "The Innocent Love, or the holy Knight," is a description of the ardours of a saint for the Virgin. "The sound of the trumpet" is a work on the day of Judgement; and "A fan to drive away flies," is a theological treatise on purgatory.

We must not write to the utter neglect of our title; and a fair author should have the literary piety of ever having "the fear of his title-page" before his eyes. The following are improper titles. Don Matthews, chief huntsman to Philip IV. of Spain, entitled his book "The origin and dignity of the Royal House," but the entire work relates only to hunting. De Chanterene composed several moral Essays, which being at a loss how to entitle, he called "The Education of a Prince." He would persuade the reader in his preface, that though they were not composed with a view to this subject, they should not, however, be censured for the title, as they partly related to the education of a Prince. The world were too sagacious to be duped; and the author in his second edition acknowledges the absurdity; drops "the magnificent title," and calls his work "Moral Essays." Montaigne's immortal history of his own mind, for such are his "Essays," have assumed perhaps too modest a title, and not sufficiently discriminative. Sorlin equivocally entitled a collection of Essays, "The Walks of Richelieu," because they were composed at that place; "the Attic Nights" of Aulus Gellius, were so called, because they were written in Attica. Mr. Tooke in his grammatical "Diversions of Purley," must have deceived many.

A rhodomontade title-page was a great favorite in the last century. There was a time when the republic of letters was over-built with "Palaces of Pleasure," "Palaces of Honour," and "Palaces of Eloquence;" with "Temples of Memory," and "Theatres of human Life," and "Amphitheatres of Providence;" "Pharoses, Gardens, Pictures, Treasures." The epistles of Guevara dazzled the public eye with their splendid title, for they were called "Golden Epistles;" and the "Golden Legend" of Voragine, had been more appropriately entitled Leaden.

They were once so fond of Novelty, that every book recommended itself by such titles as "A new Method; new Elements of Geometry; the new Letter Writer, and the new Art of Cookery." The title which George Gascoigne, who had great merit in his day, has given to his collection, may be considered as a specimen of the titles of his times. They were printed in 1576. He calls his "A hundred sundrie flowres bounde vp in one small poesie; gathered partly by translation in the fyne and outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others; and partly by invention out of our own fruitefull orchardes in Englande; yielding sundrie sweet savours of tragicall, comicall, and morall discourses, both pleasaunt and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers."

To excite the curiosity of the pious, some writers employed artifices of a very ludicrous nature. Some made their titles rhiming echoes; as this one of a father, who has given his works under the title of *Scalæ alæ animi*; and *Jesus esus novus orbis*, &c. Some have distributed them according to the measure of time, as one Father Nadasi, the greater part of whose works are *years*, *months*, *weeks*, *days*, and *hours*. Some have borrowed their titles from the parts of the human body; and others have used quaint expressions, such as, *think before you leap—we must all die—compel them to enter*, &c. Some of our pious authors must have been singularly ignorant if they did not know they were burlesquing their religion. One Massieu having written a moral explanation of the solemn anthems sung in Advent, which begin with the letter o, published this work under the punning title of *La douce moelle, et la sausse friande des* os *Savoureux de L'Avent*.

The Marquis of Carraccioli, a religious writer, not along ago published a book with the ambiguous title of "*La Jouissance de soi meme.*" Seduced by the Epicurean title-page, the sale of the work was continual, with the libertines, who, however, found nothing but very tedious essays on religion and morality. In the sixth edition the Marquis greatly exults in his suc-

cessful contrivance; by which means he had punished the vicious curiosity of certain persons, and perhaps had persuaded some, whom otherwise his book might never have reached.

It is not an injudicious observation of Baillet, that if a title be obscure, it raises a prejudice against the author; we are apt to suppose that an ambiguous title is the effect of an intricate or confused mind. He censures the following one: the Ocean, Macro-micro-cosmick of one Sachs. To understand this title, a grammarian would send an inquirer to a geographer, and he to a natural philosopher; neither would probably think of recurring to a physician, to inform one that this ambiguous title signifies the connexion which exists between the motion of the waters, with that of the blood. He also censures Leo Allatius for a title which appears to me not inelegantly conceived. This writer has entitled one of his books the *Urban Bees*; it is an account of those illustrious writers who flourished during the pontificate of one of the Barberinis. To understand the allusion, we must recollect that the *Bees* were the arms of this family, and Urban VIII. the Pope designed.

The false idea which a title conveys, is alike prejudicial to the author, and the reader. Titles are generally too prodigal of their promises, and their authors are contemned; but the works of

modest authors, though they present more than they promise, may fail of attracting notice, by their extreme simplicity. In either case, a collector of books is prejudiced; he is induced to collect what merits no attention, or he passes over those valuable works, whose titles may not happen to be interesting. It is related of Pinelli, the celebrated collector of books, that the booksellers permitted him to remain hours, and sometimes days, in their shops to examine books, before he bought them. He was desirous of not injuring his precious collection, by useless acquisitions; but he confessed that he sometimes could not help suffering himself to be dazzled, by magnificent titles, nor to be deceived by the simplicity of others, which the modesty of their authors had given to them. After all, it is not improbable, that many authors are really neither so vain, nor so honest, as they appear; and that magnificent, or simple titles, have been given, from the difficulty of forming any others.

It is too often with the titles of books, as with those painted representations exhibited by the keepers of wild beasts; where, in general, the picture itself is more curious and interesting, than the inclosed animal.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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